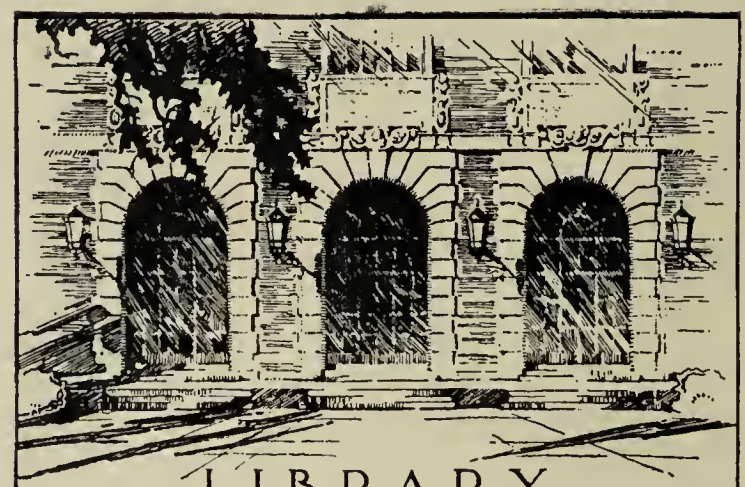

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THE TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO, THE MOOR OF VENICE

All the unsigned footnotes in this volume are by the writer of the article to which they are appended. The interpretation of the initials signed to the others is: I. G. = Israel Gollancz, M.A.; H. N. H.= Henry Norman Hudson, A.M.; C. H. H.= C. H. Herford, Litt.D.

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MACBETH

"All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Glamis!
All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Cawdor!
All hail, Macbeth! thou shalt be king hereafter!"

I. 3. MACBETH

IN TEN VOLUMES

VOLUME VII

Othello
King Lear
All's Well That Ends Well
Macbeth

BIGELOW, SMITH & COMPANY
NEW YORK

EDITION DE LUXE

The Works of
William Shakespeare

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King Lear
All's Well That Ends Well
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PREFACE

By Israel Gollancz, M.A.

THE EARLY EDITIONS

The First Edition of *Othello* was a Quarto, published in 1622, with the following title-page:—

"The | Tragœdy of Othello, | The Moore of Venice. | *As it hath beene diuerse times acted at the* | Globe, and at the Black-Friers, by | *his Maiesties Seruants.* | *Written by* William Shakespeare. | [Vignette] | London, | Printed by N. O. for Thomas Walkley, and are to be sold at his | shop, at the Eagle and Child, in Brittans Bursse. | 1622." [1]

In 1623 appeared the First Folio, containing *Othello* among the "Tragedies" (pp. 310–339); the text, however, was not derived from the same source as the First Quarto; an independent MS. must have been obtained. In addition to many improved readings, the play as printed in the Folio contained over one hundred and fifty verses omitted in the earlier edition, while, on the other hand, ten or fifteen lines in the Quarto were not represented in the folio version. Thomas Walkley had not resigned his interest in the play; it is clear from the *Stationers' Register* that it

[1] Prefixed to this First Quarto were the following lines:—

"The Stationer to the Reader.

"To set forth a booke without an Epistle, were like to the old English prouerbe, A blew coat without a badge, *& the Author being dead, I thought good to take that piece of worke upon mee: To commend it, I will not, for that which is good, I hope euery man will commend, without intreaty: and I am the bolder, because the author's name is sufficient to vent his worke. Thus leauing euery one to the liberty of iudgement; I haue ventered to print this play, and leaue it to the generall censure. Yours,* Thomas Walkley."

remained his property until March 1, 1627 (*i. e.* 1628) when he assigned "Orthello *the More of Venice*" unto Richard Hawkins, who issued the Second Quarto in 1630. A Third Quarto appeared in 1655; and later Quartos in 1681, 1687, 1695.

The text of modern editions of the play is based on that of the First Folio, though it is not denied that we have in the First Quarto a genuine play-house copy; a notable difference, pointing to the Quarto text as the older, is its retention of oaths and asseverations, which are omitted or toned down in the Folio version.

DATE OF COMPOSITION

This *last* point has an important bearing on the date of the play, for it proves that *Othello* was written before the Act of Parliament was issued in 1606 against the abuse of the name of God in plays. External and internal evidence seem in favor of 1604, as the birth-year of the tragedy, and this date has been generally accepted since the publication of the *Variorum Shakespeare* of 1821, wherein Malone's views in favor of that year were set forth (Malone had died nine years before the work appeared). After putting forward various theories, he added:—"We know it was acted in 1604, and I have therefore placed it in that year." For twenty years scholars sought in vain to discover upon what evidence he *knew* this important fact, until at last about the year 1840 Peter Cunningham announced his discovery of certain *Accounts of the Revels at Court*, containing the following item:—

> "*By the King's Matis Plaiers.* 'Hallamas Day, being the first of Nov, A play at the bankettinge House att Whitehall, called the Moor of Venis [1604].'" [1]

We now know that this manuscript was a forgery, but strange to say there is every reason to believe that though "the book" itself is spurious, the information which it

[1] *v. Shakespeare Society Publications,* 1842.

yields is genuine, and that Malone had some such entry in his possession when he wrote his emphatic statement (*vide* Grant White's account of the whole story, quoted in Furness' *Variorum* edition; *cp. pp.* 351–357).

The older school of critics, and Malone himself at first, assigned the play to *circa* 1611 on the strength of the lines, III, iv, 46, 47:—

> "The hearts of old gave hands;
> But our new heraldry is hands, not hearts,"

which seemed to be a reference to the arms of the order of Baronets, instituted by King James in 1611; Malone, however, in his later edition of the play aptly quoted a passage from the *Essays* of Sir Wm. Cornwallis, the younger, published in 1601, which may have suggested the thought to Shakespeare:—"*They* (*our forefathers*) *had wont to give their hands and their hearts together, but we think it a finer grace to look asquint, our hand looking one way, and our heart another.*"

THE ORIGINAL OF OTHELLO

From the elegy on the death of Richard Burbage in the year 1618, it appears that the leading character of the play was assigned to this most famous actor:—

> "But let me not forget one chiefest part
> Wherein, beyond the rest, he mov'd the heart,
> The grievèd Moor, made jealous by a slave,
> Who sent his wife to fill a timeless grave,
> Then slew himself upon the bloody bed.
> All these and many more with him are dead." [1]

THE SOURCE OF THE PLOT

The story of *Il Moro di Venezia* was taken from the *Heccatommithi* of the Italian novelist Giraldi Cinthio; it is the seventh tale of the third decade, which deals with "The unfaithfulness of Husbands and Wives." No Eng-

[1] *v.* Ingleby's *Centurie of Prayse* (*New Shak. Soc.*), 2nd edition, p. 131, where the elegy is discussed, and a truer version printed.

lish translation of the novel existed in Shakespeare's time (at least we know of none), but a French translation appeared in the year 1584, and through this medium the work may have come to England. Cinthio's novel may have been of Oriental origin, and in its general character it somewhat resembles the tale of *The Three Apples* in *The Thousand and One Nights;* on the other hand it has been ingeniously maintained that "a certain Christophal Moro, a Luogotenente di Cipro, who returned from Cyprus in 1508, after having lost his wife, was the original of the Moor of Venice of Giraldi Cinthio." "Fronting the summit of the *Giants' Stair,*" writes Mr. Rawdon Brown, the author of this theory, "where the Doges of Venice were crowned, there are still visible four shields spotted with mulberries (*strawberries* in the description of Desdemona's handkerchief), indicating that that part of the palace portal on which they are carved was terminated in the reign of Christopher Moro, whose insignia are three mulberries sable and three bends azure on a field argent; the word *Moro* signifying in Italian either mulberry-tree or blackamoor." Perhaps Shakespeare learned the true story of *his* Othello from some of the distinguished Venetians in England; "Cinthio's novel would never have sufficed him for his *Othello*" [1] (*vide* Furness, pp. 372–389). Knowing, however, Shakespeare's transforming power, we may well maintain that, without actual knowledge of Christopher Moro's history, he was capable of creating Othello from Cinthio's savage Moor, Iago from the cunning cowardly ensign of the original, the gentle lady Desdemona from "the virtuous lady of marvelous beauty, named

[1] The title of the novel summarizes its contents as follows:—

"A Moorish Captain takes to wife a Venetian Dame, and his Ancient accuses her of adultery to her husband: it is planned that the Ancient is to kill him whom he believes to be the adulterer; the Captain kills the woman, is accused by the Ancient, the Moor does not confess, but after the infliction of extreme torture, is banished; and the wicked Ancient, thinking to injure others, provided for himself a miserable death."

Disdemona (*i. e.* 'the hapless one')," [1] who is beaten to death "with a stocking filled with sand," Cassio and Emilia from the vaguest possible outlines. The tale should be read side by side with the play by such as desire to study the process whereby a not altogether artless tale of horror [2] has become the subtlest of tragedies—"perhaps the greatest work in the world." [3] "The most pathetic of human compositions." [4]

DURATION OF ACTION

The action seems to cover three days:—Act I—one day; interval for voyage; Act II—one day; Acts III, IV, V—one day. In order to get over the difficulty of this time-division various theories have been advanced, notably that of Double Time, propounded by Halpin and Wilson; according to the latter, "Shakespeare counts off days and hours, as it were, by two clocks, on one of which the true Historic Time is recorded, and on the other the Dramatic Time, or a false show of time, whereby days, weeks, and

[1] This is the only name given by Cinthio. Steevens first pointed out that "Othello" is found in Reynold's *God's Revenge against Adultery,* standing in one of his arguments as follows:—"She marries Othello, an old German soldier." The name "Iago" also occurs in the book. It is also found in *The first and second part of the History of the famous Euordanus, Prince of Denmark. With the strange adventures of Iago, Prince of Saxonie:* and of both their several *fortunes in Love. At London,* 1605.

[2] Mrs. Jameson rightly calls attention to a striking incident of the original story:—Desdemona does not accidentally drop the handkerchief: it is stolen from her by Iago's little child, an infant of three years old, whom he trains and bribes to the theft. The love of Desdemona for this child, her little playfellow—the pretty description of her taking it in her arms and caressing it, while it profits by its situation to steal the handkerchief from her bosom, are well imagined and beautifully told, *etc.*

[3] Macaulay.

[4] Wordsworth:—"The tragedy of *Othello,* Plato's records of the last scenes in the career of Socrates, and Izaak Walton's *Life of George Herbert* are the most pathetic of human compositions." (A valuable summary of criticisms, English and foreign, will be found in Furness' *Othello,* pp. 407–453.)

months may be to the utmost contracted" (Furness, pp. 358–372).

According to Mr. Fleay, the scheme of time for the play is as follows:—

Act I—one day. Interval for voyage. Act II—one day. Act III—one day (Sunday). Interval of a week, at least. Act IV, sc. i, ii, iii; Act V, sc. i, ii, iii—one day. Where Act IV begins with what is now Act III, sc. iv, and Act V with the present Act IV, sc. iii.

> "Dreams, Books, are each a world: and books, we know,
> Are a substantial world, both pure and good;
> Round them with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,
> Our pastime and our happiness will grow.
> There find I personal theme, a plenteous store,
> Matter wherein right voluble I am,
> To which I listen with a ready ear;
> Two shall be named pre-eminently dear,—
> The gentle Lady married to the Moor;
> And heavenly Una, with her milk-white Lamb.

INTRODUCTION

By Henry Norman Hudson, A.M.

Il Moro di Venezia is the title of one of the novels in Giraldi Cinthio's *Hecatommithi.* The material for *The Tragedy of Othello, the Moor of Venice,* was partly derived from this source. Whether the story was accessible to Shakespeare in English, we have no certain knowledge. No translation of so early a date has been seen or heard of in modern times; and we have already in several cases found reason to think he knew enough of Italian to take the matter directly from the original. We proceed, as usual, to give such an abstract of the tale as may fully discover the nature and extent of the Poet's obligations:

There lived in Venice a valiant Moor who was held in high esteem for his military genius and services. Desdemona, a lady of great virtue and beauty, won by his noble qualities, fell in love with him. He also became equally enamored of her, and, notwithstanding the opposition of her friends, married her. They were altogether happy in each other until the Moor was chosen to the military command of Cyprus. Though much pleased with this honor, he was troubled to think that he must either part from his wife or else expose her to the dangers of the voyage. She, seeing him troubled and not knowing the cause, asked him one day how he could be so melancholy after being thus honored by the Senate; and, on being told the reason, begged him to dismiss such idle thoughts, as she was resolved to follow him wherever he should go, and, if there were any dangers in the way, to share them with him. So, the necessary preparations being made, he soon afterwards embarked with his wife, and sailed for

Cyprus. In his company he had an ensign, of a fine looking person, but exceedingly depraved in heart, a boaster and a coward, who by his craftiness and pretension had imposed on the Moor's simplicity, and gained his friendship. This rascal also took his wife along, a handsome and discreet woman, who, being an Italian, was much cherished by Desdemona. In the same company was also a lieutenant to whom the Moor was much attached, and often had him to dine with him and his wife; Desdemona showing him great attention and civility for her husband's sake.

The ensign, falling passionately in love with Desdemona, and not daring to avow it lest the Moor should kill him, sought by private means to make her aware of his passion. But when he saw that all his efforts came to nothing, and that she was too much wrapped up in her husband to think of him or any one else, he at last took it into his head that she was in love with the lieutenant, and determined to work the ruin of them both by accusing them to the Moor of adultery. But he saw that he would have to be very artful in his treachery, else the Moor would not believe him, so great was his affection for his wife, and his friendship for the lieutenant. He therefore watched for an opportunity of putting his design into act; and it was not long before he found one. For, the lieutenant having drawn his sword and wounded a soldier upon guard, the Moor cashiered him. Desdemona tried very hard to get him pardoned, and received again to favor. When the Moor told his ensign how earnest she was in the cause, the villain saw it was the proper time for opening his scheme: so, he suggested that she might be fond of the lieutenant's company; and, the Moor asking him why, he replied,—"Nay, I do not choose to meddle between man and wife; but watch her properly, and you will then understand me." The Moor could get no further explanation from him, and, being stung to the quick by his words, kept brooding upon them, and trying to make out their meaning; and when his wife, some time after, again begged him

to forgive the lieutenant, and not to let one slight fault cancel a friendship of so many years, he at last grew angry, and wondered why she should trouble herself so much about the fellow, as he was no relation of hers. She replied with much sweetness, that her only motive in speaking was the pain she felt in seeing her husband deprived of so good a friend.

Upon this solicitation, he began to suspect that the ensign's words meant that she was in love with the lieutenant. So, being full of melancholy thoughts, he went to the ensign, and tried to make him speak more intelligibly; who, feigning great reluctance to say more, and making as though he yielded to his pressing entreaties, at last replied,—"You must know, then, that Desdemona is grieved for the lieutenant only because, when he comes to your house, she consoles herself with him for the disgust she now has at your blackness." At this, the Moor was more deeply stung than ever; but, wishing to be informed further, he put on a threatening look, and said,—"I know not what keeps me from cutting out that insolent tongue of yours, which has thus attacked the honor of my wife." The ensign replied that he expected no other reward for his friendship, but still protested that he had spoken the truth. "If," said he, "her feigned affection has blinded you to such a degree that you cannot see what is so very visible, that does not lessen the truth of my assertion. The lieutenant himself, being one of those who are not content unless some others are made privy to their secret enjoyments, told me so; and I would have given him his death at the time, but that I feared your displeasure: but, since you thus reward my friendship, I am sorry I did not hold my tongue." The Moor answered in great passion,—"If you do not make me see with my own eyes the truth of what you tell me, be assured that I will make you wish you had been born dumb."—"That would have been easy enough," said the ensign, "when the lieutenant came to your house; but now that you have driven him away, it will be hard to prove it. But I do not despair of caus-

ing you to see that which you will not believe on my word."

The Moor then went home with a barbed arrow in his side, impatient for the time when he was to see what would render him forever miserable. Meanwhile, the known purity of Desdemona made the ensign very uneasy lest he should not be able to convince the Moor of what he said. He therefore went to hatching new devices of malice. Now, Desdemona often went to his house, and spent part of the day with his wife. Having observed that she brought with her a handkerchief which the Moor had given her, and which, being delicately worked in the Moorish style, was much prized by them both, he devised to steal it. He had a little girl of three years old, who was much caressed by Desdemona. So, one day, when she was at his house, he put the child into her arms, and while she was pressing the little girl to her bosom, he stole away the handkerchief so dexterously that she did not perceive it. This put him in high spirits. And the lady, being occupied with other things, did not think of the handkerchief till some days after, when, not being able to find it, she began to fear lest the Moor should ask for it, as he often did. The ensign, watching his opportunity, went to the lieutenant, and left the handkerchief on his bolster. When the lieutenant found it, he could not imagine how it came there; but, knowing it to be Desdemona's, he resolved to carry it to her: so, waiting till the Moor was gone out, he went to the back door and knocked. The Moor, having that instant returned, went to the window, and asked who was there; whereupon the lieutenant, hearing his voice, ran away without answering. The Moor then went to the door, and, finding no one there, returned full of suspicion, and asked his wife if she knew who it was that had knocked. She answered with truth that she did not; but he, thinking it was the lieutenant, went to the ensign, told him what had happened, and engaged him to ascertain what he could on the subject.

The ensign, being much delighted at this incident, contrived one day to have an interview with the lieutenant in

a place where the Moor could see them. In the course of their talk, which was on a different subject, he laughed much, and by his motions expressed great surprise. As soon as they had parted, the Moor went to the ensign, to learn what had passed between them; and he, after much urging, declared that the lieutenant withheld nothing from him, but rather boasted of his frequent wickedness with Desdemona, and how, the last time he was with her, she made him a present of the handkerchief her husband had given her. The Moor thanked him, and thought that if his wife no longer had the handkerchief, this would be a proof that the ensign had told him the truth. So, one day after dinner he asked her for it; and she, being much disconcerted at the question, and blushing deeply, all which was carefully observed by the Moor, ran to her wardrobe, as if to look for it; but, as she could not find it, and wondered what had become of it, he told her to look for it some other time; then left her, and began to reflect how he might put her and the lieutenant to death so as not to be held responsible for the murder.

The lieutenant had in his house a woman who, struck with the beauty of the handkerchief, determined to copy it before it should be returned. While she was at the work, sitting by a window where any one passing in the street might see her, the ensign pointed it out to the Moor, who was then fully persuaded of his wife's guilt. The ensign then engaged to kill both her and the lieutenant. So, one dark night, as the lieutenant was coming out of a house where he usually spent his evenings, the ensign stealthily gave him a cut in the leg with his sword, and brought him to the ground, and then rushed upon him to finish the work. But the lieutenant, who was very brave and skillful, having drawn his sword, raised himself for defense, and cried out murder as loud as he could. As the alarm presently drew some people to the spot, the ensign fled away, but quickly returned, pretended that he too was brought thither by the noise, and condoled with the lieutenant as much as if he had been his brother. The next

morning, Desdemona, hearing what had happened, expressed much concern for the lieutenant, and this greatly strengthened the Moor's conviction of her guilt. He then arranged with the ensign for putting her to death in such a manner as to avoid suspicion. As the Moor's house was very old, and the ceiling broken in divers places, the plan agreed upon at the villain's suggestion was, that she should be beaten to death with a stocking full of sand, as this would leave no marks upon her; and that when this was done they should pull down the ceiling over her head, and then give out that she was killed by a beam falling upon her. To carry this purpose into effect, the Moor one night had the ensign hidden in a closet opening into his chamber. At the proper time, the ensign made a noise, and when Desdemona rose and went to see what it was, he rushed forth and killed her in the manner proposed. They then placed her on the bed, and when all was done according to the arrangement, the Moor gave an alarm that his house was falling. The neighbors running thither found the lady dead under the beams. The next day, she was buried, the whole island mourning for her.

The Moor, not long after, became distracted with grief and remorse. Unable to bear the sight of the ensign, he would have put him openly to death, but that he feared the justice of the Venetians; so he drove him from his company and degraded him, whereupon the villain went to studying how to be revenged on the Moor. To this end, he disclosed the whole matter to the lieutenant, who accused the Moor before the Senate, and called the ensign to witness the truth of his charges. The Moor was imprisoned, banished, and afterwards killed by his wife's relations. The ensign, returning to Venice, and continuing his old practices, was taken up, put to the torture, and racked so violently that he soon died.

Such are the materials out of which was constructed this greatest of domestic dramas. A comparison of Cinthio's tale with the tragedy built upon it will show the measure of the Poet's judgment better, perhaps, than could be done

by an entirely original performance. For, wherever he departs from the story, it is for a great and manifest gain of truth and nature; so that he appears equally judicious in what he borrowed and in what he created, while his resources of invention seem boundless, save as they are self-restrained by the reason and logic of art. The tale has nothing anywise answering to the part of Roderigo, who in the drama is a vastly significant and effective occasion, since upon him the most profound and subtle traits of Iago are made to transpire, and that in such a way as to lift the characters of Othello and Desdemona into a much higher region, and invest them with a far deeper and more pathetic interest and meaning. And even in the other parts, the Poet can scarce be said to have taken any thing more than a few incidents and the outline of the plot; the character, the passion, the pathos, the poetry, being entirely his own.

Until a recent date, *The Tragedy of Othello* was commonly supposed to have been among the last of Shakespeare's writing. Chalmers assigned it to 1614, Drake, to 1612; Malone at first set it down to 1611, afterwards to 1604. Mr. Collier has produced an extract from *The Egerton Papers*, showing that on August 6, 1602, the sum of ten pounds was paid "to Burbage's Players for *Othello*." At that time, Queen Elizabeth was at Harefield on a visit to Sir Thomas Egerton, then Lord Keeper of the Great Seal, afterwards Lord Ellesmere; and it appears that he had the tragedy performed at his residence for her delectation. The company that acted on this occasion were then known as the Lord Chamberlain's Servants, and in *The Egerton Papers* were spoken of as Burbage's Players, probably because Richard Burbage was the leading actor among them. And an elegy on the death of Burbage, lately discovered among Mr. Heber's manuscripts, ascertains him to have been the original performer of Othello's part. After mentioning various characters in which this actor had been distinguished, the writer proceeds thus:

"But let me not forget one chiefest part
Wherein, beyond the rest, he mov'd the heart;
The grieved Moor, made jealous by a slave,
Who sent his wife to fill a timeless grave,
Then slew himself upon the bloody bed."

When selected for performance at Harefield, *Othello* was doubtless in the first blush and freshness of its popularity, having probably had a run at the Globe in the spring of that year, and thus recommended itself to the audience of the Queen. Whether the play were then in its finished state, we have no means of ascertaining. Its workmanship certainly bespeaks the Poet's highest maturity of power and art; which has naturally suggested, that when first brought upon the stage it may have been as different from what it is now, as the original *Hamlet* was from the enlarged copy. Such is the reasonable conjecture of Mr. Verplanck,—a conjecture not a little approved by the fact of the Poet's having rewritten so many of his dramas after his mind had outgrown their original form. The style, however, of the play is throughout so even and sustained, so perfect is the coherence and congruity of part with part, and its whole course so free from redundancy and impertinence, that, unless some further external evidence should come to light, the question will have to rest in mere conjecture.

The drama was not printed during the author's life. On October 6, 1621, it was entered at the Stationers' by Thomas Walkley, "under the hands of Sir George Buck and of the Wardens." Soon after was issued a quarto pamphlet of forty-eight leaves, the title-page reading thus: "The Tragedy of Othello, the Moor of Venice. As it hath been divers times acted at the Globe and at the Blackfriars, by his Majesty's Servants. Written by William Shakespeare. London: Printed by N. O. for Thomas Walkley, and are to be sold at his shop, at the Eagle and Child, in Britain's Bourse. 1622." This edition was set forth with a short preface by the publisher, which will be found in the foot-note on page vii.

In the folio of 1623, *Othello* stands the tenth in the division of Tragedies, has the acts and scenes regularly marked, and at the end a list of the persons, headed, "The Names of the Actors." Iago is here called "a villain," and Roderigo "a gull'd gentleman." In the folio, the play has a number of passages, some of them highly important, amounting in all to upwards of 160 lines, which are not in the preceding quarto. On the other hand, the folio omits a few lines that are found in the earlier issue.

The play was again set forth in quarto form in 1630, with a title-page reading substantially the same as that of 1622, save as regards the name and address of the publisher.

Neither one of these copies was merely a repetition of another: on the contrary, all three of them were printed from different and probably independent manuscripts.

The island of Cyprus became subject to the republic of Venice, and was first garrisoned with Venetian troops, in 1471. After this time, the only attempt ever made upon that island by the Turks, was under Selim the Second, in 1570. It was then invaded by a powerful force, and conquered in 1571; since which time it has continued a part of the Turkish empire. We learn from the play, that there was a junction of the Turkish fleet at Rhodes, in order for the invasion of Cyprus; that it first sailed towards Cyprus, then went to Rhodes, there met another squadron, and then resumed its course to Cyprus. These are historical facts, and took place when Mustapha, Selim's general, attacked Cyprus, in May, 1570; which is therefore the true period of the action.

In respect of general merit, *Othello* unquestionably stands in the same rank with the Poet's three other great tragedies, *Macbeth*, *Lear*, and *Hamlet*. As to the particular place it is entitled to hold among the four, the best judges, as we might expect, are not agreed. In the elements and impressions of moral terror, it is certainly inferior to *Macbeth;* in breadth and variety of character-

ization, to *Lear;* in compass and reach of thought to *Hamlet:* but it has one advantage over all the others, in that the passion, the action, the interest, all lie strictly within the sphere of domestic life; for which cause the play has a more close and intimate hold on the common sympathies of mankind. On the whole, perhaps it may be safely affirmed of these four tragedies, that the most competent readers will always like that best which they read last.

Dr. Johnson winds up his excellent remarks on this tragedy as follows: "Had the scene opened in Cyprus, and the preceding incidents been occasionally related, there had been little wanting to a drama of the most exact and scrupulous regularity." This means, no doubt, that the play would have been improved by such a change. The whole of Act I would thus have been spared, and we should have, instead, various narrations in the form of soliloquy, but addressed to the audience. Here, then, would be two improprieties,—the turning of the actor into an orator by putting him directly in communication with the audience, and the making him soliloquize matter inconsistent with the nature of the soliloquy.

But, to say nothing of the irregularity thus involved, all the better meaning of Act I would needs be lost in narration. For the very reason of the dramatic form is, that action conveys something which cannot be done up in propositions. So that, if narrative could here supply the place of the scenes in question, it does not appear why there should be any such drama at all. We will go further: This first Act is the very one which could least be spared, as being in effect fundamental to the others, and therefore necessary to the right understanding of them.

One great error of criticism has been, the looking for too much simplicity of purpose in works of art. We are told, for instance, that the end of the drama is, to represent actions; and that, to keep the work clear of redundances, the action must be one, with a beginning, a middle, and an end; as if all the details, whether of persons or events,

were merely for the sake of the catastrophe. Thus it is presumed, that any one thing, to be properly understood, should be detached from all others. Such is not the method of nature: to accomplish one aim, she carries many aims along together. And so the proper merit of a work of art, which is its truth to nature, lies in the harmony of divers coördinate and concurrent purposes, making it, not like a flat abstraction, but like a round, plump fact. Unity of effect is indeed essential; but unity as distinguished from mere oneness of effect comes, in art as in nature, by complexity of purpose;—a complexity wherein each purpose is alternately the means and the end of the others.

Whether the object of the drama be more to represent action, or passion, or character, cannot be affirmed, because in the nature of things neither of these can be represented save in vital union with the others. If, however, either should have precedence, doubtless it is character, forasmuch as this is the common basis of the other two: but the complication and interaction of several characters is necessary to the development of any one; the persons serving as the playground of each other's transpirations, and reciprocally furnishing motives, impulses, and occasions. For every society, whether actual or dramatic, is a *concresence* of individuals: men do not grow and develop alone, but by and from each other; so that many have to grow up together in order for any one to grow; the best part even of their individual life coming to them from or through the social organization. And as men are made, so they must be studied; as no one can grow by himself, so none can be understood by himself: his character being partly derived, must also be partly interpreted, from the particular state of things in which he lives, the characters that act with him, and upon him.

It may be from oversight of these things, that the first Act in *Othello* has been thought superfluous. If the rise, progress, and result of the Moor's passion were the only aim of the work, that Act might indeed be dispensed with.

But we must first know something of his character and the characters that act upon him, before we can rightly decide what and whence his passion is. This knowledge ought to be, and in fact is, given in the opening scenes of the play.

Again: We often speak of men as acting thus or thus, according as they are influenced from without. And in one sense this is true, yet not so, but that the man rather determines the motive, than the motive the man. For the same influences often move men in different directions, according to their several predispositions of character. What is with one a motive to virtue, is with another a motive to vice, and with a third no motive at all. On the other hand, where the outward motions are the same, the inward springs are often very different: so that we cannot rightly interpret a man's actions, without some forecast of his actuating principle; his actions being the index of his character, and his character the light whereby that index is to be read. The first business, then, of a drama is, to give some preconception of the characters which may render their actions intelligible, and which may itself in turn receive further illustration from the actions.

Now, there are few things in Shakespeare more remarkable than the judgment shown in his first scenes; and perhaps the very highest instance of this is in the opening of *Othello*. The play begins strictly at the beginning, and goes regularly forward, instead of beginning in the middle, as Johnson would have it, and then going both ways. The first Act gives the prolific germs from which the whole is evolved; it is indeed the seminary of the whole play, and unfolds the characters in their principles, as the other Acts do in their phenomena. The not attending duly to what is there disclosed has caused a good deal of false criticism on the play; as, for example, in the case of Iago, who, his earlier developments being thus left out of the account, or not properly weighed, has been supposed to act from revenge; and then, as no adequate motives for

such a revenge are revealed, the character has been thought unnatural.

The main passions and proceedings of the drama all have their *primum mobile* in Iago; and the first Act amply discloses what he is made of and moved by. As if on purpose to prevent any mistake touching his springs of action, he is set forth in various aspects having no direct bearing on the main course of the play. He comes before us exercising his faculties on the dupe Roderigo, and thereby spilling out the secret of his habitual motives and impulses. That his very frankness may serve to heighten our opinion of his sagacity, the subject he is practising upon is at once seen to be a person who, from strength of passion, weakness of understanding, and want of character, will be kept from sticking at his own professions of villainy. So that the freedom with which he here unmasks himself only lets us into his keen perceptions of his *whens* and *hows*.

We know from the first, that the bond of union between them is the purse. Roderigo thinks he is buying up Iago's talents and efforts. This is just what Iago means to have him think; and it is something doubtful which glories most, the one in having money to bribe talents, or the other in having wit to catch money. Still it is plain enough that Iago, with a pride of intellectual mastery far stronger than his love of lucre, cares less for the money than for the fun of wheedling and swindling others out of it.

But while Iago is selling pledges of assistance to his dupe, there is the stubborn fact of his being in the service of Othello; and Roderigo cannot understand how he is to serve two masters at once whose interests are so conflicting. In order, therefore, to engage his faith without forsaking the Moor, he has to persuade Roderigo that he follows the Moor but to serve his turn upon him. A hard task indeed; but, for that very cause, all the more grateful to him, since, from its peril and perplexity, it requires the great stress of cunning, and gives the wider scope for

his ingenuity. The very anticipation of the thing oils his faculties into ecstacy; his heart seems in a paroxysm of delight while venting his passion for hypocrisy, as if this most Satanical attribute served him for a muse, and inspired him with an energy and eloquence not his own.

Still, to make his scheme work, he must allege some reasons for his purpose touching the Moor: for Roderigo, gull though he be, is not so gullible as to entrust his cause to a groundless treachery; he must know something of the strong provocations which have led Iago to cherish such designs. Iago understands this perfectly: he therefore pretends a secret grudge against Othello, which he is but holding in till he can find or make a fit occasion; and therewithal assigns such grounds and motives as he knows will secure faith in his pretense; whereupon the other gets too warm with the anticipated fruits of his treachery to suspect any similar designs on himself. Wonderful indeed are the arts whereby the rogue wins and keeps his ascendancy over the gull! During their conversation, we can almost see the former worming himself into the latter, like a corkscrew into a cork.

But Iago has a still harder task, to carry Roderigo along in a criminal quest of Desdemona; for his character is marked rather by want of principle than by bad principle, and the passion with which she has inspired him is incompatible with any purpose of dishonoring her. Until the proceeding before the Senate, he hopes her father will break off the match with Othello, so that she will again be open to an honorable solicitation; but, when he finds her married, and the marriage ratified by her father, he is for giving up in despair. But Iago again besets him, like an evil angel, and plies his witchcraft with augmented vigor. Himself an atheist of female virtue, he has no way to gain his point but by debauching Roderigo's mind with his own atheism. With an overweening pride of wealth Roderigo unites considerable respect for womanhood. Therefore Iago at once flatters his pride by urging the power of money, and inflames his passion by urg-

ing the frailty of woman: for the greatest preventive of dishonorable passion is faith in the virtue of its object. Throughout this undertaking, Iago's passionless soul revels amid lewd thoughts and images, like a spirit broke loose from the pit. With his nimble fancy, his facility and felicity of combination, fertile, fluent, and apposite in plausibilities, at one and the same time stimulating Roderigo's inclination to believe, and stifling his ability to refute, what is said, he literally overwhelms his power of resistance. By often iterating the words, "put money in your purse," he tries to make up in earnestness of assertion whatever may be wanting in the cogency of his reasoning, and, in proportion as Roderigo's mind lacks room for his arguments, to subdue him by mere violence of impression. Glorying alike in mastery of intellect and of will, he would so make Roderigo part of himself, like his hand or foot, as to be the immediate organ of his own volitions. Nothing can surpass the fiendish chuckle of self-satisfaction with which he turns from his conquest to sneer at the victim:

> "Thus do I ever make my fool my purse;
> For I mine own gain'd knowledge should profane,
> If I would time expend with such a snipe,
> But for my sport and profit."

So much for Iago's proceedings with the gull. The sagacity with which he feels and forescents his way into Roderigo is only equaled by the skill with which, while clinching the nail of one conquest, he prepares the subject, by a sort of forereaching process, for a further conquest.

Roderigo, if not preoccupied with vices, is empty of virtues; so that Iago has but to play upon his vanity and passion, and ruin him through these. But Othello has no such avenues open: the villain can reach him only through his virtues; has no way to work his ruin but by turning his honor and integrity against him. And the same exquisite tact of character, which prompts his frankness to

the former, counsels the utmost closeness to the latter. Knowing Othello's "perfect soul," he dare not make to him the least tender of dishonorable services, lest he should repel his confidence, and incur his resentment. Still he is quite moderate in his professions, taking shrewd care not to whiten the sepulcher so much as to provoke an investigation of its contents. He therefore rather modestly acknowledges his conscientious scruples than boasts of them; as though, being a soldier, he feared that such things might speak more for his virtue than for his manhood. And yet his reputation for exceeding honesty has something suspicious about it, for it looks as though he had studied to make that virtue somewhat of a speciality in his outward carriage; whereas true honesty, like charity, naturally shrinks from being matter of public fame, lest by notoriety it should get corrupted into vanity or pride.

Iago's method with the Moor is, to intermix confession and pretension in such a way that the one may be taken as proof of modesty, the other, of fidelity. When, for example, he affects to disqualify his own testimony, on the ground that "it is his nature's plague to spy into abuses," he of course designs a contrary impression; as, in actual life, men often acknowledge real vices, in order to be acquitted of them. That his accusation of others may stand the clearer of distrust, he prefaces it by accusing himself. Acting, too, as if he spared no pains to be right, yet still feared he was wrong, his very opinions carry the weight of facts, as having forced themselves upon him against his will. When, watching his occasion, he proceeds to set his scheme of mischief at work, his mind seems struggling with some terrible secret which he dare not let out, yet cannot keep in; which breaks from him in spite of himself, and even because of his fear to utter it. He thus manages to be heard and still seem overheard, that so he may not be held responsible for his words, any more than if he had spoken in his sleep. In those well-known lines,—"Good name, in man and woman, is the immediate jewel of their souls," etc.,—he but gives out that he is restrained

only by tenderness to others from uttering what would blast them. And there is, withal, a dark, frightful significance in his manner, which puts the hearer in an agony of curiosity: the more he refuses to tell his thoughts, the more he sharpens the desire to know them: when questioned, he so states his reasons for not speaking, that in effect they compel the Moor to extort the secret from him. For his purpose is, not merely to deceive Othello, but to get his thanks for deceiving him.

It is worth remarking, that Iago has a peculiar classification, whereby all the movements of our nature fall under the two heads of sensual and rational. Now, the healthy mind is marked by openness to impressions from without; is apt to be overmastered by the inspiration of external objects; in which case the understanding is kept subordinate to the social, moral, and religious sentiments. But our ancient despises all this. Man, argues he, is made up altogether of intellect and appetite, so that whatever motions do not spring from the former must be referred to the latter. The yielding to inspirations from without argues an ignoble want of spiritual force; to be overmastered by external objects, infers a conquest of the flesh over the mind; all the religions of our nature, as love, honor, reverence, according to this liberal and learned spirit are but "a lust of the blood and a permission of the will," and therefore things to be looked down upon with contempt. Hence, when his mind walks amidst the better growings of humanity, he is "nothing, if not critical": so he pulls up every flower, however beautiful, to find a flaw in the root; and of course flaws the root in pulling it. For, indeed, he has, properly speaking, no susceptibilities; his mind is perfectly unimpressible, receives nothing, yields to nothing, but cuts its way through every thing like a flint.

It appears, then, that in Iago intellectuality itself is made a character; that is, the intellect has cast off all allegiance to the moral and religious sentiments, and become a law and an impulse to itself; so that the mere fact of his

being able to do a thing is sufficient reason for doing it. For, in such cases, the mind comes to act, not for any outward ends or objects, but merely for the sake of acting; has a passion for feats of agility and strength; and may even go so far as to revel amid the dangers and difficulties of wicked undertakings. We thus have, not indeed a craving for carnal indulgences, but a cold, dry pruriency of intellect, or as Mr. Dana aptly styles it, "a lust of the brain," which naturally manifests itself in a fanaticism of mischief, a sort of hungering and thirsting after unrighteousness. Of course, therefore, Iago shows no addiction to sensualities: on the contrary, all his passions are concentrated in the head, all his desires eminently spiritual and Satanical; so that he scorns the lusts of the flesh, or, if indulging them at all, generally does it in a criminal way, and not so much for the indulgence as for the criminality involved. Such appears to be the motive principle of Satan, who, so far as we know, is neither a glutton, nor a wine-bibber, nor a debauchee, but an impersonation of pride and self-will; and therefore prefers such a line of action as will most exercise and demonstrate his power.

Edmund in *King Lear*, seeing his road clear but for moral restraints, politely bows them out of door, lest they should hinder the free working of his faculties. Iago differs from him, in that he chooses rather to invade than elude the laws of morality: when he sees Duty coming, he takes no pains to play round or get by her, but rather goes out of his way to meet her, as if on purpose to spit in her face and walk over her. That a thing ought not to be done, is thus with him a motive for doing it, because, the worse the deed, the more it shows his freedom and power. When he owns to himself that "the Moor is of a constant, loving, noble nature," it is not so much that he really feels these qualities in him, as that, granting him to have them, there is the greater merit in hating him. For anybody can hate a man for his faults; but to hate a man for his virtues, is something original; involves, so to

speak, a declaration of moral independence. So, too, in the soliloquy where he speaks of loving Desdemona, he first disclaims any unlawful passion for her, and then adds, parenthetically, "though, peradventure, I stand accountant for as great a sin"; as much as to say, that whether guilty or not he did not care, and dared the responsibility at all events. So that, to adopt a distinction from Dr. Chalmers, he here seems not so much an atheist as an antitheist in morality. We remember that the late Mr. Booth, in pronouncing these words, cast his eyes upwards, as if looking Heaven in the face with a sort of defiant smile!

That Iago prefers lying to telling the truth, is implied in what we have said. Perhaps, indeed, such a preference is inseparable from his inordinate intellectuality. For it is a great mistake to suppose that a man's love of truth will needs be in proportion to his intellectuality: on the contrary, an excess of this may cause him to prefer lies, as yielding larger scope for activity and display of mind. For they who thrive by the truth naturally attribute their thrift to her power, not to their own; and success, coming to them as a gift, rather humbles than elates them. On the other hand, he who thrives by lying can reckon himself an overmatch for truth; he seems to owe none of his success to nature, but rather to have wrung it out in spite of her. Even so, Iago's characteristic satisfaction seems to stand in a practical reversing of moral distinctions; for example, in causing his falsehood to do the work of truth, or another's truth, the work of falsehood. For, to make virtue pass for virtue, and pitch for pitch, is no triumph at all; but to make the one pass for the other, is a triumph indeed! Iago glories in thus seeming to convict appearance of untruth; in compelling nature, as it were, to own her secret deceptions, and acknowledge him too much for her. Hence his adroit practice to appear as if serving Roderigo, while really using him. Hence his purpose, not merely to deceive the Moor, but to get his thanks for doing so. Therefore it is that he takes such a

malicious pleasure in turning Desdemona's conduct wrong side out; for, the more angel she, the greater his triumph in making her seem a devil.

There is, indeed, no touching the bottom of Iago's art: sleepless, unrelenting, inexhaustible, with an energy that never flags, and an alertness that nothing can surprise, he outwits every obstacle and turns it into an ally; the harder the material before him, the more greedily does he seize it, the more adroitly work it, the more effectively make it tell; and absolutely persecutes the Moor with a redundancy of proof. When, for instance, Othello drops the words, "and yet how nature, erring from itself"; meaning simply that no woman is altogether exempt from frailty; Iago with inscrutable sleight-of-hand forthwith steals in upon him, under cover of this remark, a cluster of pregnant insinuations, as but so many inferences from his suggestion; and so manages to impart his own thoughts to the Moor by seeming to derive them from him. Othello is thus brought to distrust all his original perceptions, to renounce his own understanding, and accept Iago's instead. And such, in fact, is Iago's aim, the very earnest and pledge of his intellectual mastery. Nor is there any thing that he seems to take with more gust, than the pain he inflicts by making the Moor think himself a fool; that he has been the easy dupe of Desdemona's arts; and that he owes his deliverance to the keener insight and sagacity of his honest, faithful ancient.

But there is scarce any wickedness conceivable, into which such a lust and pride of intellect and will may not carry a man. Craving for action of the most exciting kind, there is a fascination for him in the very danger of crime. Walking the plain, safe, straight-forward path of truth and nature, does not excite and occupy him enough; he prefers to thread the dark, perilous intricacies of some hellish plot, or to balance himself, as it were, on a rope stretched over an abyss, where danger stimulates and success demonstrates his agility. Even if remorse overtake such a man, its effect is to urge him deeper into crime;

as the desperate gamester naturally tries to bury his chagrin at past losses in the increased excitement of a larger stake.

Critics have puzzled themselves a good deal about Iago's motives. The truth is, "natures such as his spin motives out of their own bowels." What is said of one of Wordsworth's characters in *The Borderers*, holds equally true of our ancient:

> "There needs no other motive
> Than that most strange incontinence in crime
> Which haunts this Oswald. Power is life to him
> And breath and being; where he cannot govern,
> He will destroy."

If it be objected to this view, that Iago states his motives to Roderigo; we answer, Iago is a liar, and is trying to dupe Roderigo; and knows he must allege some motives, to make the other trust him. Or, if it be objected that he states them in soliloquy, when there is no one present for him to deceive; again we answer, Yes there is; the very one he cares most to deceive, namely, himself. And indeed the terms of this statement clearly denote a foregone conclusion, the motives coming in only as an after-thought. The truth is, he cannot quite look his purpose in the face; it is a little too fiendish for his steady gaze; and he tries to hunt up or conjure up some motives, to keep the peace between it and his conscience. This is what Coleridge justly calls "the motive-hunting of a motionless malignity"; and well may he add, "how awful it is!"

Much has been said about Iago's acting from revenge. But he has no cause for revenge, unless to deserve his love be such a cause. For revenge supposes some injury received, real or fancied; and the sensibility whence it springs cannot but make some discrimination as to its objects. So that, if this were his motive, he would respect the innocent while crushing the guilty, there being, else, no revenge in the case. The impossibility, indeed, of accounting for his conduct on such grounds is the very reason why the

character, judged on such grounds, has been pronounced unnatural. It is true, he tries to suspect, first Othello, and then Cassio, of having wronged him: he even finds or feigns a certain rumor to that effect; yet shows, by his manner of talking about it, that he does not himself believe it, or rather does not care whether it be true or not. And he elsewhere owns that the reasons he alleges are but pretenses after all. Even while using his divinity, he knows it is the "divinity of hell," else he would scorn to use it; and boasts of the intention to entrap his victims through their friendship for him, as if his obligations to them were his only provocations against them. For, to bad men, obligations often are provocations. That he ought to honor them, and *therefore* envies them, is the only wrong they have done him, or that he thinks they have done him; and he means to indemnify himself for their right to his honor, by ruining them through the very gifts and virtues which have caused his envy. Meanwhile, he amuses his reasoning powers by inventing a sort of *ex-post-facto* motives for his purpose; the same wicked busy-mindedness, that suggests the crime, prompting him to play with the possible reasons for it.

We have dwelt the longer on Iago, because without a just and thorough insight of him Othello cannot be rightly understood, as the source and quality of his action require to be judged from the influences that are made to work upon him. The Moor has for the most part been regarded as specially illustrating the workings of jealousy. Whether there be any thing, and, if so, how much, of this passion in him, may indeed be questions having two sides; but we may confidently affirm that he has no special predisposition to jealousy; and that whatsoever of it there may be in him does not grow in such a way, nor from such causes, that it can justly be held as the leading feature of his character, much less as his character itself; though such has been the view more commonly taken of him. On this point, there has been a strange ignoring of the inscrutable practices in which his passion originates. In-

stead of going behind the scene, and taking its grounds of judgment directly from the subject himself, criticism has trusted overmuch in what is said of him by other persons in the drama, to whom he must perforce seem jealous, because they know and can know nothing of the devilish cunning that has been at work with him. And the common opinion has no doubt been much furthered by the stage, Iago's villainy being represented as so open and barefaced, that the Moor must have been grossly stupid or grossly jealous not to see through him; whereas, in fact, so subtle is the villain's craft, so close and involved are his designs, that Othello deserves but the more respect and honor for being taken in by him.

Coleridge is very bold and clear in defense of the Moor. "Othello," says he, "does not kill Desdemona in jealousy, but in a conviction forced upon him by the almost superhuman art of Iago,—such a conviction as any man would and must have entertained, who had believed Iago's honesty as Othello did. We, the audience, know that Iago is a villain from the beginning; but, in considering the essence of the Shakespearean Othello, we must perseveringly place ourselves in his situation, and under his circumstances. Then we shall immediately feel the fundamental difference between the solemn agony of the noble Moor, and the wretched fishing jealousy of Leontes." Iago describes jealousy as "the monster that doth make the meat it feeds on." And Emilia speaks to the same sense, when Desdemona acquits her husband of jealousy on the ground that she has never given him cause: "But jealous souls will not be answer'd so; they are not ever jealous for the cause, but jealous, for they're jealous."

If jealousy be indeed such a thing as is here described, it seems clear enough that a passion thus self-generated and self-sustained ought not to be confounded with a state of mind superinduced, like Othello's, by forgery of external proofs,—a forgery wherein himself has no share but as the victim. And we may safely affirm that he has no aptitude for such a passion; it is against the whole

grain of his mind and character. Iago evidently knows this; knows the Moor to be incapable of spontaneous distrust; that he must see, before he'll doubt; that when he doubts, he'll prove; and that when he has proved, he will retain his honor at all events, and retain his love, if it be compatible with honor. Accordingly, lest the Moor should suspect himself of jealousy, Iago pointedly warns him to beware of it; puts him on his guard against such self-delusions, that so his mind may be more open to the force of evidence, and lest from fear of being jealous he should entrench himself in the opposite extreme, and so be proof against conviction.

The struggle, then, in Othello is not between love and jealousy, but between love and honor; and Iago's machinations are exactly adapted to bring these two latter passions into collision. Indeed it is the Moor's very freedom from a jealous temper, that enables the villain to get the mastery of him. Such a character as his, so open, so generous, so confiding, is just the one to be taken in the strong toils of Iago's cunning; to have escaped them, would have argued him a partaker of the strategy under which he falls. It is both the law and the impulse of a high and delicate honor, to rely on another's word, unless we have proof to the contrary; to presume that things and persons are what they seem: and it is an impeachment of our own veracity to suspect falsehood in one who bears a character for truth. Such is precisely the Moor's condition in respect to Iago; a man whom he has long known, and never caught in a lie; whom he as often trusted, and never seen cause to regret it. So that, in our judgment of the Moor, we ought to proceed as if his wife were really guilty of what she is charged with; for, were she ever so guilty, he could scarce have stronger proof than he has; and that the evidence owes all its force to the plotting and lying of another, surely makes nothing against him.

Nevertheless, we are far from upholding that Othello does not at any stage of the proceedings show signs of jealousy. For the elements of this passion exist in the

strongest and healthiest minds, and may be kindled into a transient sway over their motions, or at least so as to put them on the alert; and all we mean to affirm is, that jealousy is not Othello's characteristic, and does not form the actuating principle of his conduct. It is indeed certain that he doubts before he has proof; but then it is also certain that he does not act upon his doubt, till proof has been given him. As to the rest, it seems to us there can be no dispute about the thing, but only about the term; some understanding by *jealousy* one thing, some another. We presume that no one would have spoken of the Moor as acting from jealousy, in case his wife had really been guilty: his course would then have been regarded simply as the result of conviction upon evidence; which is to our mind nearly decisive of the question.

Accordingly, in the killing of Desdemona we have the proper marks of a judicial as distinguished from a revengeful act. The Moor goes about her death calmly and religiously, as a duty from which he would gladly escape by his own death, if he could; and we feel that his heart is wrung with inexpressible anguish, though his hand is firm. It is a part of his heroism, that as he prefers her to himself, so he prefers honor to her; and he manifestly contemplates her death as a sacrifice due to the institution which he fully believes, and has reason to believe, she has mocked and profaned. So that we cordially subscribe to the words of Ulrici respecting him: "Jealousy and revenge seize his mind but transiently; they spring up and pass away with the first burst of passion; being indeed but the momentary phases under which love and honor, the ruling principles of his soul, evince the deep wounds they are suffering."

The general custom of the stage has been, to represent Othello as a full-blooded Negro; and criticism has been a good deal exercised of late on the question whether Shakespeare really meant him for such. The only expression in the play that would fairly infer him to be a Negro, is Roderigo's "thick-lips." But Roderigo there

speaks as a disappointed lover, seeking to revenge himself on the cause of his disappointment. We all know how common it is for coxcombs like him, when balked and mortified in rivalry with their betters, to fly off into extravagant terms of disparagement and reproach; their petulant vanity easing and soothing itself by calling them any thing they may wish them to be. It is true, the Moor is several times spoken of as black; but this term was often used, as it still is, of a tawny skin in comparison with one that is fair. So in *Antony and Cleopatra* the heroine speaks of herself as being "with Phœbus' amorous pinches *black*"; and in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* Thurio, when told that Silvia says his face is a fair one, replies,—"Nay, then the wanton lies: my face is *black*." But, indeed, the calling a dark-complexioned white person black is as common as almost any form of speech in the language.

It would seem, from Othello's being so often called "the Moor," that there ought to be no question about what the Poet meant him to be. For the difference between Moors and Negroes was probably as well understood in his time as it is now; and there is no more evidence in this play that he thought them the same, than there is in *The Merchant of Venice*, where the Prince of Morocco comes as a suitor to Portia, and in a stage-direction of the old quarto is called "a *tawny* Moor." Othello was a Mauritanian prince, for Iago in Act IV, sc. ii, speaks of his purposed retirement to Mauritania as his home. Consistently with this, the same speaker in another place uses terms implying him to be a native of Barbary, Mauritania being the old name of one of the Barbary States. Iago, to be sure, is an unscrupulous liar; but then he has more cunning than to lie when telling the truth will stand with his purpose, as it evidently will here. So that there needs no scruple about endorsing the argument of Mr. White, in his *Shakespeare's Scholar*. "Shakespeare," says he, "nowhere calls Othello an Ethiopian, and also does not apply the term to Aaron in the

horrible *Titus Andronicus;* but he continually speaks of both as Moors; and as he has used the first word elsewhere, and certainly had use for it as a reproach in the mouth of Iago, it seems that he must have been fully aware of the distinction in grade between the two races. Indeed I never could see the least reason for supposing that Shakespeare intended Othello to be represented as a Negro. With the Negroes, the Venetians, had nothing to do, that we know of, and could not have in the natural course of things; whereas, with their over-the-way neighbors, the Moors, they were continually brought in contact. These were a warlike, civilized, and enterprising race, which could furnish an Othello."

That the question may, if possible, be thoroughly shut up and done with, we will add the remarks of Coleridge on the aforesaid custom of the stage: "Even if we supposed this an uninterrupted tradition of the theater, and that Shakespeare himself, from want of scenes, and the experience that nothing could be made too marked for the senses of his audience, had practically sanctioned it,—would this prove aught concerning his own intention as a poet for all ages? Can we imagine him so utterly ignorant as to make a barbarous Negro plead royal birth,—at a time, too, when Negroes were not known except as slaves? As for Iago's language to Brabantio, it implies merely that Othello was a Moor, that is, black. Though I think the rivalry of Roderigo sufficient to account for his willful confusion of Moor and Negro; yet, even if compelled to give this up, I should think it only adapted for the acting of the day, and should complain of an enormity built on a single word, in direct contradiction to Iago's 'Barbary horse.' Besides, if we could in good earnest believe Shakespeare ignorant of the distinction, still why should we adopt one disagreeable possibility, instead of a ten times greater and more pleasing probability? It is a common error to mistake the epithets applied by the *dramatis personæ* to each other, as truly descriptive of what the audience ought to see or know. No doubt,

Desdemona 'saw Othello's visage in his mind'; yet, as we are constituted, and most surely as an English audience was disposed in the beginning of the seventeenth century, it would be something monstrous to conceive this beautiful Venetian girl falling in love with a veritable Negro. It would argue a disproportionateness, a want of balance in Desdemona, which Shakespeare does not appear to have in the least contemplated."

The character of Othello, direct and single in itself, is worked out with great breadth and clearness. And here again the first Act is peculiarly fruitful of significant points; furnishing, in respect of him as of Iago, the seminal ideas of which the subsequent details are the natural issues and offshoots. In the opening scene we have Iago telling various lies about the Moor; yet his lying is so managed as, while affecting its immediate purpose on the gull, to be at the same time more or less suggestive of the truth: he caricatures Othello, but is too artful a caricaturist to let the peculiar features of the subject be lost in an excess of misrepresentation; that is, there is truth enough in what he says, to make it pass with one who wishes it true, and whose mind is too weak to prevent such a wish from growing into belief.

Othello's mind is strongly charged with the natural enthusiasm of high principle and earnest feeling, and this gives a certain elevated and imaginative turn to his manner of thought and speech. In the deportment of such a man there is apt to be something upon which a cold and crafty malice can easily stick the imputation of being haughty and grandiloquent, or of "loving his own pride and purposes." Especially, when urged with unseasonable or impertinent solicitations, his answers are apt to be in such a style, that they can hardly pass through an Iagoish mind, without catching the air of strutting and bombastic evasion. For a man like Othello will not stoop to be the advocate or apologist of himself: it is enough that he stands justified to his own sense of right; and if others dislike his course, this does not shake him, as he

did not take it with a view to please them: he acts from his own mind; and to explain his conduct, save where he is responsible, looks like soliciting an endorsement from others, as though the consciousness of rectitude were not enough to sustain him. Such a man, if his fortune and his other parts be at all in proportion, commonly succeeds; for by his strength of character he naturally creates a sphere which himself alone can fill, and so makes himself necessary. On the other hand, a subtle and malignant rogue, like Iago, while fearing to be known as the enemy of such a man, envies his success, and from this envy affects contempt of his qualities. For the proper triumph of a bad man over his envied superiors is, to scoff at the very gifts which gnaw him.

The intimations, then, derived from Iago lead us to regard the Moor, before we meet with him, as one who deliberates calmly, and therefore decides firmly. His refusing to explain his conduct where he is not responsible, is a pledge that he will not shrink from any responsibility where he truly owes it. In his first reply when urged by Iago to elude Brabantio's pursuit, our expectations are made good. We see that, as he acts from honor and principle, so he will cheerfully abide the consequences. Full of equanimity and firmness, he is content to let the reasons of his course appear in the issues thereof; whereas Iago delights in stating his reasons, as giving scope for mental activity and display.

From his characteristic intrepidity and calmness, the Moor, as we learn in the sequel, has come to be esteemed, by those who know him best, as one whom "passion cannot shake." For the passions are in him both tempered and strengthened by the energy of higher principles; and, if kept under reason, the stronger they are, the more they exalt reason. This feature of Othello is well seen at his meeting with Brabantio and attendants, when the parties are on the point of fighting, and he quiets them by exclaiming, "Keep up your bright swords, for the dew will rust them;" where the belligerent spirit is as much charmed

down by his playful logic, as overawed by his sternness of command. So, too, when Brabantio calls out, "Down with him, thief!" and he replies, "Good signior, you shall more command with years than with your weapons."

Such is our sturdy warrior's habitual carriage: no upstart exigency disconcerts him; no obloquy exasperates him to violence or recrimination: peril, perplexity, provocation rather augment than impair his self-possession; and the more deeply he is stirred, the more calmly and steadily he acts. This calmness of intensity is most finely displayed in his address to the Senate, where the words, though they fall on the ear as softly as an evening breeze, seem charged with life from every part of his being. All is grace and modesty and gentleness, yet what strength and dignity! the union of perfect repose and impassioned energy. Perhaps the finest point of contrast between Othello and Iago lies in the method of their several minds. Iago is morbidly introversive and self-explicative; his mind is ever busy spinning out its own contents; and he takes no pleasure either in viewing or in showing things, till he has baptized them in his own spirit, and then seems chuckling inwardly as he holds them up reeking with the slime he has dipped them in. In Othello, on the contrary, every thing is direct, healthy, objective; and he reproduces in transparent diction the truth as revealed to him from without; his mind being like a clear, even mirror which, invisible itself, renders back in its exact shape and color whatsoever stands before it.

We know of nothing in Shakespeare that has this quality more conspicuous than the Moor's account "how he did thrive in this fair lady's love, and she in his." The dark man eloquent literally speaks in pictures. We see the silent blushing maiden moving about her household tasks, ever and anon turning her eye upon the earnest warrior; leaving the door open as she goes out of the room, that she may catch the tones of his voice; hastening back to her father's side, as though drawn to the spot by some new impulse of filial attachment; afraid to look the speaker

in the face, yet unable to keep out of his presence, and drinking in with ear and heart every word of his marvelous tale: the Moor, meanwhile, waxing more eloquent when this modest listener was by, partly because he saw she was interested, and partly because he wished to interest her still more. Yet we believe all he says, for the virtual presence of the things he describes enables us, as it were, to test his fidelity of representation.

In his simplicity, however, he lets out a truth of which he seems not to have been aware. At Brabantio's fireside he has been unwittingly making love by his manner, before he was even conscious of loving; and thought he was but listening for a disclosure of the lady's feelings, while he was really soliciting a response to his own: for this is a matter wherein heart often calls and answers to heart, without giving the head any notice of its proceedings. His quick perception of the interest he had awakened is a confession of the interest he felt, the state of his mind coming out in his anxiety to know that of hers. And how natural it was that he should thus honestly think he was but returning her passion, while it was his own passion that caused him to see or suspect she had any to be returned! And so she seems to have understood the matter; whereupon, appreciating the modesty that kept him silent, she gave him a hint of encouragement to speak. In his feelings, moreover, respect keeps pace with affection; and he involuntarily seeks some tacit assurance of a return of his passion as a sort of permission to cherish and confess it. It is this feeling that originates the delicate, reverential courtesy, the ardent, yet distant, and therefore beautiful regards, with which a truly honorable mind instinctively attires itself towards its best object;—a feeling that throws a majestic grace around the most unpromising figure, and endows the plainest features with something more eloquent than beauty.

The often-alleged unfitness of Othello's match has been mainly disposed of by what we have already said respecting his origin. The rest of it, if there be any, may be

safely left to the facts of his being honored by the Venetian Senate and of his being a cherished guest at Brabantio's fireside. At all events, we cannot help thinking that the noble Moor and his sweet lady have the very sort of resemblance which people thus united ought to have; and their likeness seems all the better for being joined with so much of unlikeness. It is the chaste, beautiful wedlock of meekness and magnanimity, where the inward correspondence stands the more approved for the outward diversity; and reminds us of what we are too apt to forget, that the stout, valiant soul is the chosen home of reverence and tenderness. Our heroic warrior's dark, rough exterior is found to enclose a heart strong as a giant's, yet soft and sweet as infancy. Such a marriage of bravery and gentleness proclaims that beauty is an overmatch for strength; and that true delicacy is among the highest forms of power.

Equally beautiful is the fact, that Desdemona has the heart to recognize the proper complement of herself beneath such an uninviting appearance. Perhaps none but so pure and gentle a being could have discerned the real gentleness of Othello through so many obscurations. To her fine sense, that tale of wild adventures and mischances, which often did beguile her of her tears,—a tale wherein another might have seen but the marks of a rude, coarse, animal strength,—disclosed the history of a most meek, brave, manly soul. Nobly blind to whatsoever is repulsive in his manhood's vesture of accidents, her thoughts are filled with "his honors and his valiant parts"; his ungracious aspect is lost to her in his graces of character; and the shrine, that were else so unattractive to look upon, is made beautiful by the life with which her chaste eye sees it irradiated.

In herself, Desdemona is not more interesting than several of the Poet's women; but perhaps none of the others is in a condition so proper for developing the innermost springs of pathos. In her character and sufferings there is a nameless something that haunts the reader's mind,

and hangs like a spell of compassionate sorrow upon the beatings of his heart: his thoughts revert to her and linger about her, as under a mysterious fascination of pity which they cannot shake off, and which is only kept from being painful by the sacred charm of beauty and eloquence that blends with the feeling while kindling it. It is remarkable, that the sympathies are not so deeply moved in the scene of her death, as in that where by the blows of her husband's hand and tongue she is made to feel that she has lost him. Too innocent to suspect that she is suspected, she cannot for a long time understand nor imagine the motive of his harshness; and her errings in quest of excuses and apologies for him are deeply pathetic, inasmuch as they manifestly spring from her incapability of an impure thought. And the sense that the heart of his confidence is gone from her, and for what cause it is gone, comes upon her like a dead stifling weight of agony and woe, which benumbs her to all other pains. She does not show any thing that can be properly called pangs of suffering; the effect is too deep for that; the blow falling so heavy that it stuns her sensibilities into a sort of lethargy.

Desdemona's character may almost be said to consist in the union of purity and impressibility. All her organs of sense and motion seem perfectly ensouled, and her visible form instinct in every part with the spirit and intelligence of moral life.

> "We understood
> Her by her sight; her pure and eloquent blood
> Spoke in her cheeks, and so distinctly wrought,
> That one might almost say her body thought."

Hence her father describes her as a "maiden never bold; of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion blush'd at itself." Which gives the idea of a being whose whole frame is so receptive of influences and impressions from without, who lives so entranced amid a world of beauty and delight, that her soul keeps ever looking and listening; and if at any time she chance upon a stray thought

or vision of herself, she shrinks back surprised and abashed, as though she had caught herself in the presence of a stranger whom modesty kept her from looking in the face. It is through this most delicate impressibility that she sometimes gets frightened out of her real character; as in her equivocation about the handkerchief, and her child-like pleading for life in the last scene; where her perfect candor and resignation are overmastered by sudden impressions of terror.

But, with all her openness to influences from without, she is still susceptive only of the good. No element of impurity can insinuate itself. Her nature seems wrought about with some subtle texture of moral sympathies and antipathies, which selects as by instinct whatsoever is pure, without taking any thought or touch of the evil mixed with it. Even Iago's moral oil-of-vitriol cannot eat a passage into her mind: from his envenomed wit she extracts the element of harmless mirth, without receiving or suspecting the venom with which it is charged. Thus the world's contagions pass before her, yet dare not touch nor come near her, because she has nothing to sympathize with them or own their acquaintance. And so her life is like a quiet stream,

> "In whose calm depth the beautiful and pure
> Alone are mirror'd; which, though shapes of ill
> Do hover round its surface, glides in light,
> And takes no shadow from them."

Desdemona's heroism, we fear, is not of the kind to take very well with such an age of individual ensconcement as the present. Though of a "high and plenteous wit and invention," this quality never makes any special report of itself: like Cordelia, all the parts of her being speak in such harmony that the intellectual tones may not be distinctly heard. Besides, her mind and character were formed under that old-fashioned way of thinking which, regarding man and wife as socially one, legislated *round* them, not *between* them; so that the wife naturally sought

protection *in* her husband, instead of resorting to legal methods for protection *against* him. Affection does indeed fill her with courage and energy of purpose: she is heroic to link her life with the man she loves; heroic to do and suffer with him and for him after she is his; but, poor gentle soul! she knows no heroism that can prompt her, in respect of him, to cast aside the awful prerogative of defenselessness: that she has lost him, is what hurts her; and this is a hurt that cannot be salved with anger or resentment: so that her only strength is to be meek, uncomplaining, submissive in the worst that his hand may execute. Swayed by that power whose "favorite seat is feeble woman's breast," she is of course "a child to chiding," and sinks beneath unkindness, instead of having the spirit to outface it.

They err greatly, who think to school Desdemona in the doctrine of woman's rights. When her husband has been shaken from his confidence in her truth and loyalty, what can she care for her rights as a woman? To be under the necessity of asserting them, is to have lost and more than lost them. A constrained abstinence from evil deeds and unkind words bears no price with her; and to be sheltered from the wind and storm, is worse than nothing, unless she have a living fountain of light and warmth in the being that shelters her. But, indeed, the beauty of the woman is so hid in the affection and obedience of the wife, that it seems almost a profanation to praise it. As brave to suffer wrong as she is fearful to do it, there is a holiness in her mute resignation which ought, perhaps, to be kept, where the Poet has left it, veiled from all save those whom a severe discipline of humanity may have qualified for duly respecting it. At all events, whoever would get at her secret, let him study her as a pupil, not as a critic; and until his inmost heart speaks her approval, let him rest assured that he is not competent to judge her. But if he have the gift to see that her whole course, from the first intimation of the gentle, submissive daughter, to the last groan of the ever-loving, ever-obedient, broken-hearted

wife, is replete with the beauty and grace and holiness of womanhood, then let him weep, weep, for her; so may he depart "a sadder and a wiser man." As for her unresisting submissiveness, let no man dare to defend it! Assuredly, we shall do her a great wrong, if we suppose for a moment that she would not rather die by her husband's hand, than owe her life to any protection against him. What, indeed, were life, what could it be to her, since suspicion has fallen on her innocency? That her husband could not, would not, *dare* not wrong her, even because she had trusted in him, and because in her sacred defenselessness she could not resist nor resent the wrong,—this is the only protection from which she would not pray to be delivered.

Coleridge has justly remarked upon the art shown in Iago, that the character, with all its inscrutable depravity, neither revolts nor seduces the mind: the interest of his part amounts almost to fascination, yet there is not the slightest moral taint or infection about it. Hardly less wonderful is the Poet's skill in carrying the Moor through such a course of undeserved infliction, without any loosening from him of our sympathy or respect. Deep and intense as is the feeling that goes along with Desdemona, Othello fairly divides it with her: nay, more; the virtues and sufferings of each are so managed as to heighten the interest of the other. The impression still waits upon him, that he does "nought in hate, but all in honor." Nor is the mischief made to work through any vice or weakness perceived or left in him, but rather through such qualities as lift him higher in our regard. Under the conviction that she, in whom he had built his faith and garnered up his heart,—that she, in whom he looked to find how much more blessed it is to give than to receive, has desecrated all his gifts, and turned his very religion into sacrilege;—under this conviction, all the poetry, the grace, the consecration, every thing that can beautify or gladden existence is gone; his whole being, with its freight of hopes, memories, affections, is reduced

to a total wreck; a last farewell to whatsoever has made life attractive, the conditions, motives, prospects of noble achievement, is all there is left him: in brief, he feels literally unmade, robbed not only of the laurels he has won, but of the spirit that manned him to the winning of them; so that he can neither live nobly nor nobly die, but is doomed to a sort of living death, an object of scorn and loathing unto himself. In this state of mind, no wonder his thoughts reel and totter, and cling convulsively to his honor, which is the only thing that now remains to him, until in his efforts to rescue this he loses all, and has no refuge but in self-destruction. He approaches the awful task in the bitterness as well as the calmness of despair. In sacrificing his love to save his honor, he really performs the most heroic self-sacrifice; for the taking of Desdemona's life is to him something worse than to lose his own. Nor could he ever have loved her so much, had he not loved honor more. Her love for him, too, is based upon the very principle that now prompts and nerves him to the sacrifice. And as at last our pity for her rises into awe, so our awe of him melts into pity; the catastrophe thus blending their several virtues and sufferings into one most profound, solemn, sweetly-mournful impression. "Othello," says Coleridge, "had no life but in Desdemona: —the belief that she, his angel, had fallen from the heaven of her native innocence, wrought a civil war in his heart. She is his counterpart; and, like him, is almost sanctified in our eyes by her absolute unsuspiciousness, and holy entireness of love. As the curtain drops, which do we pity the most?"

COMMENTS

By Shakespearean Scholars

OTHELLO

In Othello, Shakespeare means us to recognize the man of action, whose life has been spent in deeds of military prowess and adventure, but who has had little experience either of the ways of society or of the intrigues of weaker men. Moreover, he is a man apart. A renegade from his own faith and an outcast from his own people, he is, indeed, the valued servant of the Venetian state, but is not regarded as on an equality with its citizens, and that though, as being of kingly descent, he regards himself as being at least the equal of its republican citizens. A homeless man, who had never experienced the soothing influences of domesticity. In short, a man strong in action but weak in intellectuality, of natural nobility of character, knowing no guile in himself and incapable of seeing it in others; but withal sensitive on the subject of his birth, and inclined to regard himself as an inheritor of the curse of outcast Ishmael.—Ransome, *Short Studies of Shakespeare's Plots.*

Othello has a strong and healthy mind and a vivid imagination, but they deal entirely with first impressions, with obvious facts. If he trusts a man, he trusts him without the faintest shadow of reserve. Iago's suggestion that Desdemona is false comes upon him like a thunderbolt. He *knows* this man to be honest, his every word the absolute truth. He is stunned, and his mind accepts specious reasonings passively and without examination. Yet his love is so intense that he struggles against his own

nature, and for a time *compels* himself to think, though not upon the great question whether she is false. He cannot bring his intellect to attack Iago's conclusions, and only argues the minor point: *Why* is she false? But even this effort is too much for him. It is, I have said, against nature; and nature, after the struggle has been carried on unceasingly for hours, revenges herself—he falls into a fit. That this is the legitimate climax of overpowering emotion on an intensely real and single character is plain. This obstruction and chaos of the faculties is the absolute opposite of the brilliant life into which Hamlet's intellect leaps on its contact with tremendous realities. —Rose, *Sudden Emotion: Its Effect upon Different Characters as Shown by Shakspere.*

What a fortunate mistake that the Moor, under which name a baptized Saracen of the northern coast of Africa was unquestionably meant in the novel, has been made by Shakespeare, in every respect, a negro! We recognize in Othello the wild nature of that glowing zone which generates the most raging beasts of prey and the most deadly poisons, tamed only in appearance by the desire of fame, by foreign laws of honor, and by nobler and milder manners. His jealousy is not the jealousy of the heart, which is incompatible with the tenderest feeling and adoration of the beloved object; it is of that sensual kind from which, in burning climes, has sprung the disgraceful ill-treatment of women and many other unnatural usages. A drop of this poison flows in his veins, and sets his whole blood in the most disorderly fermentation. The Moor seems noble, frank, confiding, grateful for the love shown him; and he *is* all this, and, moreover, a hero that spurns at danger, a worthy leader of an army, a faithful servant of the state; but the mere physical force of passion puts to flight in one moment all his acquired and accustomed virtues, and gives the upper hand to the savage in him over the moral man. The tyranny of the blood over the will betrays itself even in the expression of his desire of

revenge against Cassio. In his repentance when he views the evidence of the deed, a genuine tenderness for his murdered wife, and the painful feeling of his annihilated honor, at last burst forth; and he every now and then assails himself with the rage a despot shows in punishing a runaway slave. He suffers as a double man; at once in the higher and lower sphere into which his being was divided.—SCHLEGEL, *Lectures on Dramatic Art and Literature.*

DESDEMONA

The suffering of Desdemona is, unless I mistake, the most nearly intolerable spectacle that Shakespeare offers us. For one thing, it is *mere* suffering; and, *ceteris paribus*, that is much worse to witness than suffering that issues in action. Desdemona is helplessly passive. She can do nothing whatever. She cannot retaliate even in speech; no, not even in silent feeling. And the chief reason of her helplessness only makes the sight of her suffering more exquisitely painful. She is helpless because her nature is infinitely sweet and her love absolute. I would not challenge Mr. Swinburne's statement that we *pity* Othello even more than Desdemona; but we watch Desdemona with more unmitigated distress. We are never wholly uninfluenced by the feeling that Othello is a man contending with another man; but Desdemona's suffering is like that of the most loving of dumb creatures tortured without cause by the being he adores.—BRADLEY, *Shakespearean Tragedy.*

Nothing in poetry has ever been written more pathetic than the scene preceding Desdemona's death; I confess I almost always turn away my eyes from the poor girl with her infinitely touching song of "Willow, willow, willow," and I would fain ask the Poet whether his tragic arrow, which always hits the mark, does not here pierce almost too deeply. I would not call the last word with which she dies a lie, or even a "noble" lie; this qualification has

been wretchedly misused. The lie with which Desdemona dies is divine truth, too good to come within the compass of an earthly moral code.—Horn, *Shakespeare's Schauspiele erläutert.*

THE MURDER OF DESDEMONA

When Othello thus bows his own lofty nature before the groveling but most acute worldly intellect of Iago, his habitual view of "all qualities" had been clouded by the breath of the slanderer. His confidence in purity and innocence had been destroyed. The sensual judgment of "human dealings" had taken the place of the spiritual. The enthusiastic love and veneration of his wife had been painted to him as the result of gross passion:—

"Not to affect many proposed matches," &c.

His belief in the general prevalence of virtuous motives and actions had been degraded to a reliance on the libertine's creed that all are impure:—

———"there's millions now alive," &c.

When the innocent and the high-minded submit themselves to the tutelage of the man of the world, as he is called, the process of mental change is precisely that produced in the mind of Othello. The poetry of life is gone. On them, never more

"The freshness of the heart can fall like dew."

They abandon themselves to the betrayer, and they prostrate themselves before the energy of his "gain'd knowledge." They feel that in their own original powers of judgment they have no support against the dogmatism, and it may be the ridicule, of experience. This is the course with the young when they fall into the power of the tempter. But was not Othello in all essentials *young?* Was he not of an enthusiastic temperament, confiding, loving,—most sensitive to opinion,—jealous of his honor,—

truly wise, had he trusted to his own pure impulses?—But he was most weak, in adopting an evil opinion against his own faith, and conviction, and proof in his reliance upon the honesty and judgment of a man whom he really doubted and had never proved. Yet this is the course by which the highest and noblest intellects are too often subjected to the dominion of the subtle understanding and the unbridled will. It is an unequal contest between the principles that are struggling for the master in the individual man, when the attributes of the serpent and the dove are separated, and become conflicting. The wisdom which belonged to Othello's enthusiastic temperament was his confidence in the truth and purity of the being with whom his life was bound up, and his general reliance upon the better part of human nature, in his judgment of his friend. When the confidence was destroyed by the craft of his deadly enemy, his sustaining power was also destroyed;—the balance of his sensitive temperament was lost;—his enthusiasm became wild passion;—his new belief in the dominion of grossness over the apparently pure and good, shaped itself into gross outrage; his honor lent itself to schemes of cruelty and revenge. But even amidst the whirlwind of this passion, we every now and then hear something which sounds as the softest echo of love and gentleness. Perhaps in the whole compass of the Shaksperean pathos there is nothing deeper than "But yet the pity of it, Iago! O, Iago, the pity of it, Iago." It is the contemplated murder of Desdemona which thus tears his heart. But his "disordered power, engendered within itself to its own destruction," hurries on the catastrophe. We would ask, with Coleridge, "As the curtain drops, which do we pity the most?"—Knight, *Pictorial Shakspeare.*

Finally, let me repeat that Othello does not kill Desdemona in jealousy, but in a conviction forced upon him by the almost superhuman art of Iago,—such a conviction as any man would and must have entertained who had

believed Iago's honesty as Othello did. We, the audience, know that Iago is a villain from the beginning; but in considering the essence of the Shaksperian Othello, we must perseveringly place ourselves in his situation, and under his circumstances. Then we shall immediately feel the fundamental difference between the solemn agony of the noble Moor, and the wretched fishing jealousies of Leontes, and the morbid suspiciousness of Leonatus, who is, in other respects, a fine character. Othello had no life but in Desdemona:—the belief that she, his angel, had fallen from the heaven of her native innocence, wrought a civil war in his heart. She is his counterpart; and, like him, is almost sanctified in our eyes by her absolute unsuspiciousness, and holy entireness of love. As the curtain drops, which do we pity the most?—Coleridge, *Lectures on Shakspere.*

IAGO

The Moor has in his service as "ancient" a young Venetian, Iago, of tried military capacity, cheerful temperament and bluff honesty of bearing. No one, to outward seeming, could be less of a villain, and yet this plausibly respectable exterior covers a fiend in human shape. Iago is the arch-criminal of Shaksperean drama—"more fell than anguish, hunger and the sea." Richard III is in many features his prototype, but the hunchback king is incited to his unnatural deeds by the consciousness of his physical deformity. Moreover, though he has taken "Machiavel" as his master, he is after all an "Italianate" Englishman, not an Italian, and though he crushes conscience, as he believes, out of existence, it asserts its power at the last. But in Iago conscience is completely wanting. He is, as Coleridge has said, "all will in intellect." He is the incarnation of absolute egotism, an egotism that without passion or even apparent purpose is at chronic feud with the moral order of the world. His mind is simply a non-conductor of spiritual elements in life. "Virtue" is to him a "fig," love "a lust of the blood, and a permission of the will;"

reputation, "an idle and most false imposition," whose loss is a trifle compared with a bodily wound. Hamlet in the agony of disillusion had compared the world to an unweeded garden, occupied solely by things rank and gross in nature. This is Iago's habitual view, and to him it causes no particle of pain. Evil is his native element, and the increase of evil an end in itself. It is, therefore, unprofitable to discuss in detail the grounds of his hatred towards Othello or his other victims. His is at bottom, to use Coleridge's phrase, a "motiveless malignity," and he can scarcely be in earnest with the pretexts which he urges for his misdeeds, and which vary from day to day. Othello's advancement, over his head, of Cassio, a Florentine who knows nothing of war but "the bookish theoric," might seem a genuine grievance, yet it is noticeable that after the first few lines of the play Iago scarcely alludes to this, and makes more of what are evidently imaginary offenses by Othello and Cassio against his honor as a husband. In one passage he hints vaguely that he loves Desdemona, and it is significant that this is the only trace left of the ensign's motive for revenge in Cinthio's novel. That Shakspere departed so widely from his original proves that he meant Iago to be actuated by nothing but sheer *diablerie*.—Boas, *Shakspere and his Predecessors.*

Some allege that Iago is too villainous to be a natural character, but those allegers are simpleton judges of human nature: Fletcher of Saltoun has said that there is many a brave soldier who never wore a sword; in like manner, there is many an Iago in the world who never committed murder. Iago's "*learned spirit*" and exquisite intellect, happily ending in his own destruction, were as requisite for the moral of the piece as for the sustaining of Othello's high character; for we should have despised the Moor if he had been deceived by a less consummate villain than "honest Iago." The latter is a true character, and the philosophical truth of this tragedy makes it terrible to peruse, in spite of its beautiful poetry.

Why has Aristotle said that tragedy purifies the passions? for our last wish and hope in reading *Othello* is that the villain Iago may be well tortured.—Campbell, *Remarks on the Life and Writings of Shakespeare.*

But Iago! Aye! there's the rub. Well may poor Othello look down to his feet, and not seeing them different from those of others, feel convinced that it is a fable which attributes a cloven hoof to the devil. Nor is it wonderful that the parting instruction of Lodovico to Cassio [*sic*] should be to enforce the most cunning cruelty of torture on the hellish villain, or that all the party should vie with each other in heaping upon him words of contumely and execration. His determination to keep silence when questioned, was at least judicious; for with his utmost ingenuity he could hardly find anything to say for himself. Is there nothing, then, to be said for him by anybody else?

No more than this. He is the sole exemplar of studied personal revenge in the plays. The philosophical mind of Hamlet ponders too deeply, and sees both sides of the question too clearly, to be able to carry any plan of vengeance into execution. Romeo's revenge on Tybalt for the death of Mercutio is a sudden gust of ungovernable rage. The vengeance in the Historical Plays are those of war or statecraft. In Shylock, the passion is hardly personal against his intended victim. A swaggering Christian is at the mercy of a despised and insulted Jew. The hatred is national and sectarian. Had Bassanio or Gratiano, or any other of their creed, been in his power, he would have been equally relentless. He is only retorting the wrongs and insults of his tribe in demanding full satisfaction, and imitating the hated Christians in their own practices. It is, on the whole, a passion remarkably seldom exhibited in Shakespeare in any form. Iago, as I have said, is its only example as directed against an individual. Iago had been affronted in the tenderest point. He felt that he had strong claims on the office of lieutenant to Othello. The greatest exertion

was made to procure it for him, and yet he was refused. What is still worse, the grounds of the refusal are military; Othello assigns to the civilians reasons for passing over Iago, drawn from his own trade, of which they, of course, could not pretend to be adequate judges. And worst of all, when this practised military man is for military reasons set aside, who is appointed? Some man of greater renown and skill in arms? *That* might be borne; but it is no such thing.—Maginn, *Shakespeare Papers.*

EMILIA

A few words on the character of Emilia: when we change meter to rhythm, we vary the stress on our syllables; but a stronger accent in one part of our line implies a weaker accent in another part; it may even happen that to produce our fullest music we allow the whole accentual stress of the line to fall on one syllable; this, as we saw in our review of "Julius Cæsar," is Shakespeare's method in dealing with his characters; one is heightened if another is lowered; and it may turn out that the method gives us a sense of unfairness; I have some such feeling when I approach the character of Emilia; I refer especially to the conversation between Emilia and her mistress (IV, iii, 60–106). Emilia had summed up her views of the subject by a line—"The ills we do, their ills instruct us so"; which Desdemona rightly condemns—and with the line all the foregoing remarks of Emilia. It is well to gaze upon one entire and perfect chrysolite, but ill for the foil thereof, when the foil is another woman—the woman, moreover, who would right the wrong though she lost twenty lives—who did lose her life through her devotion, and whose last words were of faithful love—"O, lay me by my mistress' side.—Luce, *Handbook to Shakespeare's Works.*

From the moment when Emilia learns Othello's deed from his own lips, the poet disburdens us in a wonderful

manner of all the tormenting feelings which the course of the catastrophe had awakened in us. Emilia is a woman of coarser texture, good-natured like her sex, but with more spite than others of her sex, light-minded in things which appear to her light, serious and energetic when great demands meet her; in words she is careless of her reputation and virtue, which she would not be in action. At her husband's wish she has heedlessly taken away Desdemona's handkerchief, as she fancied for some indifferent object. Thoughtless and light, she had cared neither for return nor for explanation, even when she learned that this handkerchief, the importance of which she knows, had caused the quarrel between Othello and Desdemona; in womanly fashion she observes less attentively all that is going on around her, and thus, in similar but worse unwariness than Desdemona, she becomes the real instrument of the unhappy fate of her mistress. Yet when she knows that Othello has killed his wife, she unburdens our repressed feelings by her words, testifying to Desdemona's innocence by loud accusations of the Moor. When she hears Iago named as the calumniator of her fidelity, she testifies to the purity of her mistress by unsparing invectives against the wickedness of her husband, and seeks to enlighten the slowly apprehending Moor, whilst she continues to draw out the feelings of our soul and to give them full expression from her own full heart. At last, when she entirely perceives Iago's guilt in the matter of the handkerchief, and therefore her own participation in it, her devoted fidelity to her mistress and her increasing feeling rise to sublimity; her testimony against her husband, in the face of threatening death, now becomes a counterpart to Othello's severe exercise of justice, and her death and dying song upon Desdemona's chastity is an expiatory repentance at her grave, which is scarcely surpassed by the Moor's grand and calm retaliation upon himself. The unravelment and expiation in this last scene are wont to reawaken repose and satisfaction even in the most deeply agitated reader.—
GERVINUS, *Shakespeare Commentaries.*

RODERIGO

Roderigo is a florid specimen of one of Shakespeare's simpleton lovers. He has placed his whole fortune at the disposal of Iago, to use for the purpose of winning favor for him with Desdemona, not having the courage and ability to woo for himself; or rather, having an instinctive knowledge of his own incompetence, with so profound and devout a respect for the talent of his adviser, as to leave the whole management of the diplomacy in his hands. Although Roderigo is a compound of vacillation and weakness, even to imbecility; although he suddenly forms resolutions, and as suddenly quenches them at the rallying contempt and jeering of Iago; and even, although being entangled in the wily villain's net, he is gradually led on to act unconsonantly with his real nature; yet withal, Roderigo has so much of redemption in him, that we commiserate his weakness, and wish him a better fate; for he is not wholly destitute of natural kindness: he really is in love with Desdemona, and was so before her marriage. Iago has had his purse, "as though the strings were his own," to woo her for him; and yet we find, with all Roderigo's subserviency to the superior intellect, that the very first words of the play announce his misgiving that his insidious friend has played him false, since he knew of the projected elopement of Desdemona with Othello, and did not apprise him of it. With this first falsehood palpable to him, he again yields to the counsel of Iago, who schools him into impatience with the promise that he shall yet obtain his prize.—Clarke, *Shakespeare-Characters.*

THE SOURCE OF THE PATHOS

The source of the pathos throughout—of that pathos which at once softens and deepens the tragic effect—lies in the character of Desdemona. No woman differently constituted could have excited the same intense and painful compassion, without losing something of that exalted

charm, which invests her from beginning to end, which we are apt to impute to the interest of the situation, and to the poetical coloring, but which lies, in fact, in the very essence of the character. Desdemona, with all her timid flexibility and soft acquiescence, is not weak; for the negative alone is weak; and the mere presence of goodness and affection implies in itself a species of power; power without consciousness, power without effort, power with repose —that soul of grace!—Jameson, *Shakespeare's Heroines.*

INTERMARRIAGE OF THE RACES

Great efforts are often made to show that Othello as conceived by Shakespeare was not a Negro; and true it is that such an addition as "thick lips," given contemptuously, does not prove it. Othello, however, himself, says that he is black; and I have been convinced that Shakespeare had in his mind the proper negro complexion and physiognomy too, and that he even assigned some mental characteristics of the negro type. To these I think belong an over-affection for high sounding words, for the sake of the sound, an affectation of stateliness that verges upon stiffness, and value for conspicuous position with somewhat excessive feeling for parade—for the pride and pomp of circumstance, the report of the artillery and the waving of the ensign. There are other coincidences besides these, and I cannot divest myself of the sense that Othello embodies the ennobled characteristics of the colored division of the human family; and in his position relatively to the proudest aristocracy of Europe, his story exemplifies the difficulty the world has yet to solve between the white and the black. The feuds and antipathies of race can be fully conciliated at no other altar than the nuptial bed; and the marriage of Desdemona, and its consequences, typify the obstacles to this conclusion. Some critics moralize the fate of Desdemona as punishment for undutiful and ill-assorted marriage, yet the punishment falls quite as severely on the severity of Brabantio—on his

cruelty, we may say, for he is the first—and out of unnatural pique, to belie his own daughter's chastity—

"Look to her, Moor—have a quick eye to see";

and if we must needs make out a scrupulous law of retribution, we shall come at last to an incongruity, and that can in no sense be pious. The revolt of Desdemona was a revolt against custom and tradition, but it was in favor of the affections of the heart; and if the result was pitiable, it may have been not because custom and tradition were right, but because they were strong, and because there was the greater reason for abating their strength by proving it assailable; the justest war does not demand the fewest victims; and the heroes who are left on the field were no whit less right, but only less fortunate, than their comrades who survive to carry home the laurels. For the matter in hand, however, it is most certain that the most important advance that has yet been made towards establishing even common cordiality between the races has been due as in the case of Desdemona and the redeemed slave, Othello, if not to the love at least to the compassionate sympathy of woman.—Lloyd, *Critical Essays.*

THE FAULT OF THE PLAY

The fault of the play lies in the fact that Othello has no moral right to conviction. Yet he has more right than Claudio (in *Much Ado*), far more than Posthumus, and *a fortiori* more than the hardly sane Leontes. A little closer questioning of Emilia, however, would have brought out the truth; and this fact concerns Iago's conduct as well as Othello's.—Seccombe and Allen, *The Age of Shakespeare.*

BEAUTIES OF THE PLAY

The beauties of this play impress themselves so strongly upon the attention of the reader, that they can draw no

aid from critical illustration. The fiery openness of Othello, magnanimous, artless, and credulous, boundless in his confidence, ardent in his affection, inflexible in his resolution, and obdurate in his revenge; the cool malignity of Iago, silent in his resentment, subtle in his design, and studious at once of his interest and his vengeance; the soft simplicity of Desdemona, confident of merit, and conscious of innocence, her artless perseverance in her suit, and her slowness to suspect that she can be suspected, are such proofs of Shakespeare's skill in human nature as, I suppose, it is in vain to seek in any modern writer. The gradual progress which Iago makes in the Moor's conviction, and the circumstances which he employs to enflame him, are so artfully natural, that, though it will perhaps not be said of him [Othello] as he says of himself, that he is "a man not easily jealous," yet we cannot but pity him, when at last we find him "perplexed in the extreme."—JOHNSON.

THE FASCINATION OF THE PLAY

The noblest earthly object of the contemplation of man is man himself. The universe, and all its fair and glorious forms, are indeed included in the wide empire of imagination; but she has placed her home and her sanctuary amidst the inexhaustible varieties and the impenetrable mysteries of the mind. *Othello* is, perhaps, the greatest work in the world. From what does it derive its power? From the clouds? From the ocean? From the mountains? Or from love strong as death, and jealousy cruel as the grave? —MACAULAY, *Essay on Dante.*

PUNISHMENT

In every character of every play of Shakespeare's the punishment is in proportion to the wrong-doing. How mild is the punishment of Desdemona, of Cordelia for a slight wrong; how fearful that of Macbeth,—every mo-

ment from the commission of his crime to his death, he suffers more than all the suffering of these two women. His deliberate crime belongs to the cold passions; as the deed is done with forethought and in cold blood, so it is avenged by the long-continued tortures of conscience.—Ludwig, *Shakespeare-Studien.*

THE TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO, THE MOOR OF VENICE

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

DUKE OF VENICE
BRABANTIO, *a senator*
Other Senators
GRATIANO, *brother to Brabantio*
LODOVICO, *kinsman to Brabantio*
OTHELLO, *a noble Moor in the service of the Venetian state*
CASSIO, *his lieutenant*
IAGO, *his ancient*
RODERIGO, *a Venetian gentleman*
MONTANO, *Othello's predecessor in the government of Cyprus*
Clown, servant to Othello

DESDEMONA, *daughter to Brabantio and wife to Othello*
EMILIA, *wife to Iago*
BIANCA, *mistress to Cassio*

Sailor, Messenger, Herald, Officers, Gentlemen, Musicians, and Attendants

SCENE: *Venice: a seaport in Cyprus*

SYNOPSIS

By J. Ellis Burdick

ACT I

Othello, a Moorish general of noble birth, woos and wins Desdemona, daughter to Brabantio, a Venetian senator. Her father, learning of their secret marriage, is very angry and accuses him before the Duke of stealing his daughter by means of "spells and medicines bought of mountebanks." Desdemona herself declares in the council chamber her love for the Moor and receives her father's forgiveness. The Duke and the senators then take up state matters. These are very pressing, for word has come that the Turks are making "a most mighty preparation" to take the Island of Cyprus from the Venetians. Othello, as the most able general in Venice, is sent to oppose them. His wife accompanies him. By promoting Cassio to be his lieutenant Othello incurs the secret enmity of Iago, his ancient or ensign. The latter also believes his general has had improper relations with his wife Emilia.

ACT II

A storm wrecks the Turkish fleet before it reaches Cyprus. Othello issues a proclamation for general rejoicing because of their deliverance from the Turks and in honor of his marriage. Cassio is placed in charge, with instructions to keep the fun within bounds. Iago plies him with wine until he is drunk and involves him in a street fight. Othello hears the noise, and, coming to the scene, reduces Cassio to the ranks. The latter is sobered by this disgrace and is anxious to be restored to his rank again. He is

advised by Iago to sue for a renewal of favor through Desdemona, whose influence with her husband must be greater than that of anyone else.

ACT III

Iago aids Cassio to obtain the desired interview with Desdemona and then entices Othello to the scene. Then he begins to hint that Cassio's suit with the lady is not the honorable one that it really is. Othello's jealousy is aroused and Iago improves every opportunity to add to it. By means of his wife he obtains a handkerchief which Othello had given Desdemona in the early days of their courtship and causes it to be found in Cassio's possession.

ACT IV

Othello determines that his wife and Cassio must die. To Iago is given the task of killing Cassio and he, glad of the opportunity to thus rid himself forever of his rival, sets on one of his creatures to kill the former lieutenant.

ACT V

Cassio wounds his assassin, but is wounded himself both by him and by Iago. The latter, fearful that his hireling will inform on him, stabs him to death. The same night Othello goes to his wife's bed-chamber and smothers her to death. Iago's wife Emilia convinces Othello that he has murdered an innocent and faithful wife, and as a reward for her telling of the truth, she is killed by her husband. Iago is wounded by Othello, who then kills himself. Cassio succeeds to the governorship of Cyprus, and Iago is kept a prisoner that he may be tortured.

THE TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO, THE MOOR OF VENICE

ACT FIRST

Scene I

Venice. A street.

Enter Roderigo and Iago.

Rod. Tush, never tell me; I take it much unkindly
That thou, Iago, who hast had my purse
As if the strings were thine, shouldst know of this.

Iago. 'Sblood, but you will not hear me:
If ever I did dream of such a matter,
Abhor me.

Rod. Thou told'st me thou didst hold him in thy hate.

Iago. Despise me, if I do not. Three great ones of the city,

3. *"know of this"*; that is, the intended elopement. Roderigo has been suing for Desdemona's hand, employing Iago to aid him in his suit, and paying his service in advance. Of course the play opens pat upon her elopement with the Moor, and Roderigo presumes Iago to have been in the secret of their intention.—The words, *Tush* in this speech, and *'Sblood* in the next, are not in the folio.—H. N. H.

8. *"Despise me if I do not"*; admirable is the preparation, so

In personal suit to make me his lieutenant,
Off-capp'd to him: and, by the faith of man,
I know my price, I am worth no worse a place:
But he, as loving his own pride and purposes,
Evades them, with a bombast circumstance
Horribly stuff'd with epithets of war;
And, in conclusion,
Nonsuits my mediators; for, 'Certes,' says he,
'I have already chose my officer.'
And what was he?
Forsooth, a great arithmetician,
One Michael Cassio, a Florentine,
A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife;

truly and peculiarly Shakespearean, in the introduction of Roderigo, as the dupe on whom Iago shall first exercise his art, and in so doing display his own character. Roderigo, without any fixed principle, but not without the moral notions and sympathies with honor which his rank and connections had hung upon him, is already well fitted and predisposed for the purpose; for very want of character, and strength of passion, like wind loudest in an empty house, constitute his character. The first three lines happily state the nature and foundation of the friendship between him and Iago,—the purse,—as also the contrast of Roderigo's intemperance of mind with Iago's coolness,—the coolness of a preconceiving experimenter. The mere language of protestation,—"If ever I did dream of such a matter, abhor me,"—which, falling in with the associative link, determines Roderigo's continuation of complaint,—"Thou told'st me thou didst hold him in thy hate,"—elicits at length a true feeling of Iago's mind, the dread of contempt habitual to those who encourage in themselves, and have their keenest pleasure in, the expression of contempt for others. Observe Iago's high self-opinion, and the moral, that a wicked man will employ real feelings, as well as assume those most alien from his own, as instruments of his purposes (Coleridge).—H. N. H.

15. Omitted in Ff. and Qq. 2, 3.—I. G.

21. *"A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife";* if this alludes to Bianca, the phrase may possibly mean "very near being married to a most fair wife." Some explain, "A fellow whose ignorance of war would be condemned in a fair woman." The emendations proposed are unsatisfactory, and probably unnecessary.—I. G.

That never set a squadron in the field,
Nor the division of a battle knows
More than a spinster; unless the bookish theoric,
Wherein the toged consuls can propose
As masterly as he: mere prattle without practice
Is all his soldiership. But he, sir, had the election:
And I, of whom his eyes had seen the proof
At Rhodes, at Cyprus, and on other grounds
Christian and heathen, must be be-lee'd and calm'd
By debitor and creditor: this counter-caster,
He, in good time, must his lieutenant be,
And I—God bless the mark!—his Moorship's ancient.

Rod. By heaven, I rather would have been his hangman.

Iago. Why, there 's no remedy; 'tis the curse of service,
Preferment goes by letter and affection,
And not by old gradation, where each second

The passage has caused a great deal of controversy. Tyrwhitt would read "fair *life,*" and Coleridge thinks this reading "the true one, as fitting to Iago's contempt for whatever did not display power, and that, intellectual power." The change, however, seems inadmissible. Perhaps it is meant as characteristic of Iago to regard a wife and a mistress as all one.—Cassio is sneeringly called "a great arithmetician" and a "countercaster," in allusion to the pursuits for which the Florentines were distinguished. The point is thus stated by Charles Armitage Browne: "A soldier from Florence, famous for its bankers throughout Europe, and for its invention of bills of exchange, book-keeping, and every thing connected with a counting-house, might well be ridiculed for his promotion, by an Iago, in this manner."—H. N. H.

Stood heir to the first. Now, sir, be judge yourself
Whether I in any just term am affined
To love the Moor.

Rod. I would not follow him then.

Iago. O, sir, content you;
I follow him to serve my turn upon him:
We cannot all be masters, nor all masters
Cannot be truly follow'd. You shall mark
Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,
That doting on his own obsequious bondage
Wears out his time, much like his master's ass,
For nought but provender, and when he 's old, cashier'd:
Whip me such honest knaves. Others there are
Who, trimm'd in forms and visages of duty,
Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves,
And throwing but shows of service on their lords
Do well thrive by them, and when they have lined their coats
Do themselves homage: these fellows have some soul,
And such a one do I profess myself.
For, sir,
It is as sure as you are Roderigo,
Were I the Moor, I would not be Iago:
In following him, I follow but myself;
Heaven is my judge, not I for love and duty,
But seeming so, for my peculiar end:

50. *"Visages"*; outward semblances.—C. H. H.

For when my outward action doth demonstrate
The native act and figure of my heart
In compliment extern, 'tis not long after
But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve
For daws to peck at: I am not what I am.

Rod. What a full fortune does the thick lips owe,
If he can carry 't thus!

Iago. Call up her father,
Rouse him: make after him, poison his delight,
Proclaim him in the streets; incense her kinsmen,
And, though he in a fertile climate dwell,
Plague him with flies: though that his joy be joy,
Yet throw such changes of vexation on 't
As it may lose some color.

Rod. Here is her father's house; I 'll call aloud.

Iago. Do; with like timorous accent and dire yell
As when, by night and negligence, the fire
Is spied in populous cities.

Rod. What, ho, Brabantio! Signior Brabantio, ho!

Iago. Awake! what, ho, Brabantio! thieves! thieves! thieves!
Look to your house, your daughter and your bags!
Thieves! thieves!

Brabantio appears above, at a window.

72. *"changes"*; Ff. read *"chances."*—I. G.

76. *"by night and negligence"*; that is, *in the time of* night and negligence; a very common form of expression.—H. N. H.

Bra. What is the reason of this terrible summons?
What is the matter there?
Rod. Signior, is all your family within?
Iago. Are your doors lock'd?
Bra. Why, wherefore ask you this?
Iago. 'Zounds, sir, you 're robb'd; for shame, put on your gown;
Your heart is burst, you have lost half your soul;
Even now, now, very now, an old black ram
Is tupping your white ewe. Arise, arise;
Awake the snorting citizens with the bell,
Or else the devil will make a grandsire of you:
Arise, I say.
Bra. What, have you lost your wits?
Rod. Most reverend signior, do you know my voice?
Bra. Not I: what are you?
Rod. My name is Roderigo.
Bra. The worser welcome:
I have charged thee not to haunt about my doors;
In honest plainness thou hast heard me say
My daughter is not for thee; and now, in madness,
Being full of supper and distempering draughts,
Upon malicious bravery, dost thou come
To start my quiet.

87. *"Burst,"* in the next line, is used in the sense of ***broken.*** The usage was common.—H. N. H.
100. *"Upon"; out of.*—C. H. H.

Rod. Sir, sir, sir,—
Bra. But thou must needs be sure
My spirit and my place have in them power
To make this bitter to thee.
Rod. Patience, good sir.
Bra. What tell'st thou me of robbing? this is Venice;
My house is not a grange.
Rod. Most grave Brabantio,
In simple and pure soul I come to you.
Iago. 'Zounds, sir, you are one of those that will not serve God, if the devil bid you. Because we come to do you service and you think we are ruffians, you 'll have your daughter covered with a Barbary horse; you 'll have your nephews neigh to you; you 'll have coursers for cousins, and gennets for germans.
Bra. What profane wretch art thou?
Iago. I am one, sir, that comes to tell you your daughter and the Moor are now making the beast with two backs.
Bra. Thou art a villain.
Iago. You are—a senator.
Bra. This thou shalt answer; I know thee, Roderigo.
Rod. Sir, I will answer any thing. But, I beseech you,
If 't be your pleasure and most wise consent,

107. *"In simple and pure soul";* with honest intent.—C. H. H.
112. *"Nephews"* here means *grandchildren.*—H. N. H.
114. A *"gennet"* is a Spanish or Barbary horse.—H. N. H.

As partly I find it is, that your fair daughter,
At this odd-even and dull watch o' the night,
Transported with no worse nor better guard
But with a knave of common hire, a gondolier,
To the gross clasps of a lascivious Moor,—
If this be known to you, and your allowance,
We then have done you bold and saucy wrongs;
But if you know not this, my manners tell me
We have your wrong rebuke. Do not believe
That, from the sense of all civility,
I thus would play and trifle with your reverence:
Your daughter, if you have not given her leave,
I say again, hath made a gross revolt,
Tying her duty, beauty, wit and fortunes,
In an extravagant and wheeling stranger
Of here and every where. Straight satisfy yourself:
If she be in her chamber or your house,
Let loose on me the justice of the state
For thus deluding you.

Bra. Strike on the tinder, ho!
Give me a taper! call up all my people!
This accident is not unlike my dream:

126. *"a knave of common hire, a gondolier";* a writer in the *Pictorial Shakespeare* tells us, "that the gondoliers are the only conveyers of persons, and of a large proportion of property, in Venice; that they are thus cognizant of all intrigues, and the fittest agents in them, and are under perpetual and strong temptation to make profit of the secrets of society. Brabantio might well be in horror at his daughter having, in 'the dull watch o' the night, no worse nor better guard.'"—H. N. H.

132. *"from the sense of all civility";* that is, *departing from* the sense of all civility.—H. N. H.

144. *"not unlike my dream";* the careful old senator, being caught

Belief of it oppresses me already.
Light, I say! light! [*Exit above.*

Iago. Farewell; for I must leave you:
It seems not meet, nor wholesome to my place,
To be produced—as, if I stay, I shall—
Against the Moor: for I do know, the state,
However this may gall him with some check,
Cannot with safety cast him; for he 's embark'd
With such loud reason to the Cyprus wars,
Which even now stand in act, that, for their souls,
Another of his fathom they have none
To lead their business: in which regard,
Though I do hate him as I do hell pains,
Yet for necessity of present life,
I must show out a flag and sign of love,
Which is indeed but sign. That you shall surely find him,
Lead to the Sagittary the raised search;
And there will I be with him. So farewell.
[*Exit.*

Enter, below, Brabantio, in his night-gown, and Servants with torches.

Bra. It is too true an evil: gone she is;
And what 's to come of my despised time
Is nought but bitterness. Now, Roderigo,
Where didst thou see her? O unhappy girl!
With the Moor, say'st thou? Who would be a father!

careless, transfers his caution to his dreaming power at least (Coleridge).—H. N. H.

How didst thou know 'twas she? O, she deceives me
Past thought! What said she to you? Get more tapers.
Raise all my kindred. Are they married, think you?

Rod. Truly, I think they are.

Bra. O heaven! How got she out? O treason of the blood!
Fathers, from hence trust not your daughters' minds
By what you see them act. Is there not charms
By which the property of youth and maidhood
May be abused? Have you not read, Roderigo,
Of some such thing?

Rod. Yes, sir, I have indeed.

Bra. Call up my brother. O, would you had had her!
Some one way, some another. Do you know
Where we may apprehend her and the Moor?

Rod. I think I can discover him, if you please
To get good guard and go along with me.

Bra. Pray you, lead on. At every house I 'll call;
I may command at most. Get weapons, ho!
And raise some special officers of night.
On, good Roderigo; I 'll deserve your pains.

[*Exeunt.*

174. *"property"*; (virtue) proper to.—C. H. H.

183. *"I may command at most"*; that is, "I may command at most *of the houses.*"—H. N. H.

Scene II

Another street.

Enter Othello, Iago, and Attendants with torches.

Iago. Though in the trade of war I have slain men,
Yet do I hold it very stuff o' the conscience
To do no contrived murder: I lack iniquity
Sometimes to do me service: nine or ten times
I had thought to have yerk'd him here under the ribs.
Oth. 'Tis better as it is.
Iago. Nay, but he prated
And spoke such scurvy and provoking terms
Against your honor,
That, with the little godliness I have,
I did full hard forbear him. But I pray you, sir,
Are you fast married? Be assured of this,
That the magnifico is much beloved,
And hath in his effect a voice potential
As double as the duke's: he will divorce you,
Or put upon you what restraint and grievance
The law, with all his might to enforce it on,
Will give him cable.
Oth. Let him do his spite:
My services, which I have done the signiory,
Shall out-tongue his complaints. 'Tis yet to know—

8. *"against your honor";* of course Iago is speaking of Roderigo, and pretending to relate what he has done and said against Othello. —H. N. H.

Which, when I know that boasting is an honor,
I shall promulgate—I fetch my life and being
From men of royal siege, and my demerits
May speak unbonneted to as proud a fortune
As this that I have reach'd: for know, Iago,
But that I love the gentle Desdemona,
I would not my unhoused free condition
Put into circumscription and confine
For the sea's worth. But, look! what lights
come yond?

Iago. Those are the raised father and his friends:
You were best go in.

Oth. Not I; I must be found:
My parts, my title and my perfect soul,
Shall manifest me rightly. Is it they?

Iago. By Janus, I think no.

Enter Cassio, and certain Officers with torches.

Oth. The servants of the duke, and my lieutenant.
The goodness of the night upon you, friends!
What is the news?

Cas. The duke does greet you, general
And he requires your haste-post-haste appear-
ance,
Even on the instant.

Oth. What is the matter, think you?

Cas. Something from Cyprus, as I may divine:
It is a business of some heat: the galleys
Have sent a dozen sequent messengers

28. *"sea's worth";* Pliny, the naturalist, has a chapter on *the riches of the sea.* The expression seems to have been proverbial.—H. N. H.

31. *"perfect soul";* flawless honor.—C. H. H.

This very night at one another's heels;
And many of the consuls, raised and met,
Are at the duke's already: you have been hotly
call'd for;
When, being not at your lodging to be found,
The senate hath sent about three several quests
To search you out.

Oth. 'Tis well I am found by you.
I will but spend a word here in the house,
And go with you. [*Exit.*

Cas. Ancient, what makes he here?

Iago. Faith, he to-night hath boarded a land carack:
If it prove lawful prize, he 's made for ever.

Cas. I do not understand.

Iago. He's married.

Cas. To who?

Re-enter Othello.

Iago. Marry, to—Come, captain, will you go?

Oth. Have with you.

Cas. Here comes another troop to seek for you.

Iago. It is Brabantio: general, be advised;
He comes to bad intent.

Enter Brabantio, Roderigo, and Officers with torches and weapons.

Oth. Holla! stand there!

Rod. Signior, it is the Moor.

Bra. Down with him, thief!
[*They draw on both sides.*

Iago. You, Roderigo! come, sir, I am for you.

Oth. Keep up your bright swords, for the dew will
rust them.
Good signior, you shall more command with
years
Than with your weapons.
Bra. O thou foul thief, where hast thou stow'd my
daughter?
Damn'd as thou art, thou hast enchanted her;
For I 'll refer me to all things of sense,
If she in chains of magic were not bound,
Whether a maid so tender, fair and happy,
So opposite to marriage that she shunn'd
The wealthy curled darlings of our nation,
Would ever have, to incur a general mock,
Run from her guardage to the sooty bosom
Of such a thing as thou, to fear, not to delight.
Judge me the world, if 'tis not gross in sense
That thou hast practised on her with foul
charms,
Abused her delicate youth with drugs or min-
erals

59. *"the dew will rust them";* if we mistake not, there is a sort of playful, good-humored irony expressed in the very rhythm of this line. Throughout this scene, Othello appears at all points "the noble nature, whose solid virtue the shot of accident, nor dart of chance, could neither graze, nor pierce": his calmness and intrepidity of soul, his heroic modesty, his manly frankness and considerative firmness of disposition are all displayed at great advantage, marking his character as one made up of the most solid and gentle qualities. Though he has nowise wronged Brabantio, he knows that he seems to have done so: his feelings therefore take the old man's part, and he respects his age and sorrow too much to resent his violence; hears his charges with a kind of reverential defiance, and answers them as knowing them false, yet sensible of their reasonableness, and honoring him the more for making them.—H. N. H.

72–77; iii. 16; 36; 63; 118; 123; 194; omitted Q. 1.—I. G.

That weaken motion: I 'll have 't disputed on;
'Tis probable, and palpable to thinking.
I therefore apprehend and do attach thee
For an abuser of the world, a practicer
Of arts inhibited and out of warrant.
Lay hold upon him: if he do resist,
Subdue him at his peril.

Oth. Hold your hands,
Both you of my inclining and the rest:
Were it my cue to fight, I should have known it
Without a prompter. Where will you that I go
To answer this your charge?

Bra. To prison, till fit time
Of law and course of direct session
Call thee to answer.

Oth. What if I do obey?
How may the duke be therewith satisfied,
Whose messengers are here about my side,
Upon some present business of the state
To bring me to him?

First Off. 'Tis true, most worthy signior;
The duke 's in council, and your noble self,
I am sure, is sent for.

Bra. How! the duke in council!
In this time of the night! Bring him away:
Mine 's not an idle cause: the duke himself,
Or any of my brothers of the state,
Cannot but feel this wrong as 'twere their own;

75. *"weaken motion"*; Rowe's emendation; Ff. and Qq. 2, 3, *"weakens motion"*; Pope (Ed. 2, Theobald) *"weaken notion"*; Hammer, *"waken motion"*; Keightley, *"wakens motion"*; Anon. conj. in Furness, *"wake emotion,"* &c.—I. G.

For if such actions may have passage free,
Bond-slaves and pagans shall our statesmen be.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene III

A council-chamber.

The Duke and Senators sitting at a table; Officers attending.

Duke. There is no composition in these news
That gives them credit.
First Sen. Indeed they are disproportion'd;
My letters say a hundred and seven galleys.
Duke. And mine, a hundred and forty.
Sec. Sen. And mine, two hundred:
But though they jump not on a just account,—
As in these cases, where the aim reports,
'Tis oft with difference,—yet do they all confirm
A Turkish fleet, and bearing up to Cyprus.
Duke. Nay, it is possible enough to judgment:
I do not so secure me in the error,
But the main article I do approve
In fearful sense.
Sailor. [*Within*] What, ho! what, ho! what, ho!
First Off. A messenger from the galleys.

99. *"bond-slaves and pagans";* this passage has been misunderstood. *Pagan* was a word of contempt; and the reason will appear from its etymology: *"Paganus,* villanus vel incultus. Et derivatur a *pagus,* quod est villa. Et *quicunque habitat in villa est paganus.* Præterea quicunque est extra civitatem Dei, *i. e.,* ecclesiam, dicitur paganus. Anglice, a *paynim."—Ortus Vocabulorum,* 1528.—H. N. H.

11. *"the main article I do approve";* I admit the substantial truth of the report.—C. H. H.

Enter Sailor.

Duke. Now, what 's the business?
Sail. The Turkish preparation makes for Rhodes;
So was I bid report here to the state
By Signior Angelo.
Duke. How say you by this change?
First Sen. This cannot be,
By no assay of reason: 'tis a pageant
To keep us in false gaze. When we consider
The importancy of Cyprus to the Turk,
And let ourselves again but understand
That as it more concerns the Turk than Rhodes,
So may he with more facile question bear it,
For that it stands not in such warlike brace,
But altogether lacks the abilities
That Rhodes is dress'd in: if we make thought of this,
We must not think the Turk is so unskillful
To leave that latest which concerns him first,
Neglecting an attempt of ease and gain,
To wake and wage a danger profitless.
Duke. Nay, in all confidence, he 's not for Rhodes.
First Off. Here is more news.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The Ottomites, reversed and gracious,
Steering with due course toward the isle of Rhodes
Have there injointed them with an after fleet.
First Sen. Aye, so I thought. How many, as you guess?

Mess. Of thirty sail: and now they do re-stem
Their backward course, bearing with frank appearance
Their purposes toward Cyprus. Signior Montano,
Your trusty and most valiant servitor,
With his free duty recommends you thus,
And prays you to believe him.
Duke. 'Tis certain then for Cyprus.
Marcus Luccicos, is not he in town?
First Sen. He 's now in Florence.
Duke. Write from us to him; post-post-haste dispatch.
First Sen. Here comes Brabantio and the valiant Moor.

Enter Brabantio, Othello, Iago, Roderigo, and Officers.

Duke. Valiant Othello, we must straight employ you
Against the general enemy Ottoman.
[*To Brabantio*] I did not see you; welcome, gentle signior;
We lack'd your counsel and your help to-night.
Bra. So did I yours. Good your grace, pardon me;
Neither my place nor aught I heard of business
Hath raised me from my bed, nor doth the general care
Take hold on me; for my particular grief
Is of so flood-gate and o'erbearing nature
That it engluts and swallows other sorrows,

And it is still itself.
Duke. Why, what 's the matter?
Bra. My daughter! O, my daughter!
All. Dead?
Bra. Aye, to me;
She is abused, stol'n from me and corrupted
By spells and medicines bought of mountebanks;
For nature so preposterously to err,
Being not deficient, blind, or lame of sense,
Sans witchcraft could not.
Duke. Whoe'er he be that in this foul proceeding
Hath thus beguiled your daughter of herself
And you of her, the bloody book of law
You shall yourself read in the bitter letter
After your own sense, yea, though our proper son
Stood in your action.
Bra. Humbly I thank your grace.
Here is the man, this Moor; whom now, it seems,
Your special mandate for the state-affairs
Hath hither brought.
All. We are very sorry for 't.
Duke. [*To Othello*] What in your own part can you say to this?
Bra. Nothing, but this is so.
Oth. Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,
My very noble and approved good masters,

67. *"bloody book of law"*; "By the Venetian law the giving of love-potions was highly criminal" (Clarke).—I. G.

70. *"Stood in your action"*; were the object of your accusation.—C. H. H.

That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true; true, I have married her:
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my speech,
And little blest with the soft phrase of peace;
For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,
Till now some nine moons wasted, they have used
Their dearest action in the tented field;
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle;
And therefore little shall I grace my cause
In speaking for myself. Yet, by your gracious patience,
I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver
Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what charms,
What conjuration and what mighty magic—
For such proceeding I am charged withal—
I won his daughter.

Bra. A maiden never bold;
Of spirit so still and quiet that her motion
Blush'd at herself; and she—in spite of nature,
Of years, of country, credit, every thing—
To fall in love with what she fear'd to look on!
It is a judgment maim'd and most imperfect,
That will confess perfection so could err
Against all rules of nature; and must be driven

87. *"feats of broil"*; Capell's emendation; Q. 1, *"feate of broile"*; F. 1, *"Feats of Broiles,"* &c.—I. G.

OTHELLO DEFENDS HIMSELF BEFORE THE DOGE OF VENICE

Othello. Act 1, Scene 3.

To find out practices of cunning hell,
Why this should be. I therefore vouch again,
That with some mixtures powerful o'er the blood,
Or with some dram conjured to this effect,
He wrought upon her.

Duke. To vouch this, is no proof
Without more certain and more overt test
Than these thin habits and poor likelihoods
Of modern seeming do prefer against him.

First Sen. But, Othello, speak:
Did you by indirect and forced courses
Subdue and poison this young maid's affections?
Or came it by request, and such fair question
As soul to soul affordeth?

Oth. I do beseech you,
Send for the lady to the Sagittary,
And let her speak of me before her father:
If you do find me foul in her report,
The trust, the office I do hold of you,
Not only take away, but let your sentence
Even fall upon my life.

Duke. Fetch Desdemona hither,

Oth. Ancient, conduct them; you best know the place. [*Exeunt Iago and Attendants.*

And till she come, as truly as to heaven
I do confess the vices of my blood,
So justly to your grave ears I 'll present
How I did thrive in this fair lady's love
And she is mine.

107. *"Certain"*; so Qq.; Ff., *"wider."*—I. G.

Duke. Say it, Othello.
Oth. Her father loved me, oft invited me,
Still questioned me the story of my life
From year to year, the battles, sieges, fortunes,
That I have pass'd.
I ran it through, even from my boyish days
To the very moment that he bade me tell it:
Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field,
Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach,
Of being taken by the insolent foe,
And sold to slavery, of my redemption thence,
And portance in my travels' history:
Wherein of antres vast and deserts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heaven,
It was my hint to speak,—such was the process;
And of the Cannibals that each other eat,
The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders. This to hear

139. *"portance in my"*; so Ff. and Q. 2; Q. 3, *"portence in my"*; Q. 1, *"with it all my"*; Johnson conj. *"portance in't; my,"* &c; *"travels"*; the reading of Modern Edd. (Globe Ed.); Qq., *"trauells"*; Pope, *"travel's"*; F. 1, *"Trauellours"*; Ff. 2, 3, *"Travellers"*; F. 4, *"Traveller's"*; Richardson conj. *"travellous"* or *"travailous."*—I. G.

144. *"whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders"*; nothing excited more universal attention than the account brought by Sir Walter Raleigh, on his return from his celebrated voyage to Guiana in 1595, of the cannibals, amazons, and especially of the nation, "whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders." A short extract of the more wonderful passages was also published in Latin and in several other languages in 1599, adorned with copper-plates, representing these cannibals, amazons, and headless people, &c. These extraordinary reports were universally credited; and Othello therefore as-

Would Desdemona seriously incline:
But still the house-affairs would draw her thence;
Which ever as she could with haste dispatch,
She 'ld come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse: which I observing,
Took once a pliant hour, and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
But not intentively: I did consent,
And often did beguile her of her tears
When I did speak of some distressful stroke
That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs:
She swore, in faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange;
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful:
She wish'd she had not heard it, yet she wish'd
That heaven had made her such a man: she thank'd me,

sumes no other character but what was very common among the celebrated commanders of the Poet's time.—The folio omits *Do,* and reads, *"These things to hear."*—H. N. H.

159. *"sighs"; Ff., "kisses"; Southern MS., "thanks."*—I. G.

160. *"she swore"; to aver upon faith* or *honor* was considered swearing.—H. N. H.

163. *"such a man"; a question has lately been raised whether the meaning here is, that Desdemona wished such a man had been made for her, or that she herself had been made such a man; and several have insisted on the latter, lest the lady's delicacy should be impeached. Her delicacy, we hope, stands in need of no such critical attorneyship. Othello was indeed just such a man as she wanted; and her letting him understand this, was doubtless part of the hint whereon he spoke.—H. N. H.*

And bade me, if I had a friend that loved her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her. Upon this hint I spake:
She loved me for the dangers I had pass'd,
And I loved her that she did pity them.
This only is the witchcraft I have used.
Here comes the lady; let her witness it.

Enter Desdemona, Iago, and Attendants.

Duke. I think this tale would win my daughter too.
Good Brabantio,
Take up this mangled matter at the best:
Men do their broken weapons rather use
Than their bare hands.

Bra. I pray you, hear her speak:
If she confess that she was half the wooer,
Destruction on my head, if my bad blame
Light on the man! Come hither, gentle mistress:
Do you perceive in all this noble company
Where most you owe obedience?

Des. My noble father,
I do perceive here a divided duty:
To you I am bound for life and education;
My life and education both do learn me
How to respect you; you are the lord of duty,
I am hitherto your daughter: but here's my husband,
And so much duty as my mother show'd
To you, preferring you before her father,
So much I challenge that I may profess

Due to the Moor my lord.
Bra. God be with you! I have done.
Please it your grace, on to the state-affairs:
I had rather to adopt a child than get it.
Come hither, Moor:
I here do give thee that with all my heart,
Which, but thou hast already, with all my heart
I would keep from thee. For your sake, jewel,
I am glad at soul I have no other child;
For thy escape would teach me tyranny,
To hang clogs on them. I have done, my lord.
Duke. Let me speak like yourself, and lay a sentence
Which, as a grise or step, may help these lovers
Into your favor.
When remedies are past, the griefs are ended
By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended.
To mourn a mischief that is past and gone
Is the next way to draw new mischief on.
What cannot be preserved when fortune takes,
Patience her injury a mockery makes.
The robb'd that smiles steals something from the thief;
He robs himself that spends a bootless grief.
Bra. So let the Turk of Cyprus us beguile;
We lose it not so long as we can smile.

199. *"speak like yourself";* that is, let me speak as yourself would speak, were you not too much heated with passion.—H. N. H.

202. *"When remedies are past";* this is expressed in a common proverbial form in *Love Labour's Lost:* "Past cure is still past care." —H. N. H.

207. "Patience laughs at the loss."—C. H. H.

He bears the sentence well, that nothing bears
But the free comfort which from thence he hears;
But he bears both the sentence and the sorrow,
That, to pay grief, must of poor patience borrow.
These sentences, to sugar or to gall,
Being strong on both sides, are equivocal:
But words are words; I never yet did hear
That the bruised heart was pierced through the ear.
I humbly beseech you, proceed to the affairs of state.

Duke. The Turk with a most mighty preparation makes for Cyprus. Othello, the fortitude of the place is best known to you; and though we have there a substitute of most allowed sufficiency, yet opinion, a sovereign mistress of effects, throws a more safer voice on you: you must therefore be content to slubber the gloss of your new fortunes with this more stubborn and boisterous expedition.

Oth. The tyrant custom, most grave senators,
Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war
My thrice-driven bed of down: I do agnize
A natural and prompt alacrity
I find in hardness; and do undertake
These present wars against the Ottomites.
Most humbly therefore bending to your state,

216. *"to sugar, or to gall";* (depending on "are equivocal").—C. H. H.

I crave fit disposition for my wife,
Due reference of place and exhibition,
With such accommodation and besort
As levels with her breeding.
Duke. If you please,
Be 't at her father's.
Bra. I 'll not have it so.
Oth. Nor I.
Des. Nor I, I would not there reside,
To put my father in impatient thoughts
By being in his eye. Most gracious duke,
To my unfolding lend your prosperous ear,
And let me find a charter in your voice
To assist my simpleness.
Duke. What would you, Desdemona?
Des. That I did love the Moor to live with him,
My downright violence and storm of fortunes
May trumpet to the world: my heart 's subdued
Even to the very quality of my lord:
I saw Othello's visage in his mind,
And to his honors and his valiant parts
Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate.
So that, dear lords, if I be left behind,
A moth of peace, and he go to the war,
The rites for which I love him are bereft me,
And I a heavy interim shall support
By his dear absence. Let me go with him.
Oth. Let her have your voices.

251. *"and storm of fortunes"*; Q. 1, *"and scorne of Fortunes,"* &c. —I. G.

262. *"Let her have your voices"*; Dyce's correction; Ff., *"Let her have your voice"*; Qq. read

"Your voyces Lord; beseech you let her will
Haue a free way."—I. G.

Vouch with me, heaven, I therefore beg it not,
To please the palate of my appetite;
Nor to comply with heat—the young affects
In me defunct—and proper satisfaction;
But to be free and bounteous to her mind:
And heaven defend your good souls, that you think
I will your serious and great business scant
For she is with me. No, when light-wing'd toys
Of feather'd Cupid seel with wanton dullness
My speculative and officed instruments,
That my disports corrupt and taint my business,
Let housewives make a skillet of my helm,
And all indign and base adversities
Make head against my estimation!

Duke. Be it as you shall privately determine,
Either for her stay or going: the affair cries haste,
And speed must answer 't; you must hence to-night.

Des. To-night, my lord?

Duke. This night.

Oth. With all my heart.

Duke. At nine i' the morning here we 'll meet again.
Othello, leave some officer behind,

264–265. *"the young affects In me defunct"*; Qq., *"the young affects In my defunct"*; so F. 1; Ff. 2, 3, 4 (*"effects"*). The reading of the text is the simplest and most plausible emendation of the many proposed, the words meaning "the passions of youth which I have now outlived": *"proper satisfaction"*="my own gratification." —I. G.

And he shall our commission bring to you;
With such things else of quality and respect
As doth import you.

Oth. So please your grace, my ancient;
A man he is of honesty and trust:
To his conveyance I assign my wife,
With what else needful your good grace shall think
To be sent after me.

Duke. Let it be so.
Good night to every one. [*To Brab.*] And, noble signior,
If virtue no delighted beauty lack,
Your son-in-law is far more fair than black.

First Sen. Adieu, brave Moor; use Desdemona well.

Bra. Look to her, Moor, if thou hast eyes to see:
She has deceived her father, and may thee.

[*Exeunt Duke, Senators, Officers, &c.*

Oth. My life upon her faith! Honest Iago,
My Desdemona must I leave to thee:
I prithee, let thy wife attend on her;
And bring them after in the best advantage.
Come, Desdemona; I have but an hour
Of love, of worldly matters and direction,
To spend with thee: we must obey the time.

[*Exeunt Othello and Desdemona.*

Rod. Iago!

296. *"My life upon her faith";* in real life, how do we look back to little speeches as presentimental of, or contrasted with, an affecting event! Even so, Shakespeare, as secure of being read over and over, of becoming a family friend, provides this passage for his readers, and leaves it to them (Coleridge).—H. N. H.

Iago. What say'st thou, noble heart?
Rod. What will I do, thinkest thou?
Iago. Why, go to bed and sleep.
Rod. I will incontinently drown myself.
Iago. If thou dost, I shall never love thee after. Why, thou silly gentleman!
Rod. It is silliness to live when to live is torment; and then have we a prescription to die when death is our physician.
Iago. O villainous! I have looked upon the world for four times seven years; and since I could distinguish betwixt a benefit and an injury, I never found man that knew how to love himself. Ere I would say I would drown myself for the love of a guinea-hen, I would change my humanity with a baboon.
Rod. What should I do? I confess it is my

314. *"four times seven years";* this clearly ascertains the age of Iago to be twenty-eight years; though the general impression of him is that of a much older man. The Poet, we doubt not, had a wise purpose in making him so young, as it infers his virulence of mind to be something innate and spontaneous, and not superinduced by harsh experience of the world. Mr. Verplanck remarks upon it thus: "An old soldier of acknowledged merit, who, after years of service, sees a young man like Cassio placed over his head, has not a little to plead in justification of deep resentment, and in excuse, though not in defence, of his revenge: such a man may well brood over imaginary wrongs. The caustic sarcasm and contemptuous estimate of mankind are at least pardonable in a soured and disappointed veteran. But in a young man the revenge is more purely gratuitous, the hypocrisy, the knowledge, the dexterous management of the worst and weakest parts of human nature, the recklessness of moral feeling,—even the stern, bitter wit, intellectual and contemptuous, without any of the gayety of youth,—are all precocious and peculiar; separating Iago from the ordinary sympathies of our nature, and investing him with higher talent and blacker guilt."—H. N. H.

shame to be so fond; but it is not in my virtue to amend it.

Iago. Virtue! a fig! 'tis in ourselves that we are thus or thus. Our bodies are gardens; to the which our wills are gardeners: so that if we will plant nettles or sow lettuce, set hyssop and weed up thyme, supply it with one gender of herbs or distract it with many, either to have it sterile with idleness or manured with industry, why, the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our wills. If the balance of our lives had not one scale of reason to poise another of sensuality, the blood and baseness of our natures would conduct us to most preposterous conclusions: but we have reason to cool our raging motions, our carnal stings, our unbitted lusts; whereof I take this, that you call love, to be a sect or scion.

Rod. It cannot be.

Iago. It is merely a lust of the blood and a permission of the will. Come, be a man: drown thyself! drown cats and blind puppies. I have professed me thy friend, and I confess me knit to thy deserving with cables of perdurable toughness: I could never better stead thee than now. Put money in thy purse; follow thou the wars; defeat thy

323. *"are gardens"*; so Qq.; Ff., *"are our gardens."*—C. H. H.

328. *"manured"*; tilled.—C. H. H.

332. *"balance"*; Ff., *"brain"* and *"braine"*; Theobald, *"beam."*—I. G.

348. *"Defeat"* was used for *disfigurement* or *alteration* of features: from the French *défaire*. *Favor* is *countenance*.—H. N. H.

favor with an usurped beard; I say, put money in thy purse. It cannot be that Desdemona should long continue her love to the Moor—put money in thy purse—nor he his to her: it was a violent commencement, and thou shalt see an answerable sequestration; put but money in thy purse. These Moors are changeable in their wills:—fill thy purse with money. The food that to him now is as luscious as locusts, shall be to him shortly as bitter as coloquintida. She must change for youth: when she is sated with his body, she will find the error of her choice: she must have change, she must: therefore put money in thy purse. If thou wilt needs damn thyself, do it a more delicate way than drowning. Make all the money thou canst: if sanctimony and a frail vow betwixt an erring barbarian and a supersubtle Venetian be not too hard for my wits and all the tribe of hell, thou shalt enjoy her; therefore make money. A pox of drowning thyself! it is clean out of the way: seek thou rather to be hanged in compassing thy joy than to be drowned and go without her.

Rod. Wilt thou be fast to my hopes, if I depend on the issue?

Iago. Thou art sure of me: go, make money: I

358. *"luscious as locusts";* "perhaps so mentioned from being placed together with wild honey in St. Matthew iii. 4" (Schmidt).—I. G.

362. Omitted in Ff.—I. G.

367. *"barbarian";* with a play upon Barbary.—C. H. H.

have told thee often, and I re-tell thee again and again, I hate the Moor: my cause is hearted; thine hath no less reason. Let us be conjunctive in our revenge against him: if thou canst cuckold him, thou dost thyself a pleasure, me a sport. There are many events in the womb of time, which will be delivered. Traverse; go; provide thy money. We will have more of this to-morrow. Adieu.

Rod. Where shall we meet i' the morning?

Iago. At my lodging.

Rod. I 'll be with thee betimes.

Iago. Go to; farewell. Do you hear, Roderigo?

Rod. What say you?

Iago. No more of drowning, do you hear?

Rod. I am changed: I 'll go sell all my land. [*Exit.*

Iago. Thus do I ever make my fool my purse;
For I mine own gain'd knowledge should profane,

384. *"Traverse; go";* note Iago's pride of mastery in the repetition, "Go, make money," to his anticipated dupe, even stronger than his love of lucre; and, when Roderigo is completely won, when the effect has been fully produced, the repetition of his triumph: "Go to; farewell: put money enough in your purse!" The remainder—Iago's soliloquy—the motive-hunting of a motiveless malignity— how awful it is! Yea, whilst he is still allowed to bear the divine image, it is too fiendish for his own steady view,—for the lonely gaze of a being next to devil, and only not quite devil;—and yet a character which Shakespeare has attempted and executed, without disgust and without scandal (Coleridge).—H. N. H.

390–394. The reading in the text is that of the second and third Quartos; Q. 1, adds after the words *"I am chang'd":—*

"Goe to, farewell, put money enough in your purse";

omitting *"I'll go sell all my land."*—I. G.

If I would time expend with such a snipe
But for my sport and profit. I hate the Moor;
And it is thought abroad that 'twixt my sheets
He has done my office: I know not if 't be true;
But for mere suspicion in that kind
Will do as if for surety. He holds me well;
The better shall my purpose work on him.
Cassio 's a proper man: let me see now;
To get his place, and to plume up my will
In double knavery—How, how?—Let 's see:—
After some time, to abuse Othello's ear
That he is too familiar with his wife.
He hath a person and a smooth dispose
To be suspected; framed to make women false.
The Moor is of a free and open nature,
That thinks men honest that but seem to be so;
And will as tenderly be led by the nose
As asses are.
I have 't. It is engender'd. Hell and night
Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's light.

[*Exit.*

402. *"as if for surety";* that is, I will act as if I were certain of the fact. "He *holds* me well," is, he entertains a good opinion of me.—H. N. H.

415. *"hell and night";* Shakespeare has shown great judgment in the darkness which he makes to prevail in the first counsels of Iago. To the Poet himself, all the succeeding events must have been clear and determined; but to bring himself again into the situation of one who sees them in embryo, to draw a mist over that which he had already cleared, must have required an exertion of genius peculiar to this author alone. In so lively a manner does he make Iago show his perplexity about the future management of his conduct, that one is almost tempted to think that the Poet had determined as little himself about some of the particulars of Othello's destruction (*Anderson's Bee,* vol. i.).—H. N. H.

ACT SECOND

Scene I

A sea-port in Cyprus. An open place near the quay.

Enter Montano and two Gentlemen.

Mon. What from the cape can you discern at sea?
First Gent. Nothing at all: it is a high-wrought flood;
I cannot, 'twixt the heaven and the main,
Descry a sail.
Mon. Methinks the wind hath spoke aloud at hand;
A fuller blast ne'er shook our battlements:
If it hath ruffian'd so upon the sea,
What ribs of oak, when mountains melt on them,
Can hold the mortise? What shall we hear of this?
Sec. Gent. A segregation of the Turkish fleet:
For do but stand upon the foaming shore,
The chidden billow seems to pelt the clouds;

1. *A sea-port in Cyprus;* the principal seaport town of Cyprus is *Famagusta;* where there was formerly a strong fort and commodious haven, "neare which," says Knolles, "standeth an old *castle,* with four towers after the ancient manner of building." To this castle we find that Othello presently repairs.—H. N. H.

The wind-shaked surge, with high and monstrous mane,
Seems to cast water on the burning bear,
And quench the guards of the ever-fixed pole:
I never did like molestation view
On the enchafed flood.

Mon. If that the Turkish fleet
Be not shelter'd and embay'd, they are drown'd;
It is impossible to bear it out.

Enter a third Gentleman.

Third Gent. News, lads! our wars are done.
The desperate tempest hath so bang'd the Turks,
That their designment halts: a noble ship of Venice
Hath seen a grievous wreck and sufferance
On most part of their fleet.

Mon. How! is this true?

Third Gent. The ship is here put in,
A Veronesa; Michael Cassio,
Lieutenant to the warlike Moor Othello,
Is come on shore: the Moor himself at sea,
And is in full commission here for Cyprus.

Mon. I am glad on 't; 'tis a worthy governor.

26. *"Veronesa";* so this name is spelled in the quartos; in the folio, *Verennessa.* Modern editors, generally, change it to *Veronese,* as referring, not to the ship, but to Cassio. It is true, the same speaker has just called the ship "a noble ship of *Venice";* but Verona was tributary to the Venetian State; so that there is no reason why she might not belong to Venice, and still take her name from Verona. The explanation sometimes given is, that the speaker makes a mistake, and calls Cassio a *Veronese,* who has before been spoken of as a *Florentine.*—H. N. H.

Third Gent. But this same Cassio, though he speak
of comfort
Touching the Turkish loss, yet he looks sadly
And prays the Moor be safe; for they were
parted
With foul and violent tempest.
Mon. Pray heavens he be;
For I have served him, and the man commands
Like a full soldier. Let 's to the seaside, ho!
As well to see the vessel that 's come in
As to throw out our eyes for brave Othello,
Even till we make the main and the aerial blue
An indistinct regard.
Third Gent. Come, let 's do so;
For every minute is expectancy
Of more arrivance.

Enter Cassio.

Cas. Thanks, you the valiant of this warlike isle,
That so approve the Moor! O, let the heavens
Give him defense against the elements,
For I have lost him on a dangerous sea.
Mon. Is he well shipp'd?
Cas. His bark is stoutly timber'd, and his pilot
Of very expert and approved allowance;
Therefore my hopes, not surfeited to death,

38. *"for brave Othello";* observe in how many ways Othello is made, first our acquaintance, then our friend, then the object of our anxiety, before the deeper interest is to be approached (Coleridge).—H. N. H.

39–40; 158; 260 (*"didst not mark that?"*); omitted in Q. 1.—I. G.

49. *"approved allowance";* that is, of allowed and approved expertness.—H. N. H.

50. *"hopes, not surfeited to death,"* is certainly obscure. Dr. John-

Stand in bold cure.

[*A cry within:* 'A sail, a sail, a sail!'

Enter a fourth Gentleman.

Cas. What noise?

Fourth Gent. The town is empty; on the brow o' the sea
Stand ranks of people, and they cry 'A sail!'

Cas. My hopes do shape him for the governor.

[*Guns heard.*

Sec. Gent. They do discharge their shot of courtesy:
Our friends at least.

Cas. I pray you, sir, go forth,
And give us truth who 'tis that is arrived.

Sec. Gent. I shall. [*Exit.*

Mon. But, good lieutenant, is your general wived?

Cas. Most fortunately: he hath achieved a maid [61]
That paragons description and wild fame;
One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,
And in the essential vesture of creation
Does tire the ingener.

Re-enter second Gentleman.

How now! who has put in?

son thought there must be some error in the text, not being able to understand how hope could be increased till it were destroyed. Knight explains it thus: "As 'hope deferred maketh the heart sick,' so hope upon hope, without realization, is a surfeit of hope, and extinguishes hope. Cassio had some reasonable facts to prevent his hope being surfeited to death."—H. N .H.

65. *"tire the ingener";* Knight, Steevens conj.; F. 1, *"tyre the Ingeniuer";* Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"tire the Ingeniver";* Q. 1, *"beare all Excellency—";* Qq. 2, 3, *"beare an excelency":*—Johnson conj. *"tire the ingenious verse";* Pope, *"beare all excellency—"*—I. G.

Sec. Gent. 'Tis one Iago, ancient to the general.
Cas. He has had most favorable and happy speed:
Tempests themselves, high seas, and howling winds,
The gutter'd rocks, and congregated sands,
Traitors ensteep'd to clog the guiltless keel,
As having sense of beauty, do omit
Their mortal natures, letting go safely by
The divine Desdemona.
Mon. What is she?
Cas. She that I spake of, our great captain's captain,
Left in the conduct of the bold Iago;
Whose footing here anticipates our thoughts
A se'nnight's speed. Great Jove, Othello guard,
And swell his sail with thine own powerful breath,
That he may bless this bay with his tall ship,
Make love's quick pants in Desdemona's arms,
Give renew'd fire to our extincted spirits,
And bring all Cyprus comfort.

Enter Desdemona, Emilia, Iago, Roderigo, and Attendants.

O, behold,
The riches of the ship is come on shore!
Ye men of Cyprus, let her have your knees.
Hail to thee, lady! and the grace of heaven,

69. *"gutter'd"*; indented. [Perhaps "embedded in mud or ooze," according to the Scotch and Irish sense of "gutter."—L.]—C. H. H.
82. *"And . . . Cyprus"*; omitted in Ff.—I. G.

Before, behind thee, and on every hand,
Enwheel thee round!

Des. I thank you, valiant Cassio.
What tidings can you tell me of my lord?

Cas. He is not yet arrived: nor know I aught
But that he 's well and will be shortly here.

Des. O, but I fear—How lost you company?

Cas. The great contention of the sea and skies
Parted our fellowship—But, hark! a sail.

[*A cry within:* 'A sail, a sail!' *Guns heard.*

Sec. Gent. They give their greeting to the citadel:
This likewise is a friend.

Cas. See for the News. [*Exit Gentleman.*
Good ancient, you are welcome. [*To Emilia*]
Welcome, mistress:
Let it not gall your patience, good Iago,
That I extend my manners; 'tis my breeding
That gives me this bold show of courtesy.

[*Kissing her.*

Iago. Sir, would she give you so much of her lips
As of her tongue she oft bestows on me,
You 'ld have enough.

Des. Alas, she has no speech.

Iago. In faith, too much;

100. *"bold show of courtesy";* observe Othello's "honest," and Cassio's "bold" Iago; and Cassio's full guileless-hearted wishes for the safety and love-raptures of Othello and "the divine Desdemona." And note also the exquisite circumstance of Cassio's kissing Iago's wife, as if it ought to be impossible that the dullest auditor should not feel Cassio's religious love of Desdemona's purity. Iago's answers are the sneers which a proud bad intellect feels towards women, and expresses to a wife. Surely it ought to be considered a very exalted compliment to women, that all the sarcasms on them in Shakespeare are put in the mouths of villains (Coleridge).—H. N. H.

I find it still when I have list to sleep:
Marry, before your ladyship, I grant,
She puts her tongue a little in her heart
And chides with thinking.

Emil. You have little cause to say so.

Iago. Come on, come on; you are pictures out of doors,
Bells in your parlors, wild-cats in your kitchens,
Saints in your injuries, devils being offended,
Players in your housewifery, and housewives in your beds.

Des. O, fie upon thee, slanderer!

Iago. Nay, it is true, or else I am a Turk:
You rise to play, and go to bed to work.

Emil. You shall not write my praise.

Iago. No, let me not.

Des. What wouldst thou write of me, if thou shouldst praise me?

Iago. O gentle lady, do not put me to 't;
For I am nothing if not critical.

Des. Come on, assay—There 's one gone to the harbor?

Iago. Aye, madam.

Des. I am not merry; but I do beguile
The thing I am by seeming otherwise.
Come, how wouldst thou praise me?

Iago. I am about it; but indeed my invention
Comes from my pate as birdlime does from frize;

112. *"saints in your injuries"*; that is, when you have a mind to do injuries, you put on an air of sanctity.—H. N. H.

It plucks out brains and all: but my Muse labors,
And thus she is deliver'd.
If she be fair and wise, fairness and wit,
The one 's for use, the other useth it.

Des. Well praised! How if she be black and witty?

Iago. If she be black, and thereto have a wit,
She 'll find a white that shall her blackness fit.

Des. Worse and worse.

Emil. How if fair and foolish?

Iago. She never yet was foolish that was fair;
For even her folly help'd her to an heir.

Des. These are old fond paradoxes to make fools laugh i' the ale house. What miserable praise hast thou for her that 's foul and foolish?

Iago. There 's none so foul, and foolish thereunto,
But does foul pranks which fair and wise ones do.

Des. O heavy ignorance! thou praisest the worst best. But what praise couldst thou bestow on a deserving woman indeed, one that in the authority of her merit did justly put on the vouch of very malice itself?

Iago. She that was ever fair and never proud,
Had tongue at will and yet was never loud,
Never lack'd gold and yet went never gay,
Fled from her wish and yet said 'Now I may;'
She that, being anger'd, her revenge being nigh,
Bade her wrong stay and her displeasure fly;
She that in wisdom never was so frail

To change the cod's head for the salmon's tail;
She that could think and ne'er disclose her mind,
See suitors following and not look behind;
She was a wight, if ever such wight were,—

Des. To do what?

Iago. To suckle fools and chronicle small beer.

Des. O most lame and impotent conclusion! Do not learn of him, Emilia, though he be thy husband. How say you, Cassio? is he not a most profane and liberal counselor?

Cas. He speaks home, madam: you may relish him more in the soldier than in the scholar.

Iago. [*Aside*] He takes her by the palm: aye, well said, whisper: with as little a web as this will I ensnare as great a fly as Cassio. Aye, smile upon her, do; I will gyve thee in thine own courtship. You say true; 'tis so, indeed: if such tricks as these strip you out of your lieutenantry, it had been better you had not kissed your three fingers so oft, which now again you are most apt to play the sir in. Very good; well kissed! an excellent courtesy! 'tis so, indeed. Yet again your fingers to your lips? would they were clyster-pipes for your sake!—[*Trumpet within.*] The Moor! I know his trumpet.

158. *"change cod's head for salmon's tail";* that is, to exchange a delicacy for coarser fare. So in Queen Elizabeth's *Household Book:* "Item, the master cookes have to fee all the *salmon's tailes.*"—H. N. H.

163. *"chronicle small beer";* that is, to suckle children and keep the accounts of the household.—H. N. H.

168. *"you may relish him more,"* etc. Iago's bluntness would be repugnant in a scholar, but is becoming in a soldier.—C. H. H.

Cas. 'Tis truly so.
Des. Let 's meet him and receive him.
Cas. Lo, where he comes!

Enter Othello and Attendants.

Oth. O my fair warrior!
Des. My dear Othello!
Oth. It gives me wonder great as my content
To see you here before me. O my soul's joy!
If after every tempest comes such calms,
May the winds blow till they have waken'd death!
And let the laboring bark climb hills of seas
Olympus-high, and duck again as low
As hell 's from heaven! If it were now to die,
'Twere now to be most happy! for I fear,
My soul hath her content so absolute
That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate.
Des. The heavens forbid
But that our loves and comforts should increase,
Even as our days do grow!
Oth. Amen to that, sweet powers!
I cannot speak enough of this content;
It stops me here; it is too much of joy:
And this, and this, the greatest discords be
[*Kissing her.*
That e'er our hearts shall make!

187. *"fair warrior";* perhaps Othello intends a playful allusion to the unwillingness Desdemona has expressed to "be left behind, a moth of peace, and he go to the war." Steevens, however, thinks it was a term of endearment derived from the old French poets; as Ronsard, in his sonnets, often calls the ladies *guerrieres.*—H. N. H.

Iago. [*Aside*] O, you are well tuned now!
But I 'll set down the pegs that make this music,
As honest as I am.

Oth. Come, let us to the castle.
News, friends; our wars are done, the Turks are drown'd.
How does my old acquaintance of this isle?
Honey, you shall be well desired in Cyprus;
I have found great love amongst them. O my sweet,
I prattle out of fashion, and I dote
In mine own comforts. I prithee, good Iago,
Go to the bay, and disembark my coffers:
Bring thou the master to the citadel;
He is a good one, and his worthiness
Does challenge much respect. Come, Desdemona,
Once more well met at Cyprus.

[*Exeunt all but Iago and Roderigo.*

Iago. Do thou meet me presently at the harbor. Come hither. If thou be'st valiant—as, they say, base men being in love have then a nobility in their natures more than is native to them—list me. The lieutenant tonight watches on the court of guard. First,

206. *"As honest as I am";* Coleridge, as we have seen in a former note, pronounces Iago "a being next to devil, and only not quite devil." It is worth noting that Milton's Satan relents at the prospect of ruining the happiness before him, and prefaces the deed with a gush of pity for the victims; whereas the same thought puts Iago in a transport of jubilant ferocity. Is our idea of Satan's wickedness enhanced by his thus indulging such feelings, and then acting in defiance of them, or as if he had them not? or is Iago more devilish than he?—H. N. H.

I must tell thee this: Desdemona is directly in love with him.

Rod. With him! why, 'tis not possible.

Iago. Lay thy finger thus, and let thy soul be instructed. Mark me with what violence she first loved the Moor, but for bragging and telling her fantastical lies: and will she love him still for prating? let not thy discreet heart think it. Her eye must be fed; and what delight shall she have to look on the devil? When the blood is made dull with the act of sport, there should be, again to inflame it and to give satiety a fresh appetite, loveliness in favor, sympathy in years, manners and beauties; all which the Moor is defective in: now, for want of these required conveniences, her delicate tenderness will find itself abused, begin to heave the gorge, disrelish and abhor the Moor; very nature will instruct her in it and compel her to some second choice. Now, sir, this granted—as it is a most pregnant and unforced position —who stands so eminently in the degree of this fortune as Cassio does? a knave very voluble; no further conscionable than in putting on the mere form of civil and humane seeming, for the better compassing of his salt and most hidden loose affection? why, none; why, none: a slipper and subtle knave; a finder out of occasions; that has an eye can

227. *"Lay thy finger thus";* on thy mouth to stop it, while thou art listening to a wiser man.—H. N. H.

stamp and counterfeit advantages, though true advantage never present itself: a devel-ish knave! Besides, the knave is handsome, young, and hath all those requisites in him that folly and green minds look after: a pes-tilent complete knave; and the woman hath found him already.

Rod. I cannot believe that in her; she 's full of most blest condition.

Iago. Blest fig's-end! the wine she drinks is made of grapes: if she had been blest, she would never have loved the Moor: blest pud-ding! Didst thou not see her paddle with the palm of his hand? didst not mark that?

Rod. Yes, that I did; but that was but cour-tesy.

Iago. Lechery, by this hand; an index and ob-scure prologue to the history of lust and foul thoughts. They met so near with their lips that their breaths embraced together. Vil-lainous thoughts, Roderigo! when these mu-tualities so marshal the way, hard at hand comes the master and main exercise, the in-corporate conclusion: pish! But, sir, be you ruled by me: I have brought you from Venice. Watch you to-night; for the com-mand, I 'll lay 't upon you: Cassio knows

255. *"a devilish knave";* omitted in Qq.—I. G.

265. *"blest pudding";* Ff. *"Bless'd pudding";* omitted in Qq.—I. G.

276–277. *"comes the master and main";* so Ff.; Q. 1 reads *"comes the maine";* Qq. 2, 3, *"comes Roderigo, the master and the maine."* —I. G.

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you not: I 'll not be far from you: do you find some occasion to anger Cassio, either by speaking too loud, or tainting his discipline, or from what other course you please, which the time shall more favorably minister.

Rod. Well.

Iago. Sir, he is rash and very sudden in choler, and haply may strike at you: provoke him, that he may; for even out of that will I cause these of Cyprus to mutiny; whose qualification shall come into no true taste again but by the displanting of Cassio. So shall you have a shorter journey to your desires by the means I shall then have to prefer them, and the impediment most profitably removed, without the which there were no expectation of our prosperity.

Rod. I will do this, if I can bring it to any opportunity.

Iago. I warrant thee. Meet me by and by at the citadel: I must fetch his necessaries ashore. Farewell.

Rod. Adieu. [*Exit.*

Iago. That Cassio loves her, I do well believe it;
That she loves him, 'tis apt and of great credit:
The Moor, howbeit that I endure him not,
Is of a constant, loving, noble nature;
And I dare think he 'll prove to Desdemona
A most dear husband. Now, I do love her too,
Not out of absolute lust, though peradventure
I stand accountant for as great a sin,

288. *"haply may"*; Qq. read *"haply with his Trunchen may."*—I. G.

But partly led to diet my revenge,
For that I do suspect the lusty Moor
Hath leap'd into my seat: the thought whereof
Doth like a poisonous mineral gnaw my inwards;
And nothing can or shall content my soul
Till I am even'd with him, wife for wife;
Or failing so, yet that I put the Moor
At least into a jealousy so strong
That judgment cannot cure. Which thing to do,
If this poor trash of Venice, whom I trash 320
For his quick hunting, stand the putting on,
I 'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip,
Abuse him to the Moor in the rank garb;
For I fear Cassio with my night-cap too;
Make the Moor thank me, love me and reward me,
For making him egregiously an ass
And practising upon his peace and quiet
Even to madness. 'Tis here, but yet confused:
Knavery's plain face is never seen till used.
[*Exit.*

320. *"poor trash of Venice, whom I trash"*; Steevens' emendation; Q. 1, *"poor trash . . . I crush"*; Ff., Qq. 2, 3, *"poor Trash . . . I trace"*; Theobald, Warburton conj. *"poor brach . . . I trace"*; Warburton (later conj.) *"poor brach . . . I cherish."* —I. G.

321. *"stand the putting on"*; prove equal to the chase when cried on to the quarry. Iago hampers Roderigo's "quick hunting" of Desdemona to start him on his own prey.—C. H. H.

329. *"never seen till used"*; an honest man acts upon a plan, and forecasts his designs; but a knave depends upon temporary and local opportunities, and never knows his own purpose, but at the time of execution (Johnson).—H. N. H.

Scene II

A street.

Enter a Herald with a proclamation; People following.

Her. It is Othello's pleasure, our noble and valiant general, that upon certain tidings now arrived, importing the mere perdition of the Turkish fleet, every man put himself into triumph; some to dance, some to make bonfires, each man to what sport and revels his addiction leads him: for, besides these beneficial news, it is the celebration of his nuptial. So much was his pleasure should be proclaimed. All offices are open, and there is full liberty of feasting from this present hour of five till the bell have told eleven. Heaven bless the isle of Cyprus and our noble general Othello! [*Exeunt.*

Scene III

A hall in the castle.

Enter Othello, Desdemona, Cassio, and Attendants.

Oth. Good Michael, look you to the guard tonight:

10. *"All offices are open";* All *rooms,* or *places* in the castle, at which refreshments are prepared or served out.—H. N. H.

Let 's teach ourselves that honorable stop,
Not to outsport discretion.

Cas. Iago hath direction what to do;
But notwithstanding with my personal eye
Will I look to 't.

Oth. Iago is most honest.
Michael, good night: to-morrow with your earliest
Let me have speech with you. Come, my dear love,
The purchase made, the fruits are to ensue;
That profit 's yet to come 'tween me and you.
Good night.
[*Exeunt Othello, Desdemona, and Attendants.*

Enter Iago.

Cas. Welcome, Iago; we must to the watch.

Iago. Not this hour, lieutenant; 'tis not yet ten o' the clock. Our general cast us thus early for the love of his Desdemona; who let us not therefore blame: he hath not yet made wanton the night with her, and she is sport for Jove.

Cas. She 's a most exquisite lady.

Iago. And, I 'll warrant her, full of game.

Cas. Indeed she 's a most fresh and delicate creature.

Iago. What an eye she has! methinks it sounds a parley to provocation.

Cas. An inviting eye; and yet methinks right modest.

Iago. And when she speaks, is it not an alarum to love?

Cas. She is indeed perfection.

Iago. Well, happiness to their sheets! Come, lieutenant, I have a stoup of wine; and here without are a brace of Cyprus gallants that would fain have a measure to the health of black Othello.

Cas. Not to-night, good Iago: I have very poor and unhappy brains for drinking: I could well wish courtesy would invent some other custom of entertainment.

Iago. O, they are our friends; but one cup: I 'll drink for you.

Cas. I have drunk but one cup to-night, and that was craftily qualified too, and behold what innovation it makes here: I am unfortunate in the infirmity, and dare not task my weakness with any more.

Iago. What, man! 'tis a night of revels: the gallants desire it.

30–46. In these few short speeches of Iago is disclosed the innermost soul of a cold intellectual sensualist, his faculties dancing and capering amidst the provocatives of passion, because himself without passion. Senseless or reckless of everything good, but keenly alive to whatsoever he can turn to a bad use, his mind acts like a sieve, to strain out all the wine and retain only the lees of womanhood; which lees he delights to hold up as the main constituents of the sex. And Cassio's very delicacy and religiousness of thought prevent his taking offense at the villain's heartless and profane levity. Iago then goes on to suit himself to all the demands of the frankest joviality. As he is without any feelings, so he can feign them all indifferently, to work out his design. Knight justly observes that "other dramatists would have made him gloomy and morose; but Shakespeare knew that the boon companion, and the cheat and traitor, are not essentially distinct characters."—H. N. H.

43. *"here," i. e.* in my head.—I. G.

Cas. Where are they?
Iago. Here at the door; I pray you, call them in.
Cas. I 'll do 't; but it dislikes me. [*Exit.*
Iago. If I can fasten but one cup upon him,
With that which he hath drunk to-night already,
He 'll be as full of quarrel and offense
As my young mistress' dog. Now my sick fool Roderigo,
Whom love hath turn'd almost wrong side out,
To Desdemona hath to-night caroused
Potations pottle-deed; and he 's to watch:
Three lads of Cyprus, noble swelling spirits,
That hold their honors in a wary distance,
The very elements of this warlike isle,
Have I to-night fluster'd with flowing cups,
And they watch too. Now, 'mongst this flock of drunkards,
Am I to put our Cassio in some action
That may offend the isle. But here they come:
If consequence do but approve my dream,
My boat sails freely, both with wind and stream.

Re-enter Cassio; with him Montano and Gentlemen; Servants following with wine.

Cas. 'Fore God, they have given me a rouse already.
Mon. Good faith, a little one; not past a pint, as I am a soldier.

60. *"warlike isle";* as quarrelsome as the discordia semina rerum; as quick in opposition as fire and water (Johnson).—H. N. H.

Iago. Some wine, ho!

[*Sings*] And let me the canakin clink, clink
And let me the canakin clink:
A soldier 's a man;
A life 's but a span;
Why then let a soldier drink.

Some wine, boys!

Cas. 'Fore God, an excellent song.

Iago. I learned it in England, where indeed they are most potent in potting: your Dane, your German, and your swag-bellied Hollander,—Drink, ho!—are nothing to your English.

Cas. Is your Englishman so expert in his drinking?

Iago. Why, he drinks you with facility your Dane dead drunk; he sweats not to overthrow your Almain; he gives your Hollander a vomit ere the next pottle can be filled.

Cas. To the health of our general!

Mon. I am for it, lieutenant, and I 'll do you justice.

Iago. O sweet England!

[*Sings*] King Stephen was a worthy peer,
His breeches cost him but a crown;
He held them sixpence all too dear,
With that he call'd the tailor lown.

91. *"do you justice";* that is, drink as much as you do.—H. N. H.

94–101. These lines are from an old song called *"Take thy old cloak about thee,"* to be found in Percy's *Reliques.*—I. G.

He was a wight of high renown,
And thou art but of low degree:
'Tis pride that pulls the country down;
Then take thine auld cloak about thee.

Some wine, ho!

Cas. Why, this is a more exquisite song than the other.

Iago. Will you hear 't again?

Cas. No; for I hold him to be unworthy of his place that does those things. Well: God 's above all; and there be souls must be saved, and there be souls must not be saved.

Iago. It 's true, good lieutenant.

Cas. For mine own part—no offense to the general, nor any man of quality—I hope to be saved.

Iago. And so do I too, lieutenant.

Cas. Aye, but, by your leave, not before me; the lieutenant is to be saved before the ancient. Let 's have no more of this; let 's to our affairs. God forgive us our sins! Gentlemen, let 's look to our business. Do not think, gentlemen, I am drunk: this is my ancient: this is my right hand, and this is my left. I am not drunk now; I can stand well enough, and speak well enough.

All. Excellent well.

Cas. Why, very well then; you must not think then that I am drunk. [*Exit.*

Mon. To the platform, masters; come, let 's set the watch.

Iago. You see this fellow that is gone before;
He is a soldier fit to stand by Cæsar
And give direction: and do but see his vice;
'Tis to his virtue a just equinox,
The one as long as the other: 'tis pity of him.
I fear the trust Othello puts him in
On some odd time of his infirmity
Will shake this island.
Mon. But is he often thus?
Iago. 'Tis evermore the prologue to his sleep:
He 'll watch the horologe a double set,
If drink rock not his cradle.
Mon. It were well
The general were put in mind of it.
Perhaps he sees it not, or his good nature
Prizes the virtue that appears in Cassio
And looks not on his evils: is not this true?

Enter Roderigo.

Iago. [*Aside to him*] How now, Roderigo!
I pray you, after the lieutenant; go.
[*Exit Roderigo.*
Mon. And 'tis great pity that the noble Moor
Should hazard such a place as his own second
With one of an ingraft infirmity:
It were an honest action to say
So to the Moor.

130. *"a soldier fit to stand by Cæsar";* how differently the liar speaks of Cassio's soldiership to Montano and to Roderigo! He is now talking where he is liable to be called to account for his words.—H. N. H.

138. *"set";* series of twelve hours. He will watch a whole day and night.—C. H. H.

Iago. Not I, for this fair island:
I do love Cassio well, and would do much
To cure him of this evil:—But, hark! what noise?

A cry within: 'Help! help!'

Re-enter Cassio, driving in Roderigo.

Cas. 'Zounds! you rogue! you rascal!
Mon. What 's the matter, lieutenant?
Cas. A knave teach me my duty! But I 'll beat the knave into a wicker bottle.
Rod. Beat me!
Cas. Dost thou prate, rogue? [*Striking Roderigo.*
Mon. Nay, good lieutenant; I pray you, sir, hold your hand.
Cas. Let me go, sir, or I 'll knock you o'er the mazzard.
Mon. Come, come, you 're drunk.
Cas. Drunk! [*They fight.*
Iago. [*Aside to Roderigo*] Away, I say; go out and cry a mutiny. [*Exit Roderigo.*
Nay, good lieutenant! God's will, gentlemen!
Help, ho!—Lieutenant,—sir,—Montano,—sir;—
Help, masters!—Here 's a goodly watch indeed! [*A bell rings.*
Who 's that that rings the bell?—Diablo, ho!
The town will rise: God's will, lieutenant, hold;
You will be shamed for ever.

Re-enter Othello and Attendants.

Oth. What is the matter here?

Mon. 'Zounds, I bleed still; I am hurt to the death.
[*Faints.*

Oth. Hold, for your lives!

Iago. Hold, ho; Lieutenant,—sir,—Montano,—
gentlemen,—
Have you forgot all sense of place and duty?
Hold! the general speaks to you; hold, hold, for
shame!

Oth. Why, how now, ho! from whence ariseth this?
Are we turn'd Turks, and to ourselves do that
Which heaven hath forbid the Ottomites?
For Christian shame, put by this barbarous
brawl:
He that stirs next to carve for his own rage
Holds his soul light; he dies upon his motion.
Silence that dreadful bell: it frights the isle
From her propriety. What is the matter, mas-
ters?
Honest Iago, that look'st dead with grieving,
Speak, who began this? on thy love, I charge
thee.

Iago. I do not know: friends all but now, even now,
In quarter, and in terms like bride and groom
Devesting them for bed; and then, but now,
As if some planet had unwitted men,
Swords out, and tilting one at other's breast,
In opposition bloody. I cannot speak
Any beginning to this peevish odds,
And would in action glorious I had lost

170. *"sense of place";* Hanmer's emendation of Qq., Ff., *"place of sense."*—I. G.

173. *"turn'd Turks";* a bitter play upon the proverbial phrase, which meant to "make a complete change for the worse."—C. H. H.

Those legs that brought me to a part of it!
Oth. How comes it, Michael, you are thus forgot?
Cas. I pray you, pardon me; I cannot speak.
Oth. Worthy Montano, you were wont be civil;
The gravity and stillness of your youth
The world hath noted, and your name is great
In mouths of wisest censure: what 's the matter,
That you unlace your reputation thus,
And spend your rich opinion for the name
Of a night-brawler? give me answer to it.
Mon. Worthy Othello, I am hurt to danger:
Your officer, Iago, can inform you—
While I spare speech, which something now offends me—
Of all that I do know: nor know I aught
By me that 's said or done amiss this night;
Unless self-charity be sometimes a vice,
And to defend ourselves it be a sin
When violence assails us.
Oth. Now, by heaven
My blood begins my safer guides to rule,
And passion, having my best judgment collied,
Assays to lead the way: if I once stir,
Or do but lift this arm, the best of you
Shall sink in my rebuke. Give me to know
How this foul rout began, who set it on,
And he that is approved in this offense,
Though he had twinn'd with me, both at a birth,
Shall lose me. What! in a town of war,
Yet wild, the people's hearts brimful of fear,
To manage private and domestic quarrel,

In night, and on the court and guard of safety!
'Tis monstrous. Iago, who began 't?
Mon. If partially affined, or leagued in office,
Thou dost deliver more or less than truth,
Thou art no soldier.
Iago. Touch me not so near:
I had rather have this tongue cut from my mouth
Than it should do offense to Michael Cassio;
Yet, I persuade myself, to speak the truth
Shall nothing wrong him. Thus it is, general.
Montano and myself being in speech,
There comes a fellow crying out for help,
And Cassio following him with determined sword,
To execute upon him. Sir, this gentleman
Steps in to Cassio and entreats his pause:
Myself the crying fellow did pursue,
Lest by his clamor—as it so fell out—
The town might fall in fright: he, swift of foot,
Outran my purpose! and I return'd the rather
For that I heard the clink and fall of swords,
And Cassio high in oath; which till to-night
I ne'er might say before. When I came back—
For this was brief—I found them close together,
At blow and thrust; even as again they were
When you yourself did part them.
More of this matter cannot I report:
But men are men; the best sometimes forget:
Though Cassio did some little wrong to him,

235. *"in fright";* into a panic.—C. H. H.

As men in rage strike those that wish them best,
Yet surely Cassio, I believe, received
From him that fled some strange indignity,
Which patience could not pass.

Oth. I know, Iago,
Thy honesty and love doth mince this matter,
Making it light to Cassio. Cassio, I love thee;
But never more be officer of mine.

Re-enter Desdemona, attended.

Look, if my gentle love be not raised up!
I 'll make thee an example.

Des. What 's the matter?

Oth. All 's well now, sweeting; come away to bed.
Sir, for your hurts, myself will be your surgeon:
[*To Montano, who is led off.*
Lead him off.
Iago, look with care about the town,
And silence those whom this vile brawl distracted.
Come, Desdemona: 'tis the soldiers' life
To have their balmy slumbers waked with strife.
[*Exeunt all but Iago and Cassio.*

Iago. What, are you hurt, lieutenant?

Cas. Aye, past all surgery.

Iago. Marry, heaven forbid!

Cas. Reputation, reputation, reputation! O, I have lost my reputation! I have lost the immortal part of myself, and what remains is bestial. My reputation, Iago, my reputation!

Iago. As I am an honest man, I thought you

had received some bodily wound; there is more sense in that than in reputation. Reputation is an idle and most false imposition; oft got without merit and lost without deserving: you have lost no reputation at all, unless you repute yourself such a loser. What, man! there are ways to recover the general again: you are but now cast in his mood, a punishment more in policy than in malice; even so as one would beat his offenseless dog to affright an imperious lion: sue to him again, and he 's yours.

Cas. I will rather sue to be despised than to deceive so good a commander with so slight, so drunken, and so indiscreet an officer. Drunk? and speak parrot? and squabble? swagger? swear? and discourse fustian with one's own shadow? O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee devil!

Iago. What was he that you followed with your sword? What had he done to you?

Cas. I know not.

Iago. Is 't possible?

Cas. I remember a mass of things, but nothing distinctly; a quarrel, but nothing wherefore. O God, that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains! that we should, with joy, pleasance, revel and applause, transform ourselves into beasts!

Iago. Why, but you are now well enough: how came you thus recovered?

Cas. It hath pleased the devil drunkenness to give place to the devil wrath: one unperfectness shows me another, to make me frankly despise myself.

Iago. Come, you are too severe a moraler: as the time, the place, and the condition of this country stands, I could heartily wish this had not befallen; but since it is as it is, mend it for your own good.

Cas. I will ask him for my place again; he shall tell me I am a drunkard! Had I as many mouths as Hydra, such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sensible man, by and by a fool, and presently a beast! O strange! Every inordinate cup is unblest, and the ingredient is a devil.

Iago. Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well used: exclaim no more against it. And, good lieutenant, I think you think I love you.

Cas. I have well approved it, sir. I drunk!

Iago. You or any man living may be drunk at some time, man. I 'll tell you what you shall do. Our general's wife is now the general. I may say so in this respect, for that he hath devoted and given up himself to the contemplation, mark and denotement of her parts and graces: confess yourself freely to her; importune her help to put you in your

317. *"approved"*; found by experience.—C. H. H.

325. *"some time"*; so Qq.; Ff., *"a time"*; Grant White, *"one time."* —I. G.

place again; she is of so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition, she holds it a vice in her goodness not to do more than she is requested: this broken joint between you and her husband entreat her to splinter; and, my fortunes against any lay worth naming, this crack of your love shall grow stronger than it was before.

Cas. You advise me well.

Iago. I protest, in the sincerity of love and honest kindness.

Cas. I think it freely; and betimes in the morning I will beseech the virtuous Desdemona to undertake for me: I am desperate of my fortunes if they check me here.

Iago. You are in the right. Good night, lieutenant;
I must to the watch.

Cas. Good night, honest Iago. [*Exit.*

Iago. And what 's he then that says I play the villain?
When this advice is free I give and honest,
Probal to thinking, and indeed the course
To win the Moor again? For 'tis most easy
The inclining Desdemona to subdue
In any honest suit. She 's framed as fruitful
As the free elements. And then for her
To win the Moor, were 't to renounce his baptism,
All seals and symbols of redeemed sin,
His soul is so enfetter'd to her love,

337. *"lay"*; wager.—C. H. H.

That she may make, unmake, do what she list,
Even as her appetite shall play the god
With his weak function. How am I then a villain
To counsel Cassio to this parallel course,
Directly to his good? Divinity of hell!
When devils will the blackest sins put on,
They do suggest at first with heavenly shows,
As I do now: for whiles this honest fool
Plies Desdemona to repair his fortunes,
And she for him pleads strongly to the Moor,
I 'll pour this pestilence into his ear,
That she repeals him for her body's lust;
And by how much she strives to do him good,
She shall undo her credit with the Moor.
So will I turn her virtue into pitch;
And out of her own goodness make the net
That shall enmesh them all.

Enter Roderigo.

How now, Roderigo!

Rod. I do follow here in the chase, not like a hound that hunts, but one that fills up the cry. My money is almost spent; I have been to-night exceedingly well cudgeled; and I think the issue will be, I shall have so much experience for my pains; and so, with

363. *"Parallel course"* for course level or even with his design.—H. N. H.

365. *"when devils will"*; that is, when devils will *instigate* to their blackest sins, they *tempt,* &c. We have repeatedly met with the same use of *put on* for *instigate,* and of *suggest* for *tempt.*—H. N. H.

no money at all and a little more wit, return again to Venice.

Iago. How poor are they that have not patience!
What wound did ever heal but by degrees?
Thou know'st we work by wit and not by witchcraft,
And wit depends on dilatory time.
Does 't not go well? Cassio hath beaten thee,
And thou by that small hurt hast cashier'd Cassio:
Though other things grow fair against the sun,
Yet fruits that blossom first will first be ripe:
Content thyself awhile. By the mass, 'tis morning;
Pleasure and action make the hours seem short.
Retire thee; go where thou art billeted:
Away, I say; thou shalt know more hereafter:
Nay, get thee gone. [*Exit Rod.*] Two things are to be done:
My wife must move for Cassio to her mistress;
I 'll set her on;
Myself the while to draw the Moor apart,
And bring him jump when he may Cassio find
Soliciting his wife: aye, that 's the way;
Dull not device by coldness and delay. [*Exit.*

392. *"fruits that blossom first"*; the *"blossoming"* of things, to which Iago alludes, is the removal of Cassio. As their plan had already *blossomed*, so there was good hope that the fruits of it would soon be *ripe*.—The folio substitutes *In troth* for *By th' mass*.—H. N. H.

ACT THIRD

Scene I

Before the castle.

Enter Cassio and some Musicians.

Cas. Masters, play here; I will content your pains;
Something that 's brief; and bid 'Good morrow, general.' [*Music.*

Enter Clown.

Clo. Why, masters, have your instruments been in Naples, that they speak i' the nose thus?
First Mus. How, sir, how?
Clo. Are these, I pray you, wind-instruments?
First Mus. Aye, marry, are they, sir.
Clo. O, thereby hangs a tail.
First Mus. Whereby hangs a tale, sir?
Clo. Marry, sir, by many a wind-instrument that I know. But masters, here 's money for you: and the general so likes your music, that he desires you, for love's sake, to make no more noise with it.

2. *"Good morrow, general";* it was usual for friends to serenade a new-married couple on the morning after the celebration of the marriage, or to greet them with a *morning song* to bid them good morrow.—H. N. H.

13. *"for love's sake";* Q. 1, *"of all loues."*—I. G.

First Mus. Well, sir, we will not.

Clo. If you have any music that may not be heard, to 't again: but, as they say, to hear music the general does not greatly care.

First Mus. We have none such, sir.

Clo. Then put up your pipes in your bag, for I 'll away: go; vanish into air; away!

[*Exeunt Musicians.*

Cas. Dost thou hear, my honest friend?

Clo. No, I hear not your honest friend; I hear you.

Cas. Prithee, keep up thy quillets. There 's a poor piece of gold for thee: if the gentlewoman that attends the general's wife be stirring, tell her there 's one Cassio entreats her a little favor of speech: wilt thou do this?

Clo. She is stirring, sir: if she will stir hither, I shall seem to notify unto her.

Cas. Do, good my friend. [*Exit Clown.*

Enter Iago.

In happy time, Iago.

Iago. You have not been a-bed, then?

Cas. Why, no; the day had broke
Before we parted. I have made bold, Iago,
To send in to your wife: my suit to her
Is, that she will to virtuous Desdemona
Procure me some access.

Iago. I 'll send her to you presently:
And I 'll devise a mean to draw the Moor
Out of the way, that your converse and business

May be more free.

Cas. I humbly thank you for 't. [*Exit Iago.*]
I never knew
A Florentine more kind and honest.

Enter Emilia.

Emil. Good morrow, good lieutenant: I am sorry
For your displeasure; but all will sure be well.
The general and his wife are talking of it,
And she speaks for you stoutly: the Moor replies,
That he you hurt is of great fame in Cyprus
And great affinity, and that in wholesome wisdom
He might not but refuse you; but he protests
he loves you,
And needs no other suitor but his likings
To take the safest occasion by the front
To bring you in again.

Cas. Yet, I beseech you,
If you think fit, or that it may be done,
Give me advantage of some brief discourse
With Desdemona alone.

Emil. Pray you, come in:
I will bestow you where you shall have time
To speak your bosom freely.

Cas. I am much bound to you.

[*Exeunt.*

43. *"Florentine," i. e.* "even a Florentine"; Iago was a Venetian. —I. G.

45. *"for your displeasure";* that is, the displeasure you have incurred from Othello.—H. N. H.

52. Omitted in Ff.—I. G.

Scene II

A room in the castle.

Enter Othello, Iago, and Gentlemen.

Oth. These letters give, Iago, to the pilot;
And by him do my duties to the senate:
That done, I will be walking on the works;
Repair there to me.
Iago. Well, my good lord, I 'll do 't.
Oth. This fortification, gentlemen, shall we see 't?
Gent. We 'll wait upon your lordship. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III

The garden of the castle.

Enter Desdemona, Cassio, and Emilia.

Des. Be thou assured, good Cassio, I will do
All my abilities in thy behalf.
Emil. Good madam, do: I warrant it grieves my husband
As if the case were his.
Des. O, that 's an honest fellow. Do not doubt, Cassio,
But I will have my lord and you again
As friendly as you were.
Cas. Bounteous madam,
Whatever shall become of Michael Cassio,
He 's never any thing but your true servant.

Des. I know 't: I thank you. You do love my lord:
You have known him long; and be you well assured
He shall in strangeness stand no farther off
Than in a politic distance.
Cas. Aye, but, lady,
That policy may either last so long,
Or feed upon such nice and waterish diet,
Or breed itself so out of circumstance,
That, I being absent and my place supplied,
My general will forget my love and service.
Des. Do not doubt that; before Emilia here
I give thee warrant of thy place: assure thee,
If I do vow a friendship, I 'll perform it
To the last article: my lord shall never rest;
I 'll watch him tame and talk him out of patience;
His bed shall seem a school, his board a shrift;
I 'll intermingle every thing he does
With Cassio's suit; therefore be merry, Cassio;
For thy solicitor shall rather die
Than give thy cause away.

Enter Othello and Iago, at a distance.

Emil. Madam, here comes my lord.
Cas. Madam, I 'll take my leave.

14. *"last so long";* he may either of himself think it politic to keep me out of office so long, or he may be satisfied with such slight reasons, or so many accidents may make him think my readmission at that time improper, that I may be quite forgotten (Johnson).—H. N. H.

23. *"watch him tame," i. e.* tame him by keeping him from sleep (as was done with hawks).—I. G.

Des. Nay, stay and hear me speak.
Cas. Madam, not now: I am very ill at ease,
Unfit for mine own purposes.
Des. Well, do your discretion. [*Exit Cassio.*
Iago. Ha! I like not that.
Oth. What dost thou say?
Iago. Nothing, my lord: or if—I know not what.
Oth. Was not that Cassio parted from my wife?
Iago. Cassio, my lord! No, sure, I cannot think it,
That he would steal away so guilty-like,
Seeing you coming.
Oth. I do believe 'twas he.
Des. How now, my lord!
I have been talking with a suitor here.
A man that languishes in your displeasure.
Oth. Who is 't you mean?
Des. Why, your lieutenant, Cassio. Good my lord,
If I have any grace or power to move you,
His present reconciliation take;
For if he be not one that truly loves you,
That errs in ignorance and not in cunning,
I have no judgment in an honest face:
I prithee, call him back.
Oth. Went he hence now?
Des. Aye, sooth; so humbled,
That he hath left part of his grief with me,
To suffer with him. Good love, call him back.
Oth. Not now, sweet Desdemona; some other time.
Des. But shall 't be shortly?
Oth. The sooner, sweet, for you.

Des. Shall 't be to-night at supper?
Oth. No, not to-night.
Des. To-morrow dinner then?
Oth. I shall not dine at home;
I meet the captains at the citadel.
Des. Why then to-morrow night; or Tuesday morn;
On Tuesday noon, or night; on Wednesday morn:
I prithee, name the time; but let it not
Exceed three days: in faith, he 's penitent;
And yet his trespass, in our common reason—
Save that, they say, the wars must make examples
Out of their best—is not almost a fault
To incur a private check. When shall he come?
Tell me, Othello: I wonder in my soul,
What you would ask me, that I should deny,
Or stand so mammering on. What! Michael Cassio,
That came a-wooing with you, and so many a time
When I have spoke of you dispraisingly
Hath ta'en your part; to have so much to do
To bring him in! Trust me, I could do much—
Oth. Prithee, no more: let him come when he will;
I will deny thee nothing.
Des. Why, this is not a boon;
'Tis as I should entreat you wear your gloves,
Or feed on nourishing dishes, or keep you warm,
Or sue to you to do a peculiar profit
To your own person: nay, when I have a suit

Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed,
It shall be full of poise and difficult weight,
And fearful to be granted.

Oth. I will deny thee nothing:
Whereon, I do beseech thee, grant me this,
To leave me but a little to myself.

Des. Shall I deny you? no: farewell, my lord.

Oth. Farewell, my Desdemona: I 'll come to thee straight.

Des. Emilia, come. Be as your fancies teach you;
Whate'er you be, I am obedient.

[*Exeunt Desdemona and Emilia.*

Oth. Excellent wretch! Perdition catch my soul,
But I do love thee! and when I love thee not, 91
Chaos is come again.

Iago. My noble lord,—

Oth. What dost thou say, Iago?

Iago. Did Michael Cassio, when you woo'd my lady,
Know of your love?

Oth. He did, from first to last: why dost thou ask?

Iago. But for a satisfaction of my thought;
No further harm.

Oth. Why of thy thought, Iago?

92. *"Chaos is come again";* the meaning is, "Ere I cease to love thee, the world itself shall be reduced to its primitive chaos."—*But* is used in its exceptive sense, *be out, but that,* or, *"if* I do *not* love thee."—H. N. H.

96. *"why dost thou ask?";* in Act i. sc. 2, when Iago, speaking of the Moor to Cassio, says, "He's married," Cassio asks, "To whom?" Yet here he seems to have known all about it. Of course the explanation is, that Cassio there feigned ignorance, in order to keep his friend's secret till it should be publicly known.—H. N. H.

Iago. I did not think he had been acquainted with her.

Oth. O, yes, and went between us very oft.

Iago. Indeed!

Oth. Indeed! aye, indeed: discern'st thou aught in that?
Is he not honest?

Iago. Honest, my lord!

Oth. Honest! aye, honest.

Iago. My lord, for aught I know.

Oth. What dost thou think?

Iago. Think, my lord!

Oth. Think, my lord! By heaven, he echoes me,
As if there were some monster in his thought
Too hideous to be shown. Thou dost mean something:
I heard thee say even now, thou likedst not that,
When Cassio left my wife: what didst not like?
And when I told thee he was of my counsel
In my whole course of wooing, thou criedst 'Indeed!'
And didst contract and purse thy brow together,
As if thou then hadst shut up in thy brain
Some horrible conceit: if thou dost love me,
Show me thy thought.

Iago. My lord, you know I love you.

Oth. I think thou dost;
And for I know thou 'rt full of love and honesty

106. *"By heaven, he echoes me"*; Q. 1, *"By heauen he ecchoes me"*; Ff., *"Alas, thou ecchos't me"*; Qq. 2, 3, *"why dost thou ecchoe me."* —I. G.

And weight'st thy words before thou givest
them breath,
Therefore these stops of thine fright me the
more:
For such things in a false disloyal knave
Are tricks of custom; but in a man that 's just
They 're close delations, working from the heart,
That passion cannot rule.

Iago. For Michael Cassio,
I dare be sworn I think that he is honest.

Oth. I think so too.

Iago. Men should be what they seem;
Or those that be not, would they might seem
none!

Oth. Certain, men should be what they seem.

Iago. Why then I think Cassio 's an honest man.

Oth. Nay, yet there 's more in this:
I prithee, speak to me as to thy thinkings,
As thou dost ruminate, and give thy worst of
thoughts
The worst of words.

Iago. Good my lord, pardon me:
Though I am bound to every act of duty,
I am not bound to that all slaves are free to.
Utter my thoughts? Why, say they are vile
and false;
As where 's that palace whereinto foul things
Sometimes intrude not? who has a breast so
pure,

132. *"thy worst of thoughts";* so Ff., Q. 2; Q. 1, reads *"the worst of thoughts";* Q. 3, *"thy thoughts";* perhaps we should read:—

"As thou dost rum'nate, give thy worst of thoughts."—I. G.

But some uncleanly apprehensions
Keep leets and law-days, and in session sit
With meditations lawful?

Oth. Thou dost conspire against thy friend, Iago,
If thou but think'st him wrong'd and makest his ear
A stranger to thy thoughts.

Iago. I do beseech you—
Though I perchance am vicious in my guess,
As, I confess, it is my nature's plague
To spy into abuses, and oft my jealousy
Shapes faults that are not—that your wisdom yet,
From one that so imperfectly conceits,
Would take no notice, nor build yourself a trouble
Out of his scattering and unsure observance.
It were not for your quiet nor your good,
Nor for my manhood, honesty, or wisdom,
To let you know my thoughts.

Oth. What dost thou mean?

Iago. Good name in man and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls:

146. *"my nature's plague";* it has been proposed to read *"of* my jealousy," and change *shapes* into *shape.* At first sight, this is plausible, as it satisfies the grammar perfectly. But jealousy is itself, evidently, the "nature's plague" of which Iago is speaking. So that the sense would be,—"It is my nature's plague to spy into abuses, and of my *nature's plague to shape* faults that are not"; which comes pretty near being nonsense. On the other hand, if we read,—"It is my nature's plague to spy into abuses, and oft my *nature's plague* shapes faults that are not,"—the language is indeed not good, but the sense is perfect.—H. N. H.

156. *"the immediate jewel of their souls";* their most intimate possession after life itself.—C. H. H.

Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he that filches from me my good name
Robs me of that which not enriches him
And makes me poor indeed.

Oth. By heaven, I 'll know thy thoughts.

Iago. You cannot, if my heart were in your hand;
Nor shall not, whilst 'tis in my custody.

Oth. Ha!

Iago. O, beware, my lord, of jealousy;
It is the green-eyed monster, which doth mock
The meat it feeds on: that cuckold lives in bliss
Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger;
But, O, what damned minutes tells he o'er
Who dotes, yet doubts, suspects, yet strongly loves!

Oth. O misery!

Iago. Poor and content is rich, and rich enough;
But riches fineless is as poor as winter
To him that ever fears he shall be poor:
Good heaven, the souls of all my tribe defend
From jealousy!

Oth. Why, why is this!
Think'st thou I 'ld make a life of jealousy,
To follow still the changes of the moon
With fresh suspicions? No; to be once in doubt

166. *"mock". i. e.* makes its sport with its prey (like a cat), torturing him with "damned minutes" of doubt, instead of making him "certain of his fate" at once. Hanmer read "make."—C. H. H.

168. *"his wronger"; i. e.* the wife.—C. H. H.

170. *"strongly";* so Qq.; Ff., *"soundly";* Knight, *"fondly."*—I. G.

Is once to be resolved: exchange me for a goat,
When I shall turn the business of my soul
To such exsufflicate and blown surmises,
Matching thy inference. 'Tis not to make me jealous
To say my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,
Is free of speech, sings, plays and dances well;
Where virtue is, these are more virtuous:
Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw
The smallest fear or doubt of her revolt;
For she had eyes, and chose me. No, Iago,
I 'll see before I doubt; when I doubt, prove;
And on the proof, there is no more but this,
Away at once with love or jealousy!

Iago. I am glad of it; for now I shall have reason
To show the love and duty that I bear you
With franker spirit: therefore, as I am bound,
Receive it from me. I speak not yet of proof.
Look to your wife: observe her well with Cassio;
Wear your eye thus, not jealous nor secure:
I would not have your free and noble nature
Out of self-bounty be abused; look to 't:
I know our country disposition well;
In Venice they do let heaven see the pranks
They dare not show their husbands; their best conscience
Is not to leave 't undone, but keep 't unknown.

204. *"but keep't unknown";* this and the following argument of Iago ought to be deeply impressed on every reader. Deceit and falsehood, whatever conveniences they may for a time promise or produce, are in the sum of life obstacles to happiness. Those who profit by the cheat, distrust the deceiver, and the act by which kind-

Oth. Dost thou say so?
Iago. She did deceive her father, marrying you;
And when she seem'd to shake and fear your looks,
She loved them most.
Oth. And so she did.
Iago. Why, go to then;
She that so young could give out such a seeming,
To seel her father's eyes up close as oak—
He thought 'twas witchcraft—but I am much to blame;
I humbly do beseech you of your pardon
For too much loving you.
Oth. I am bound to thee for ever.
Iago. I see this hath a little dash'd your spirits.
Oth. Not a jot, not a jot.
Iago. I' faith, I fear it has
I hope you will consider what is spoke
Comes from my love; but I do see you 're moved:
I am to pray you not to strain my speech
To grosser issues nor to larger reach
Than to suspicion.
Oth. I will not.

ness is sought puts an end to confidence.—The same objection may be made with a lower degree of strength against the imprudent generosity of disproportionate marriages. When the first heat of passion is over, it is easily succeeded by suspicion, that the same violence of inclination, which caused one irregularity, may stimulate to another; and those who have shown that their passions are too powerful for their prudence, will, with very slight appearances against them, be censured, as not very likely to restrain them by their virtue (Johnson).—H. N. H.

Iago. Should you do so, my lord,
My speech should fall into such vile success
As my thoughts aim not at. Cassio 's my worthy friend—
My lord, I see you 're moved.
Oth. No, not much moved:
I do not think but Desdemona's honest.
Iago. Long live she so! and long live you to think so!
Oth. And yet, how nature erring from itself—
Iago. Aye, there 's the point: as—to be bold with you—
Not to affect many proposed matches
Of her own clime, complexion and degree,
Whereto we see in all things nature tends—
Foh! one may smell in such a will most rank,
Foul disproportion, thoughts unnatural.
But pardon me; I do not in position
Distinctly speak of her; though I may fear
Her will, recoiling to her better judgment,
May fall to match you with her country forms,
And happily repent.
Oth. Farewell, farewell:
If more thou dost perceive, let me know more;
Set on thy wife to observe: leave me, Iago.
Iago. [*Going*] My lord, I take my leave.
Oth. Why did I marry? This honest creature doubtless
Sees and knows more, much more, than he unfolds.

236. *"recoiling to"*; slipping from the control of.—C. H. H.
238. *"happily"*; haply.—C. H. H.

Iago. [*Returning*] My lord, I would I might entreat your honor
To scan this thing no further; leave it to time:
Though it be fit that Cassio have his place,
For sure he fills it up with great ability,
Yet, if you please to hold him off awhile,
You shall by that perceive him and his means:
Note if your lady strain his entertainment
With any strong or vehement importunity;
Much will be seen in that. In the mean time,
Let me be thought too busy in my fears—
As worthy cause I have to fear I am—
And hold her free, I do beseech your honor.

Oth. Fear not my government.

Iago. I once more take my leave. [*Exit.*

Oth. This fellow 's of exceeding honesty,
And knows all qualities, with a learned spirit,
Of human dealings. If I do prove her haggard,
Though that her jesses were my dear heart-strings,
I 'ld whistle her off and let her down the wind
To prey at fortune. Haply, for I am black
And have not those soft parts of conversation
That chamberers have, or for I am declined
Into the vale of years,—yet that 's not much—

249. *"his means";* you shall discover whether he thinks his best *means,* his most powerful *interest,* is by the solicitation of your lady. —H. N. H.

250. *"strain his entertainment";* that is, press his readmission to pay and office.—H. N. H.

259. *"learned spirit";* the construction is, "He knows with a learned spirit all qualities of human dealings.—H. N. H.

She 's gone; I am abused, and my relief
Must be to loathe her. O curse of marriage,
That we can call these delicate creatures ours,
And not their appetites! I had rather be a toad,
And live upon the vapor of a dungeon,
Than keep a corner in the thing I love
For others' uses. Yet, 'tis the plague of great ones;
Prerogatived are they less than the base;
'Tis destiny unshunnable, like death:
Even then this forked plague is fated to us
When we do quicken. Desdemona comes:

Re-enter Desdemona and Emilia.

If she be false, O, then heaven mocks itself!
I 'll not believe 't.

Des. How now, my dear Othello!
Your dinner, and the generous islanders
By you invited, do attend your presence.

Oth. I am to blame.

Des. Why do you speak so faintly?
Are you not well?

Oth. I have a pain upon my forehead here.

276. *"forked plague";* one of Sir John Harington's *Epigrams* will illustrate this:

"Actæon guiltless unawares espying
Naked Diana bathing in her bowre
Was plagued with HORNES; his dogs did him devoure;
Wherefore take heed, ye that are curious, prying,
With some such *forked plague* you be not smitten,
And in your foreheads see your faults be written."
—H. N. H.

277. *"Desdemona comes";* so Qq.; Ff. read *"Looke where she comes,"*—I. G.

Des. Faith, that 's with watching; 'twill away again:
Let me but bind it hard, within this hour
It will be well.
Oth. Your napkin is too little;
[*He puts the handkerchief from him; and she drops it.*
Let it alone. Come, I 'll go in with you.
Des. I am very sorry that you are not well.
[*Exeunt Othello and Desdemona.*
Emil. I am glad I have found this napkin: 290
This was her first remembrance from the Moor:
My wayward husband hath a hundred times
Woo'd me to steal it; but she so loves the token,
For he conjured her she should ever keep it,
That she reserves it evermore about her
To kiss and talk to. I 'll have the work ta'en out,
And give 't Iago: what he will do with it
Heaven knows, not I;
I nothing but to please his fantasy.

292. *"a hundred times";* of course *hundred* is here used for an indefinite number; still it shows that the unity of time is much less observed in this play than some have supposed. The play indeed seldom gives any note of the lapse of time, save by *inference,* as in the case before us. Thus far, only one night, since that of the marriage, has been *expressly* accounted for; and this was the night when the nuptials were celebrated, and Cassio cashiered; though several must have passed during the sea-voyage. From Iago's soliloquy at the close of Act i., it is clear he had his plot even then so far matured, that he might often woo his wife to steal the handkerchief while at sea. Moreover, we may well enough suppose a considerable interval of time between the first and third scenes of the present Act; since Cassio may not have had the interview with Desdemona immediately after he engaged Emilia to solicit it for him.—H. N. H.

Re-enter Iago.

Iago. How now! what do you here alone?
Emil. Do not you chide; I have a thing for you.
Iago. A thing for me? it is a common thing—
Emil. Ha!
Iago. To have a foolish wife.
Emil. O, is that all? What will you give me now
For that same handkerchief?
Iago. What handkerchief?
Emil. What handkerchief!
Why, that the Moor first gave to Desdemona;
That which so often you did bid me steal.
Iago. Hast stol'n it from her?
Emil. No, faith; she let it drop by negligence,
And, to the advantage, I being here took 't up.
Look, here it is.
Iago. A good wench; give it me.
Emil. What will you do with 't, that you have been so earnest
To have me filch it?
Iago. [*Snatching it*] Why, what 's that to you?
Emil. If 't be not for some purpose of import,
Give 't me again: poor lady, she 'll run mad
When she shall lack it.
Iago. Be not acknown on 't; I have use for it.
Go, leave me. [*Exit Emilia.*
I will in Cassio's lodging lose this napkin,
And let him find it. Trifles light as air
Are to the jealous confirmations strong
As proofs of holy writ: this may do something.
The Moor already changes with my poison:

325; 383–390; 453–460; iv. 8–10; 195–196. Omitted in Q. 1.—I. G.

Dangerous conceits are in their natures poisons,
Which at the first are scarce found to distaste,
But with a little act upon the blood
Burn like the mines of sulphur. I did say so:
Look, where he comes!

Re-enter Othello.

Not poppy, nor mandragora, 330
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou owedst yesterday.

Oth. Ha! ha! false to me?

Iago. Why, how now, general! no more of that.

Oth. Avaunt! be gone! thou hast set me on the rack:
I swear 'tis better to be much abused
Than but to know 't a little.

Iago. How now, my lord!

Oth. What sense had I of her stol'n hours of lust?
I saw 't not, thought it not, it harm'd not me:
I slept the next night well, was free and merry;
I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips: 341
He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stol'n,
Let him not know 't and he 's not robb'd at all.

Iago. I am sorry to hear this.

Oth. I had been happy, if the general camp,
Pioners and all, had tasted her sweet body,
So I had nothing known. O, now for ever

330. *"Look where he comes";* that is, I knew the least touch of such a passion would not permit the Moor a moment of repose:—I have just said that jealousy is a restless commotion of the mind; and look, where Othello approaches, to confirm my observation (Steevens).—H. N. H.

Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell content!
Farewell the plumed troop and the big wars
That make ambition virtue! O, farewell,
Farewell the neighing steed and the shrill trump,
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner and all quality,
Pride, pomp and circumstance of glorious war!
And, O you mortal engines, whose rude throats
The immortal Jove's dread clamors counterfeit,
Farewell! Othello's occupation 's gone!

Iago. Is 't possible, my lord?

Oth. Villain, be sure thou prove my love a whore;
Be sure of it; give me the ocular proof;
Or, by the worth of man's eternal soul,
Thou hadst been better have been born a dog
Than answer my waked wrath!

Iago. Is 't come to this?

Oth. Make me to see 't; or at the least so prove it,
That the probation bear no hinge nor loop
To hang a doubt on; or woe upon thy life!

Iago. My noble lord,—

Oth. If thou dost slander her and torture me,
Never pray more; abandon all remorse;
On horror's head horrors accumulate;

351. *"Farewell the neighing steed";* there is some resemblance between this speech and the following lines in Peele's *"Farewell to the Famous and Fortunate Generals of our English Forces,"* 1589:

"Change love for armes; gyrt to your blades, my boyes;
Your rests and muskets take, take helme and targe,
And let god Mars his trumpet make you mirth,
The *roaring cannon,* and the brazen trumpe,
The *angry-sounding drum,* the *whistling fife,*
The shriekes of men, the princelie *courser's ney.*"—H. N. H.

Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth amazed;
For nothing canst thou to damnation add
Greater than that.

Iago. O grace! O heaven defend me!
Are you a man? have you a soul or sense?
God be wi' you; take mine office. O wretched fool,
That livest to make thine honesty a vice!
O monstrous world! Take note, take note, O world,
To be direct and honest is not safe.
I thank you for this profit, and from hence
I 'll love no friend sith love breeds such offense.

Oth. Nay, stay: thou shouldst be honest.

Iago. I should be wise; for honesty 's a fool,
And loses that it works for.

Oth. By the world,
I think my wife be honest, and think she is not;
I think that thou art just, and think thou art not:
I 'll have some proof. Her name, that was as fresh
As Dian's visage, is now begrimed and black
As mine own face. If there be cords, or knives,
Poison, or fire, or suffocating streams,
I 'll not endure it. Would I were satisfied!

Iago. I see, sir, you are eaten up with passion:
I do repent me that I put it to you.
You would be satisfied?

Oth. Would! nay, I will.

Iago. And may: but, how? how satisfied, my lord?

Would you, the supervisor, grossly gape on?
Behold her topp'd?
Oth. Death and damnation! O!
Iago. It were a tedious difficulty, I think,
To bring them to that prospect: damn them then,
If ever mortal eyes do see them bolster
More than their own! What then? how then?
What shall I say? Where 's satisfaction?
It is impossible you should see this,
Were they as prime as goats, as hot as monkeys,
As salt as wolves in pride, and fools as gross
As ignorance made drunk. But yet, I say,
If imputation and strong circumstances,
Which lead directly to the door of truth,
Will give you satisfaction, you may have 't.
Oth. Give me a living reason she 's disloyal.
Iago. I do not like the office:
But sith I am enter'd in this cause so far,
Prick'd to 't by foolish honesty and love,
I will go on. I lay with Cassio lately,
And being troubled with a raging tooth,
I could not sleep.
There are a kind of men so loose of soul,
That in their sleeps will mutter their affairs:
One of this kind is Cassio:
In sleep I heard him say 'Sweet Desdemona,
Let us be wary, let us hide our loves;'
And then, sir, would he gripe and wring my hand,
Cry 'O sweet creature!' and then kiss me hard,

406. *"circumstances"*; indirect, circumstantial evidence.—C. H. H.

As if he pluck'd up kisses by the roots,
That grew upon my lips: then laid his leg
Over my thigh, and sigh'd and kiss'd, and then
Cried 'Cursed fate that gave thee to the Moor!'
Oth. O monstrous! monstrous!
Iago. Nay, this was but his dream.
Oth. But this denoted a foregone conclusion:
'Tis a shrewd doubt, though it be but a dream.
Iago. And this may help to thicken other proofs
That do demonstrate thinly.
Oth. I 'll tear her all to pieces.
Iago. Nay, but be wise: yet we see nothing done;
She may be honest yet. Tell me but this;
Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief
Spotted with strawberries in your wife's hand.
Oth. I gave her such a one; 'twas my first gift.
Iago. I know not that: but such a handkerchief—
I am sure it was your wife's—did I to-day
See Cassio wipe his beard with.
Oth. If it be that,—
Iago. If it be that, or any that was hers,
It speaks against her with the other proofs.
Oth. O, that the slave had forty thousand lives!
One is too poor, too weak for my revenge.
Now do I see 'tis true. Look here, Iago;
All my fond love thus do I blow to heaven:
'Tis gone.
Arise, black vengeance, from thy hollow cell!

435. *"Spotted"*; embroidered.—C. H. H.

440. *"any that was hers"*; Malone's emendation; Qq., *"any, it was hers"*; F. 1, *"any, it was hers"*; Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"any, if't was hers"*; Anon. conj. *"any 'it' was hers."*—I. G.

447. *"thy hollow cell"*; so Qq.; Ff. read *"the hollow hell"*; Warburton, *"th' unhallow'd cell."*—I. G.

Yield up, O love, thy crown and hearted throne
To tyrannous hate! Swell, bosom, with thy fraught,
For 'tis of aspics' tongues!

Iago. Yet be content.

Oth. O, blood, blood, blood!

Iago. Patience, I say; your mind perhaps may change.

Oth. Never, Iago. Like to the Pontic sea,
Whose icy current and compulsive course
Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on
To the Propontic and the Hellespont;
Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace,
Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,
Till that a capable and wide revenge
Swallow them up. Now, by yond marble heaven,
In the due reverence of a sacred vow [*Kneels.*
I here engage my words.

Iago. Do not rise yet. [*Kneels.*
Witness, you ever-burning lights above,
You elements that clip us round about,
Witness that here Iago doth give up
The execution of his wit, hands, heart,
To wronged Othello's service! Let him command,
And to obey shall be in me remorse,
What bloody business ever. [*They arise.*

456. Steevens compares the following passage in Holland's *Pliny:* —"And the sea Pontus ever more floweth and runneth out from Propontes, but the sea never retireth back again within Pontus."—I. G.

469. *"business ever";* Qq., *"worke so euer";* Collier, *"work soe'er,"* &c.—I. G.

Oth. I greet thy love,
Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance bounteous,
And will upon the instant put thee to 't:
Within these three days let me hear thee say
That Cassio 's not alive.
Iago. My friend is dead; 'tis done at your request:
But let her live.
Oth. Damn her, lewd minx! O, damn her!
Come, go with me apart; I will withdraw,
To furnish me with some swift means of death
For the fair devil. Now art thou my lieutenant.
Iago. I am your own for ever. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV

Before the castle.

Enter Desdemona, Emilia, and Clown.

Des. Do you know, sirrah, where Lieutenant Cassio lies?
Clo. I dare not say he lies any where.
Des. Why, man?
Clo. He 's a soldier; and for one to say a soldier lies, is stabbing.
Des. Go to: where lodges he?
Clo. To tell you where he lodges, is to tell you where I lie.
Des. Can any thing be made of this?
Clo. I know not where he lodges; and for me to

devise a lodging, and say he lies here or he lies there, were to lie in mine own throat.

Des. Can you inquire him out and be edified by report?

Clo. I will catechize the world for him; that is, make questions and by them answer.

Des. Seek him, bid him come hither: tell him I have moved my lord on his behalf and hope all will be well.

Clo. To do this is within the compass of man's wit, and therefore I will attempt the doing it.[*Exit.*

Des. Where should I lose that handkerchief, Emilia?

Emil. I know not, madam.

Des. Believe me, I had rather have lost my purse Full of crusadoes: and, but my noble Moor

17. *"by them answer";* that is, and by them, *when answered,* form my own answer to you. The quaintness of the answer is in character. —H. N. H.

24. *"I know not";* objection has been made to the conduct of Emilia in this scene, as inconsistent with the spirit she afterwards shows. We can discover no such inconsistency. Want of principle and strength of attachment are often thus seen united. Emilia loves her mistress deeply; but she has no *moral* repugnance to theft and falsehood, apprehends no *fatal* consequences from the Moor's passion, and has no soul to conceive the agony her mistress must suffer by the charge of infidelity; and it is but natural, that when the result comes she should be the more spirited for the very remembrance of her own guilty part in the process. It is the seeing of the end, that rouses such people, and rouses them all the more that themselves have served as means. "Emilia," says Mrs. Jameson, "is a perfect portrait from common life, a masterpiece in the Flemish style: and, though not necessary as a contrast, it cannot be but that the thorough vulgarity, the loose principles of this plebeian woman, united to a high spirit, energetic feeling, strong sense, and low cunning, serve to place in brighter relief the exquisite refinement, the moral grace, the unblemished truth, and the soft submission of Desdemona."—H. N. H.

Is true of mind and made of no such baseness
As jealous creatures are, it were enough
To put him to ill thinking.
Emil. Is he not jealous? 29
Des. Who, he? I think the sun where he was born
Drew all such humors from him.
Emil. Look, where he comes.
Des. I will not leave him now till Cassio
Be call'd to him.

Enter Othello.

How is 't with you, my lord?
Oth. Well, my good lady. [*Aside*] O, hardness to dissemble!
How do you, Desdemona?
Des. Well, my good lord.
Oth. Give me your hand: this hand is moist, my lady.
Des. It yet has felt no age nor known no sorrow.
Oth. This argues fruitfulness and liberal heart:
Hot, hot, and moist: this hand of yours requires
A sequester from liberty, fasting and prayer,
Much castigation, exercise devout; 41
For here 's a young and sweating devil here,
That commonly rebels. 'Tis a good hand,
A frank one.
Des. You may, indeed, say so;
For 'twas that hand that gave away my heart.
Oth. A liberal hand: the hearts of old gave hands;
But our new heraldry is hands, not hearts.

47. "*our new heraldy*," (*vide* PREFACE).—I. G.

Des. I cannot speak of this. Come now, your promise.
Oth. What promise, chuck?
Des. I have sent to bid Cassio come speak with you.
Oth. I have a salt and sorry rheum offends me; 51
Lend me thy handkerchief.
Des. Here, my lord.
Oth. That which I gave you.
Des. I have it not about me.
Oth. Not?
Des. No, indeed, my lord.
Oth. That 's a fault.
That handkerchief
Did an Egyptian to my mother give;
She was a charmer, and could almost read
The thoughts of people: she told her, while she kept it
'Twould make her amiable and subdue my father
Entirely to her love, but if she lost it 60
Or made a gift of it, my father's eye
Should hold her loathed and his spirits should hunt
After new fancies: she dying gave it me,
And bid me, when my fate would have me wife,
To give it her. I did so: and take heed on 't;
Make it a darling like your precious eye;

56. *"an Egyptian"*; probably a gipsy.—C. H. H.
63. *"fancies"*; loves.—C. H. H.
65. *"her," i. e.* to my wife (implied in *"wive"*).—I. G.
In the last scene of the play, Othello speaks of the handkerchief as "an antique token my father gave my mother." This has been thought an oversight; Steevens regards it as a fresh proof of the

To lose 't or give 't away were such perdition
As nothing else could match.

Des. Is 't possible?

Oth. 'Tis true: there 's magic in a web of it:
A sibyl, that had number'd in the world
The sun to course two hundred compasses,
In her prophetic fury sew'd the work;
The worms were hallow'd that did breed the silk;
And it was dyed in mummy which the skillful
Conserved of maidens' hearts.

Des. Indeed! is 't true?

Oth. Most veritable; therefore look to 't well.

Des. Then would to God that I had never seen' t!

Oth. Ha! wherefore?

Des. Why do you speak so startingly and rash?

Oth. Is 't lost? is 't gone? speak, is it out o' the way?

Des. Heaven bless us!

Oth. Say you?

Des. It is not lost; but what an if it were?

Oth. How!

Des. I say, it is not lost.

Oth. Fetch 't, let me see it.

Poet's art. "The first account," says he, "was purposely ostentatious, in order to alarm his wife the more. When he again mentions it, the truth was sufficient." We must add a remark from Mrs. Jameson: "This handkerchief, in the original story of Cinthio, is merely one of those embroidered handkerchiefs which were as fashionable in Shakespeare's time as in our own; but the minute description of it as 'lavorato alla morisco sottilissimamente,' which in English means nothing more than that the pattern was what we now call *arabesque*, suggested to the poetical fancy of Shakespeare one of the most exquisite and characteristic passages in the whole play. Othello makes poor Desdemona believe that the handkerchief was a talisman."—H. N. H.

Des. Why, so I can, sir, but I will not now.
This is a trick to put me from my suit:
Pray you, let Cassio be received again.
Oth. Fetch me the handkerchief: my mind misgives.
Des. Come, come;
You 'll never meet a more sufficient man.
Oth. The handkerchief!
Des. I pray, talk me of Cassio.
Oth. The handkerchief!
Des. A man that all his time
Hath founded his good fortunes on your love,
Shared dangers with you,—
Oth. The handkerchief!
Des. In sooth, you are to blame.
Oth. Away! [*Exit.*
Emil. Is not this man jealous?
Des. I ne'er saw this before.
Sure there 's some wonder in this handkerchief:
I am most unhappy in the loss of it.
Emil. 'Tis not a year or two shows us a man:
They are all but stomachs and we all but food;
They eat us hungerly, and when they are full
They belch us. Look you, Cassio and my husband.

Enter Cassio and Iago.

Iago. There is no other way; 'tis she must do 't:
And, lo, the happiness! go and importune her.
Des. How now, good Cassio! what 's the news with you?
Cas. Madam, my former suit: I beseech you

That by your virtuous means I may again
Exist, and be a member of his love
Whom I with all the office of my heart
Entirely honor: I would not be delay'd.
If my offense be of such mortal kind,
That nor my service past nor present sorrows
Nor purposed merit in futurity
Can ransom me into his love again,
But to know so must be my benefit;
So shall I clothe me in a forced content
And shut myself up in some other course
To fortune's alms.

Des. Alas, thrice-gentle Cassio!
My advocation is not now in tune;
My lord is not my lord, nor should I know him
Were he in favor as in humor alter'd.
So help me every spirit sanctified,
As I have spoken for you all my best
And stood within the blank of his displeasure
For my free speech! You must awhile be patient:
What I can do I will; and more I will
Than for myself I dare: let that suffice you.

Iago. Is my lord angry?

Emil. He went hence but now,
And certainly in strange unquietness.

Iago. Can he be angry? I have seen the cannon,
When it hath blown his ranks into the air,
And, like the devil, from his very arm

118. *"shut myself up in,"* &c., *i. e.*, "Confine myself to some other course of life, awaiting fortune's charity"; Q. 1, *"shoote my selfe up in"*; Capell, *"shoot myself upon"*; Rann, *"shape myself upon"*; Collier MS., *"shift myself upon."*—I. G.

Puff'd his own brother; and can he be angry?
Something of moment then: I will go meet him:
There 's matter in 't indeed if he be angry.
Des. I prithee, do so. [*Exit Iago.*
Something sure of state,
Either from Venice some unhatch'd practice
Made demonstrable here in Cyprus to him,
Hath puddled his clear spirit; and in such cases
Men's natures wrangle with inferior things,
Though great ones are their object. 'Tis even so;
For let our finger ache, and it indues
Our other healthful members even to that sense
Of pain: nay, we must think men are not gods,
Nor of them look for such observancy
As fits the bridal. Beshrew me much, Emilia,
I was, unhandsome warrior as I am,
Arraigning his unkindness with my soul;
But now I find I had suborn'd the witness,
And he 's indicted falsely.
Emil. Pray heaven it be state-matters, as you think,
And no conception nor no jealous toy
Concerning you.
Des. Alas the day, I never gave him cause!
Emil. But jealous souls will not be answer'd so;
They are not ever jealous for the cause,
But jealous for they are jealous: 'tis a monster
Begot upon itself, born on itself.
Des. Heaven keep that monster from Othello's mind!

148. *"warrior"*; Hanmer *"wrangler"; cp. "O my fair warrior";* (II. i. 184).—I. G.

Emil. Lady, amen.
Des. I will go seek him. Cassio, walk hereabout:
If I do find him fit, I 'll move your suit,
And seek to effect it to my uttermost.
Cas. I humbly thank your ladyship.
[*Exeunt Desdemona and Emilia.*

Enter Bianca.

Bian. Save you, friend Cassio!
Cas. What make you from home?
How is it with you, my most fair Bianca?
I' faith, sweet love, I was coming to your house,
Bian. And I was going to your lodging, Cassio.
What, keep a week away? seven days and nights? 170
Eight score eight hours? and lovers' absent hours,
More tedious than the dial eight score times?
O weary reckoning!
Cas. Pardon me, Bianca,
I have this while with leaden thoughts been press'd;
But I shall in a more continuate time
Strike off this score of absence. Sweet Bianca,
[*Giving her Desdemona's handkerchief.*
Take me this work out.

170. *"seven days and nights";* it would seem, by this, that seven days at least have elapsed since Cassio was cashiered; perhaps much more, as the "leaden thoughts" may have been kept off for some time by the hopes built upon Desdemona's promise of intercession, and brought on again by the unexpected delay. See Act iii. sc. 3. —H. N. H.

Bian. O Cassio, whence came this?
This is some token from a newer friend:
To the felt absence now I feel a cause:
Is 't come to this? Well, well.
Cas. Go to, woman!
Throw your vile guesses in the devil's teeth,
From whence you have them. You are jealous now
That this is from some mistress, some remembrance:
No, by my faith, Bianca.
Bian. Why, whose is it?
Cas. I know not, sweet: I found it in my chamber.
I like the work well: ere it be demanded—
As like enough it will—I 'ld have it copied:
Take it, and do 't; and leave me for this time.
Bian. Leave you! wherefore?
Cas. I do attend here on the general;
And think it no addition, nor my wish,
To have him see me woman'd.
Bian. Why, I pray you?
Cas. Not that I love you not.
Bian. But that you do not love me.
I pray you, bring me on the way a little;
And say if I shall see you soon at night.
Cas 'Tis but a little way that I can bring you;
For I attend here: but I 'll see you soon.
Bian. 'Tis very good; I must be circumstanced.

[*Exeunt.*

201. *"be circumstanced";* submit to circumstances.—C. H. H.

ACT FOURTH

Scene I

Cyprus. Before the castle.

Enter Othello and Iago.

Iago. Will you think so?
Oth. Think so, Iago!
Iago. What,
To kiss in private?
Oth. An unauthorized kiss.
Iago. Or to be naked with her friend in bed
An hour or more, not meaning any harm.
Oth. Naked in bed, Iago, and not mean harm!
It is hypocrisy against the devil:
They that mean virtuously and yet do so,
The devil their virtue tempts and they tempt heaven.

4. *"not meaning any harm";* we must suppose that Iago had been applying cases of false comfort to Othello; as that, though the parties had been even found in bed together, there might be no harm done: it might be only for trial of their virtue; as was reported of the Romish saint, Robert D'Arbrissel, and his nuns (Warburton). —H. N. H.

8. The *"devil tempts their virtue"* by stirring up their passions, and they *tempt heaven* by placing themselves in a situation which makes it scarcely possible to avoid falling by the gratification of them. Perhaps the story of St. Adhelm, related in Bale's *Actes of Englysh Votaries,* is referred to: "This Adhelmus never refused women, but wold have them commonly both at borde and bedde, to mocke the devyll with."—H. N. H.

Iago. So they do nothing, 'tis a venial slip:
But if I give my wife a handkerchief—
Oth. What then?
Iago. Why, then, 'tis hers, my lord; and being hers,
She may, I think, bestow 't on any man.
Oth. She is protectress of her honor too:
May she give that?
Iago. Her honor is an essence that 's not seen;
They have it very oft that have it not:
But for the handkerchief—
Oth. By heaven, I would most gladly have forgot it:
Thou said'st—O, it comes o'er my memory,
As doth the raven o'er the infected house,
Boding to all—he had my handkerchief.
Iago. Aye, what of that?
Oth. That 's not so good now.
Iago. What,
If I had said I had seen him do you wrong?
Or heard him say—as knaves be such abroad,
Who having, by their own importunate suit,
Or voluntary dotage of some mistress,
Convinced or supplied them, cannot choose
But they must blab—
Oth. Hath he said anything?
Iago. He hath, my lord; but be you well assured,
No more than he 'll unswear.
Oth. What hath he said?
Iago. Faith, that he did—I know not what he did.

28. *"convinced or supplied";* that is, having either *conquered* her reluctance or complied with her wish. The proper meaning of *convince* is *conquer* or *overcome.*—H. N. H.

Oth. What, what? 33
Iago. Lie—
Oth. With her?
Iago. With her, on her; what you will.
Oth. Lie with her! lie on her!—We say lie on her, when they belie her.—Lie with her! 'Zounds, that 's fulsome! Handkerchief—confessions—handkerchief!—To confess, and be hanged for his labor; first, to be hanged, and then to confess. I tremble at 40 it. Nature would not invest herself in such

41. *"Nature would not invest";* this passage has called forth a large fund of critical ingenuity. Dr. Johnson explains it thus: "There has always prevailed in the world an opinion, that when any great calamity happens at a distance, notice is given of it to the sufferer by some dejection or perturbation of mind, of which he discovers no external cause. This is ascribed to that general communication of one part of the universe with another, which is called sympathy and antipathy; or to the secret monition, *instruction,* and influence of a superior Being, which superintends the order of nature and of life. Othello says, 'Nature would not invest herself in such shadowing passion, without some *instruction:* It is not words that shake me thus.' This passion, which spreads its clouds over me, is the effect of some agency more than the operation of words: it is one of those notices which men have of unseen calamities."—The explanation given by Sir Joshua Reynolds is, that Othello does not here refer to any feelings of his own, but to the story of Cassio's dream, which Iago has fabricated and told him; and of which Othello has already said, "But this denoted a *foregone conclusion";* meaning, of course, that Cassio's dream was but an involuntary remembrance and repetition of what he had *actually done* before. So that the sense may be given something thus: "Nature would not in Cassio clothe herself in such shadowing passion, or would not give out such *adumbrations of passion,* without *some former experience,* or the *instruction* of some *foregoing fact.*"—Either of these explanations may be right, and it is not easy to choose between them; though we rather incline to the latter: for, as Sir Joshua says, "Othello, in broken sentences and single words, all of which have a reference to the cause of his jealousy, shows that *all the proofs are present at once to his mind,* which so overpower it that he falls into a trance,—the natural consequence.—H. N. H.

shadowing passion without some instruction.
It is not words that shakes me thus. Pish!
Noses, ears and lips. Is 't possible?—Confess?—Handkerchief?—O devil!
[*Falls in a trance.*

Iago. Work on,
My medicine, work! Thus credulous fools are caught:
And many worthy and chaste dames even thus,
All guiltless, meet reproach. What, ho! my lord!
My lord, I say! Othello!

Enter Cassio.

How now, Cassio!

Cas. What 's the matter?
Iago. My lord is fall'n into an epilepsy:
This is his second fit; he had one yesterday.
Cas. Rub him about the temples.
Iago. No, forbear;
The lethargy must have his quiet course:
If not, he foams at mouth, and by and by
Breaks out to savage madness. Look, he stirs:
Do you withdraw yourself a little while,
He will recover straight: when he is gone,

45. *"O devil!";* "The starts," says Warburton, "and broken reflections in this speech have something in them very terrible, and show the mind of the speaker to be in inexpressible agonies."—The trance is thus justified by Sir Joshua Reynolds: "When many confused and very interesting ideas pour in upon the mind all at once, and with such rapidity that it has not time to shape or digest them, if it does not relieve itself by tears, (which we know it often does, whether for joy or grief,) it produces stupefaction and fainting." —H. N. H.

I would on great occasion speak with you.
[*Exit Cassio.*
How is it, general? have you not hurt your head?
Oth. Dost thou mock me?
Iago. I mock you! no, by heaven.
Would you would bear your fortune like a man!
Oth. A horned man 's a monster and a beast.
Iago. There 's many a beast then in a populous city,
And many a civil monster.
Oth. Did he confess it?
Iago. Good sir, be a man;
Think every bearded fellow that 's but yoked
May draw with you: there 's millions now alive
That nightly lie in those unproper beds
Which they dare swear peculiar: your case is better.
O, 'tis the spite of hell, the fiend's arch-mock,
To lip a wanton in a secure couch,
And to suppose her chaste! No, let me know;
And knowing what I am, I know what she shall be.
Oth. O, thou art wise; 'tis certain.
Iago. Stand you awhile apart;
Confine yourself but in a patient list.
Whilst you were here o'erwhelmed with your grief—
A passion most unsuiting such a man—
Cassio came hither: I shifted him away,
And laid good 'scuse upon your ecstasy;

70. *"unproper beds";* that is, beds *not their own,* not peculiar, *common.*—H. N. H.

78. *"here o'erwhelmed";* Q. 1, *"here ere while, mad."*—I. G.

Bade him anon return and here speak with me;
The which he promised. Do but encave yourself,
And mark the fleers, the gibes and notable scorns,
That dwell in every region of his face;
For I will make him tell the tale anew,
Where, how, how oft, how long ago and when
He hath and is again to cope your wife:
I say, but mark his gesture. Marry, patience;
Or I shall say you are all in all in spleen,
And nothing of a man.

Oth. Dost thou hear, Iago?
I will be found most cunning in my patience;
But—dost thou hear?—most bloody.

Iago. That 's not amiss;
But yet keep time in all. Will you withdraw?
[*Othello retires.*
Now will I question Cassio of Bianca,
A housewife that by selling her desires
Buys herself bread and clothes: it is a creature
That dotes on Cassio; as 'tis the strumpet's plague
To beguile many and be beguiled by one.
He, when he hears of her, cannot refrain
From the excess of laughter. Here he comes.

Re-enter Cassio.

As he shall smile, Othello shall go mad;
And his unbookish jealousy must construe
Poor Cassio's smiles, gestures and light behavior,

Quite in the wrong. How do you now, lieutenant?

Cas. The worser that you give me the addition
Whose want even kills me.

Iago. Ply Desdemona well, and you are sure on 't.
Now, if this suit lay in Bianca's power,
How quickly should you speed!

Cas. Alas, poor caitiff! 110

Oth. Look, how he laughs already!

Iago. I never knew a woman love man so.

Cas. Alas, poor rogue! I think, i' faith, she loves me.

Oth. Now he denies it faintly and laughs it out.

Iago. Do you hear, Cassio?

Oth. Now he importunes him
To tell it o'er: go to; well said, well said.

Iago. She gives it out that you shall marry her:
Do you intend it?

Cas. Ha, ha, ha! 119

Oth. Do you triumph, Roman? do you triumph?

Cas. I marry her! what, a customer! I prithee, bear some charity to my wit; do not think it so unwholesome. Ha, ha, ha!

Oth. So, so, so, so: they laugh that win.

Iago. Faith, the cry goes that you shall marry her.

Cas. Prithee, say true.

Iago. I am a very villain else.

Oth. Have you scored me? Well.

106. *"addition"*; title.—C. H. H.

121. (*"What, a customer!"*); ii. 73–76; iii. 60–63, 87–104; omitted in Q. 1.—I. G.

Cas. This is the monkey's own giving out: she is persuaded I will marry her, out of her own love and flattery, not out of my promise.

Oth. Iago beckons me; now he begins the story.

Cas. She was here even now: she haunts me in every place. I was the other day talking on the sea-bank with certain Venetians; and thither comes the bauble, and, by this hand, she falls me thus about my neck—

Oth. Crying 'O dear Cassio!' as it were: his gesture imports it.

Cas. So hangs and lolls and weeps upon me; so hales and pulls me: ha, ha, ha!

Oth. Now he tells how she plucked him to my chamber. O, I see that nose of yours, but not that dog I shall throw it to.

Cas. Well, I must leave her company.

Iago. Before me! look, where she comes.

Cas. 'Tis such another fitchew! marry, a perfumed one.

Enter Bianca.

What do you mean by this haunting of me?

Bian. Let the devil and his dam haunt you! What did you mean by that same handkerchief you gave me even now! I was a fine fool to take it. I must take out the work? A likely piece of work, that you should find

137–142. *"and, by this hand, she falls me"*; so Collier; Q. 1, reads *"by this hand she fals"*; Ff., *"and falls me"*; Qq. 2, 3, *"fals me."*—I. G.

it in your chamber, and not know who left it there! This is some minx's token, and I must take out the work? There; give it your hobby-horse: wheresoever you had it, I 'll take out no work on 't.

Cas. How now, my sweet Bianca! how now! how now!

Oth. By heaven, that should be my handkerchief!

Bian. An you 'll come to supper to-night, you may; an you will not, come when you are next prepared for. [*Exit.*

Iago. After her, after her.

Cas. Faith, I must; she 'll rail i' the street else.

Iago. Will you sup there?

Cas. Faith, I intend so.

Iago. Well, I may chance to see you; for I would very fain speak with you.

Cas. Prithee, come; will you?

Iago. Go to; say no more. [*Exit Cassio.*

Oth. [*Advancing*] How shall I murder him, Iago?

Iago. Did you perceive how he laughed at his vice?

Oth. O Iago!

Iago. And did you see the handkerchief?

Oth. Was that mine?

Iago. Yours, by this hand: and to see how he prizes the foolish woman your wife! she gave it him, and he hath given it his whore.

Oth. I would have him nine years a-killing.

A fine woman! a fair woman! a sweet woman!

Iago. Nay, you must forget that.

Oth. Aye, let her rot, and perish, and be damned to-night; for she shall not live: no, my heart is turned to stone; I strike it, and it hurts my hand. O, the world hath not a sweeter creature: she might lie by an emperor's side, and command him tasks.

Iago. Nay, that 's not your way.

Oth. Hang her! I do but say what she is: so delicate with her needle: an admirable musician: O, she will sing the savageness out of a bear: of so high and plenteous wit and invention:—

Iago. She 's the worse for all this.

Oth. O, a thousand thousand times: and then, of so gentle a condition!

Iago. Aye, too gentle.

Oth. Nay, that 's certain: but yet the pity of it, Iago! O Iago, the pity of it, Iago!

Iago. If you are so fond over her iniquity, give her patent to offend; for, if it touch not you, it comes near nobody.

Oth. I will chop her into messes: cuckold me!

Iago. O, 'tis foul in her.

Oth. With mine officer!

Iago. That 's fouler.

Oth. Get me some poison, Iago; this night. I 'll not expostulate with her, lest her body and beauty unprovide my mind again: this night, Iago.

Iago. Do it not with poison, strangle her in her bed, even the bed she hath contaminated.
Oth. Good, good: the justice of it pleases: very good.
Iago. And for Cassio, let me be his undertaker: you shall hear more by midnight.
Oth. Excellent good. [*A trumpet within*] What trumpet is that same?
Iago. Something from Venice, sure. 'Tis Lodovico
Come from the duke: and, see, your wife is with him.

Enter Lodovico, Desdemona, and Attendants.

Lod. God save the worthy general!
Oth. With all my heart, sir.
Lod. The duke and senators of Venice greet you.
[*Gives him a letter.*
Oth. I kiss the instrument of their pleasures.
[*Opens the letter, and reads.*
Des. And what 's the news, good cousin Lodovico?
Iago. I am very glad to see you, signior;
Welcome to Cyprus.
Lod. I thank you. How does Lieutenant Cassio?
Iago. Lives, sir.
Des. Cousin, there 's fall'n between him and my lord
An unkind breach: but you shall make all well.
Oth. Are you sure of that?
Des. My lord?
Oth. [*Reads*] 'This fail you not to do, as you will—'

Lod. He did not call; he 's busy in the paper.
Is there division 'twixt my lord and Cassio?
Des. A most unhappy one: I would do much
To atone them, for the love I bear to Cassio.
Oth. Fire and brimstone!
Des. My lord?
Oth. Are you wise?
Des. What, is he angry?
Lod. May be the letter moved him;
For, as I think, they do command him home,
Deputing Cassio in his government.
Des. By my troth, I am glad on 't.
Oth. Indeed!
Des. My lord?
Oth. I am glad to see you mad.
Des. Why, sweet Othello? 250
Oth. Devil! [*Striking her.*
Des. I have not deserved this.
Lod. My Lord, this would not be believed in Venice,
Though I should swear I saw 't: 'tis very much:
Make her amends; she weeps.
Oth. O devil, devil!
If that the earth could teem with woman's tears,

255. *"If that the earth could teem";* "if women's tears could impregnate the earth." By the doctrine of equivocal generation new animals were supposed producible by new combinations of matter. Shakespeare here alludes to the fabulous accounts which make the crocodile the most deceitful of animals. "It is written that he will weep over a man's head when he hath devoured the body, and will then eat up the head too." Wherefore in Latin there is a proverb, "Crocodili lachrymæ, crocodiles teares, to signifie such teares as are feigned, and spent only with intent to deceive or do harm" (*Bullokar's Expositor,* 1616).—H. N. H.

Each drop she falls would prove a crocodile.
Out of my sight!

Des. I will not stay to offend you. [*Going.*

Lod. Truly, an obedient lady:
I do beseech your lordship, call her back.

Oth. Mistress!

Des. My Lord?

Oth. What would you with her, sir?

Lod. Who, I, my lord?

Oth. Aye; you did wish that I would make her turn:
Sir, she can turn and turn, and yet go on,
And turn again; and she can weep, sir, weep;
And she 's obedient, as you say, obedient,
Very obedient. Proceed you in your tears.
Concerning this, sir,—O well-painted passion!—
I am commanded home. Get you away;
I 'll send for you anon. Sir, I obey the mandate,
And will return to Venice. Hence, avaunt! [*Exit Desdemona.*
Cassio shall have my place. And, sir, to-night,
I do entreat that we may sup together:
You are welcome, sir, to Cyprus. Goats and monkeys! [*Exit.*

273. *"Goats and monkeys";* in this exclamation Shakespeare has shown great art. Iago in Act iii. sc. 3, being urged to give some evident proof of the guilt of Cassio and Desdemona, tells the Moor it were impossible to have ocular demonstration of it, though they should be as prime as *goats,* as hot as *monkeys.* These words, we may suppose, still ring in the ears of Othello, who, being now fully convinced of his wife's infidelity, rushes out with this emphatic exclamation.—H. N. H.

Lod. Is this the noble Moor whom our full senate
Call all in all sufficient? This the nature
Whom passion could not shake? whose solid virtue
The shot of accident nor dart of chance
Could neither graze nor pierce?
Iago. He is much changed.
Lod. Are his wits safe? is he not light of brain?
Iago. He 's that he is: I may not breathe my censure
What he might be: if what he might he is not,
I would to heaven he were!
Lod. What, strike his wife.
Iago. Faith, that was not so well; yet would I knew
That stroke would prove the worst!
Lod. Is it his use?
Or did the letters work upon his blood,
And new create this fault?
Iago. Alas, alas!
It is not honesty in me to speak
What I have seen and known. You shall observe him
And his own courses will denote him so
That I may save my speech: do but go after,
And mark how he continues.
Lod. I am sorry that I am deceived in him.

[*Exeunt.*

275. *"This the nature,"* Pope's reading; Qq., *"This the noble nature"*; Ff., *"Is this the nature."*—I. G.

Scene II

A room in the castle.

Enter Othello and Emilia.

Oth. You have seen nothing, then?
Emil. Nor ever heard, nor ever did suspect.
Oth. Yes, you have seen Cassio and she together.
Emil. But then I saw no harm, and then I heard
Each syllable that breath made up between them.
Oth. What, did they never whisper?
Emil. Never, my lord.
Oth. Nor send you out o' the way?
Emil. Never.
Oth. To fetch her fan, her gloves, her mask, nor nothing?
Emil. Never my lord.
Oth. That 's strange.
Emil. I durst, my lord, to wager she is honest,
Lay down my soul at stake: if you think other,
Remove your thought; it doth abuse your bosom.
If any wretch have put this in your head,
Let heaven requite it with the serpent's curse!
For if she be not honest, chaste and true,
There 's no man happy; the purest of their wives
Is foul as slander.
Oth. Bid her come hither: go. [*Exit Emilia.*
She says enough: yet she 's a simple bawd
That cannot say as much. This is a subtle whore,

A closet lock and key of villainous secrets:
And yet she 'll kneel and pray; I have seen her do 't.

Enter Desdemona with Emilia.

Des. My lord, what is your will?
Oth. Pray, chuck, come hither.
Des. What is your pleasure?
Oth. Let me see your eyes;
Look in my face.
Des. What horrible fancy 's this?
Oth. [*To Emilia*] Some of your function, mistress,
Leave procreants alone and shut the door;
Cough, or cry hem, if any body come:
Your mystery, your mystery: nay, dispatch. 30
[*Exit Emilia.*
Des. Upon my knees, what doth your speech import?
I understand a fury in your words,
But not the words.
Oth. Why, what art thou?
Des. Your wife, my lord; your true and loyal wife.
Oth. Come, swear it, damn thyself;
Lest, being like one of heaven, the devils themselves
Should fear to seize thee: therefore be double-damn'd;
Swear thou art honest.
Des. Heaven doth truly know it.
Oth. Heaven truly knows that thou art false as hell.

27. *"Some of your function";* something that belongs to your occupation.—C. H. H.

Des. To whom, my lord? with whom? how am I false?

Oth. O Desdemona! Away! away! away!

Des. Alas the heavy day! Why do you weep?
Am I the motive of these tears, my lord?
If haply you my father do suspect
An instrument of this your calling back,
Lay not your blame on me: if you have lost him,
Why, I have lost him too.

Oth. Had it pleased heaven
To try me with affliction; had they rain'd
All kinds of sores and shames on my bare head,
Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips,
Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes,
I should have found in some place of my soul
A drop of patience: but, alas, to make me
A fixed figure for the time of scorn
To point his slow unmoving finger at!

55. *"unmoving finger";* much has been written upon the passage, and divers changes proposed, such as *"hand* of scorn," and *slowly moving,* most of them originating in a notion that the Poet had some sort of time-piece in his mind. Probably, not to say certainly, no such reference was intended. So that all the progeny of that notion may be set aside. "The time of scorn" means, no doubt, as Knight says, "the *age* of scorn," that is, the whole period during which scorn may be said to live. The "fixed figure" is simply the speaker himself, and not any figure on a dial-plate. As to "slow-unmoving," the sense of it can be better felt than expressed: we can see the sneer darting from the inexorable finger, ever slowly moving *with* the object, never moving *from* it; but we cannot speak it in any words but Shakespeare's, as they stand in the text. The best of all the proposed changes that we have seen, in fact the only one worth entertaining, is Mr. Hunter's, who would transpose *for* and *of,* thus: "A fixed figure *of* the time *for* Scorn to point," &c. We will add Mr. R. G. White's comment on the last line of the passage: "Some have chosen the reading of the folio, on the ground that if the finger

Yet could I bear that too; well, very well:
But there, where I have garner'd up my heart,
Where either I must live or bear no life,
The fountain from the which my current runs,
Or else dries up; to be discarded thence!
Or keep it as a cistern for foul toads
To knot and gender in! Turn thy complexion there,
Patience, thou young and rose-lipp'd cherubin,
Aye, there, look grim as hell!

Des. I hope my noble lord esteems me honest.

Oth. O, aye; as summer flies are in the shambles,
That quicken even with blowing. O thou weed,
Who art so lovely fair and smell'st so sweet
That the sense aches at thee, would thou had'st ne'er been born!

Des. Alas, what ignorant sin have I committed?

Oth. Was this fair paper, this most goodly book,
Made to write 'whore' upon? What committed!
Committed! O thou public commoner!
I should make very forges of my cheeks,
That would to cinders burn up modesty,
Did I but speak thy deeds. What committed!
Heaven stops the nose at it, and the moon winks;
The bawdy wind, that kisses all it meets,

of scorn be 'slow,' it must move, and therefore, 'unmoving' is an incongruous epithet! But surely the finger of scorn is 'unmoving,' because it does not move *from its object,* but points at him fixedly and relentlessly. To say that a thing is 'slow,' and then to *add* that it moves, is certainly worthy only of an idiot."—H. N. H.

78. *"The bawdy wind";* so in *The Merchant of Venice:* "Hugg'd and embraced by the *strumpet wind.*"—H. N. H.

Is hush'd within the hollow mine of earth,
And will not hear it. What committed!
Impudent strumpet!

Des. By heaven, you do me wrong.

Oth. Are not you a strumpet?

Des. No, as I am a Christian:
If to preserve this vessel for my lord
From any other foul unlawful touch
Be not to be a strumpet, I am none.

Oth. What, not a whore?

Des. No, as I shall be saved.

Oth. Is 't possible?

Des. O, heaven forgive us!

Oth. I cry you mercy then:
I took you for that cunning whore of Venice
That married with Othello. [*Raising his voice*]
You, mistress,
That have the office opposite to Saint Peter,
And keep the gate of hell!

Re-enter Emilia.

You, you, aye, you:
We have done our course; there 's money for your pains:
I pray you, turn the key, and keep our counsel.
[*Exit.*

83. *"preserve this vessel";* this expression is from *Sacred Writ:* "To possess his *vessel* in sanctification."—H. N. H.

91. *"office opposite to St. Peter";* that is, the office *opposed* to Saint Peter; alluding, evidently, to "the power of the keys," which was given to the Apostles generally, and especially to Saint Peter as representing them. So that the opposition is between Emilia as keeper of the gate of hell, and Saint Peter as keeper of the gate of heaven. The sense, therefore, requires that the special emphasis, if there be any, should be laid on *opposite.*—H. N. H.

Emil. Alas, what does this gentleman conceive?
How do you, madam? how do you, my good lady?
Des. Faith, half asleep.
Emil. Good madam, what 's the matter with my lord?
Des. With who?
Emil. Why, with my lord, madam.
Des. Who is thy lord?
Emil. He that is yours, sweet lady.
Des. I have none: do not talk to me, Emilia;
I cannot weep, nor answer have I none
But what should go by water. Prithee, to-night
Lay on my bed my wedding sheets: remember;
And call thy husband hither.
Emil. Here 's a change indeed!
[*Exit.*
Des. 'Tis meet I should be used so, very meet.
How have I been behaved, that he might stick
The small'st opinion on my least misuse?

Re-enter Emilia, with Iago.

Iago. What is your pleasure, madam? How is 't with you?
Des. I cannot tell. Those that do teach young babes
Do it with gentle means and easy tasks:
He might have chid me so; for, in good faith,
I am a child to chiding.

109. *"opinion"*; suspicion.—C. H. H.
"least misuse"; Q. 1, *"greatest abuse"*; Collier MS., *"least misdeede."*—I. G.

Iago. What 's the matter, lady?
Emil. Alas, Iago, my lord hath so bewhored her,
Thrown such despite and heavy terms upon her,
As true hearts cannot bear.
Des. Am I that name, Iago?
Iago. What name, fair lady?
Des. Such as she says my lord did say I was.
Emil. He call'd her whore: a beggar in his drink
Could not have laid such terms upon his callet.
Iago. Why did he so?
Des. I do not know: I am sure I am none such.
Iago. Do not weep, do not weep. Alas the day!
Emil. Hath she forsook so many noble matches,
Her father and her country and her friends,
To be call'd whore? would it not make one weep?
Des. It is my wretched fortune.
Iago. Beshrew him for 't!
How comes this trick upon him?
Des. Nay, heaven doth know.
Emil. I will be hang'd, if some eternal villain,
Some busy and insinuating rogue,
Some cogging, cozening slave, to get some office,
Have not devised this slander; I 'll be hang'd else.
Iago. Fie, there is no such man; it is impossible.
Des. If any such there be, heaven pardon him!
Emil. A halter pardon him! and hell gnaw his bones?
Why should he call her whore? who keeps her company?

What place? what time? what form? what likelihood?
The Moor's abused by some most villainous knave,
Some base notorious knave, some scurvy fellow.
O heaven, that such companions thou 'ldst unfold,
And put in every honest hand a whip
To lash the rascals naked through the world
Even from the east to the west!

Iago. Speak within door.

Emil. O, fie upon them! Some such squire he was
That turn'd your wit the seamy side without,
And made you to suspect me with the Moor.

Iago. You are a fool; go to.

Des. O good Iago,
What shall I do to win my lord again?
Good friend, go to him; for, by this light of heaven,
I know not how I lost him. Here I kneel:
If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love
Either in discourse of thought or actual deed,

144. *"Speak within door";* do not clamor so as to be heard beyond the house.—H. N. H.

153. *"discourse of thought"* probably means much the same as "discourse of *reason";* that is, *discursive range* of thought. See *Hamlet,* Act i. sc. 2, note 19.—The phrase, *"discoursing* thoughts," is met with in Sir John Davies' *Epigrams.* Pope changed "discourse *of* thought" to "discourse, *or* thought," which certainly is more in accordance with the solemn and impressive particularity of the speaker's asseveration of innocence. The change has also been approved as referring to the three forms of sin, "by thought, word, and deed," specified in the old catechisms and the eucharistical confession of the Church. Nevertheless, we adhere to the text as it stands in all the old copies.—H. N. H.

Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense,
Delighted them in any other form,
Or that I do not yet, and ever did,
And ever will, though he do shake me off
To beggarly divorcement, love him dearly,
Comfort foreswear me! Unkindness may do much;
And his unkindness may defeat my life,
But never taint my love. I cannot say 'whore':
It doth abhor me now I speak the word;
To do the act that might the addition earn
Not the world's mass of vanity could make me.

Iago. I pray you, be content; 'tis but his humor:
The business of the state does him offense,
And he does chide with you.

Des. If 'twere no other,—

Iago. 'Tis but so, I warrant. [*Trumpets within.*
Hark, how these instruments summon to supper!
The messengers of Venice stay the meat:
Go in, and weep not; all things shall be well.
[*Exeunt Desdemona and Emila.*

Enter Roderigo.

How now, Roderigo.

Rod. I do not find that thou dealest justly with me.

Iago. What in the contrary?

170. *"The messengers of Venice stay the meat";* Knight's reading; F. 1, *"The Messengers of Venice staies the meate";* Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"The Messenger of Venice staies the meate";* Q. 1, *"And the great Messengers of Venice stay";* Qq. 2, 3, *"The meate, great Messengers of Venice stay."*—I. G.

Rod. Every day thou daffest me with some device, Iago; and rather, as it seems to me now, keepest from me all conveniency than suppliest me with the least advantage of hope. I will indeed no longer endure it; nor am I yet persuaded to put up in peace what already I have foolishly suffered.

Iago. Will you hear me, Roderigo?

Rod. Faith, I have heard too much; for your words and performances are no kin together.

Iago. You charge me most unjustly.

Rod. With nought but truth. I have wasted myself out of my means. The jewels you have had from me to deliver to Desdemona would half have corrupted a votarist: you have told me she hath received them and returned me expectations and comforts of sudden respect and acquaintance; but I find none.

Iago. Well; go to; very well.

Rod. Very well! go to! I cannot go to, man; nor 'tis not very well: by this hand, I say 'tis very scurvy, and begin to find myself fopped in it.

Iago. Very well.

Rod. I tell you 'tis not very well. I will make myself known to Desdemona: if she will return me my jewels, I will give over my suit and repent my unlawful solicitation; if not, assure yourself I will seek satisfaction of you.

Iago. You have said now.

Rod. Aye, and said nothing but what I protest intendment of doing.

Iago. Why, now I see there 's mettle in thee; and even from this instant do build on thee a better opinion than ever before. Give me thy hand, Roderigo: thou hast taken against me a most just exception; but yet, I protest, I have dealt most directly in thy affair.

Rod. It hath not appeared.

Iago. I grant indeed it hath not appeared, and your suspicion is not without wit and judgment. But, Roderigo, if thou hast that in thee indeed, which I have greater reason to believe now than ever, I mean purpose, courage and valor, this night show it: if thou the next night following enjoy not Desdemona, take me from this world with treachery and devise engines for my life.

Rod. Well, what is it? is it within reason and compass?

Iago. Sir, there is especial commission come from Venice to depute Cassio in Othello's place.

Rod. Is that true? why then Othello and Desdemona return again to Venice.

Iago. O, no; he goes into Mauritania, and takes

218. *"not without wit and judgment";* Shakespeare knew well that most men like to be flattered on account of those endowments in which they are most deficient. Hence Iago's compliment to this *snipe* on his sagacity and shrewdness (Malone).—H. N. H.

232. *"he goes into Mauritania";* this passage proves, so far as anything said by Iago may be believed, that Othello was not meant to be a Negro, as has been represented, both on the stage and off, but a veritable Moor. His kindred, the Mauritanians,—from whose "men

away with him the fair Desdemona, unless his abode be lingered here by some accident: wherein none can be so determinate as the removing of Cassio.

Rod. How do you mean, removing of him?

Iago. Why, by making him uncapable of Othello's place; knocking out his brains.

Rod. And that you would have me to do?

Iago. Aye, if you dare do yourself a profit and a right. He sups to-night with a harlotry, and thither will I go to him: he knows not yet of his honorable fortune. If you will watch his going thence, which I will fashion to fall out between twelve and one, you may take him at your pleasure: I will be near to second your attempt, and he shall fall between us. Come, stand not amazed at it, but go along with me; I will show you such a necessity in his death that you shall think yourself bound to put it on him. It is now high supper-time, and the night grows to waste: about it.

Rod. I will hear further reason for this.

Iago. And you shall be satisfied. [*Exeunt.*

of royal siege he fetched his life and being," and among whom he was about to retire,—though apt enough to be confounded with the Negroes, were as different from them, externally, as brown is from black; internally, in mind and character, the difference was far greater.—H. N. H.

242. *"he sups with a harlotry";* Shakespeare has the expression, "a peevish self-will'd *harlotry,*" in two other plays.—H. N. H.

Scene III

Another room in the castle.

Enter Othello, Lodovico, Desdemona, Emilia, and Attendants.

Lod. I do beseech you, sir, trouble yourself no further.

Oth. O, pardon me; 'twill do me good to walk.

Lod. Madam, good night; I humbly thank your ladyship.

Des. Your honor is most welcome.

Oth. Will you walk, sir?
O,—Desdemona,—

Des. My lord?

Oth. Get you to bed on the instant; I will be returned forthwith: dismiss your attendant there: look it be done.

Des. I will, my lord.

[*Exeunt Othello, Lodovico, and Attendants.*

Emil. How goes it now? he looks gentler than he did.

Des. He says he will return incontinent:
He hath commanded me to go to bed,
And bade me to dismiss you.

Emil. Dismiss me!

Des. It was his bidding; therefore, good Emilia,
Give me my nightly wearing, and adieu:

11. *"he looks gentler";* one of those side intimations of the fluctuations of passion, which we seldom meet with but in Shakespeare. He has here put into half a line what some authors would have spun out into ten set speeches (Hazlitt).—H. N. H.

We must not now displease him.

Emil. I would you had never seen him!

Des. So would not I: my love doth so approve him,
That even his stubbornness, his checks, his frowns,—
Prithee, unpin me,—have grace and favor in them.

Emil. I have laid those sheets you bade me on the bed.

Des. All 's one. Good faith, how foolish are our minds!
If I do die before thee, prithee, shroud me
In one of those same sheets.

Emil. Come, come, you talk.

Des. My mother had a maid call'd Barbara:
She was in love; and he she loved proved mad
And did forsake her: she had a song of 'willow;'
An old thing 'twas, but it express'd her fortune,
And she died singing it: that song to-night
Will not go from my mind; I have much to do
But to go hang my head all at one side
And sing it like poor Barbara. Prithee, dispatch.

Emil. Shall I go fetch your night-gown?

Des. No, unpin me here.
This Lodovico is a proper man.

Emil. A very handsome man.

23. *"All's one. Good faith"*; Q. 1, *"All's one good faith"*; Qq. 2, 3, *"All's one; good father"*; Ff., *"All's one: good Father."*—I. G.

26. *"Barbara"*; Qq. read *"Barbary"*; F. 1, *"Barbarie."*—I. G.

31. *"I have much to do"*; that is, I have much *ado to do any thing*, but to go, &c. *To-do* was, and still is, often used thus in the sense of *ado*.—H. N. H.

Des. He speaks well.

Emil. I know a lady in Venice would have walked barefoot to Palestine for a touch of his nether lip.

Des. [*Singing*] The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree,
Sing all a green willow;
Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,
Sing willow, willow, willow:
The fresh streams ran by her, and murmur'd her moans;
Sing willow, willow, willow;
Her salt tears fell from her, and soften'd the stones;—

Lay by these:—

[*Singing*] Sing willow, willow, willow;

Prithee, hie thee; he 'll come anon:—

[*Singing*] Sing all a green willow must be my garland.
Let nobody blame him; his scorn I approve,—

Nay, that 's not next. Hark! who is 't that knocks?

Emil. It 's the wind.

41, &c.; the original of Desdemona's song is to be found in Percy's *Reliques* under the title of *"A Lover's Complaint, being forsaken of his Love,"* where the plaintive lover is a man.—I. G.

41. *"sighing"*; Ff., *"singing"*; Q. 3, *"singhing"*; F. 1, (Dev.) *"sining."*—I. G.

Des. [*Singing*] I call'd my love false love; but what said he then?
Sing willow, willow, willow:
If I court moe women, you 'll couch with moe men!

So get thee gone; good night. Mine eyes do itch;
Doth that bode weeping?
Emil. 'Tis neither here nor there.
Des. I have heard it said so. O, these men, these men!
Dost thou in conscience think,—tell me, Emilia,—
That there be women do abuse their husbands
In such gross kind?
Emil. There be some such, no question.
Des. Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the world?
Emil. Why, would not you?
Des. No, by this heavenly light!
Emil. Nor I neither by this heavenly light; I might do 't as well i' the dark.
Des. Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the world?
Emil. The world 's a huge thing: it is a great price
For a small vice.
Des. In troth, I think thou wouldst not.
Emil. In troth, I think I should; and undo 't when I had done. Marry, I would not do such a thing for a joint-ring, nor for measures of lawn. nor for gowns, petticoats, nor

caps, nor any petty exhibition; but, for the whole world,—why, who would not make her husband a cuckold to make him a monarch? I should venture purgatory for 't.

Des. Beshrew me, if I would do such a wrong for the whole world.

Emil. Why, the wrong is but a wrong i' the world; and having the world for your labor, 'tis a wrong in your own world, and you might quickly make it right.

Des. I do not think there is any such woman.

Emil. Yes, a dozen; and as many to the vantage as would store the world they played for.
But I do think it is their husband's faults
If wives do fall: say that they slack their duties
And pour our treasures into foreign laps,
Or else break out in peevish jealousies,
Throwing restraint upon us, or say they strike us,
Or scant our former having in despite,
Why, we have galls, and though we have some grace,
Yet have we some revenge. Let husbands know
Their wives have sense like them: they see and smell
And have their palates both for sweet and sour,
As husbands have. What is it that they do
When they change us for others? Is it sport?
I think it is: and doth affection breed it?
I think it doth: is 't frailty that thus errs?
It is so too: and have not we affections,

Desires for sport, and frailty, as men have?
Then let them use us well: else let them know,
The ills we do, their ills instruct us so.

Des. Good night, good night: heaven me such uses send,
Not to pick bad from bad but by bad mend!

[*Exeunt.*

ACT FIFTH

Scene I

Cyprus. A street.

Enter Iago and Roderigo.

Iago. Here, stand behind this bulk; straight will he come:
Wear thy good rapier bare, and put it home:
Quick, quick; fear nothing; I 'll be at thy elbow:
It makes us, or it mars us; think on that,
And fix most firm thy resolution.

Rod. Be near at hand; I may miscarry in 't.

Iago. Here, at thy hand: be bold, and take thy stand. [*Retires.*

Rod. I have no great devotion to the deed;
And yet he hath given me satisfying reasons:
'Tis but a man gone. Forth, my sword: he dies.

Iago. I have rubb'd this young quat almost to the sense, 11
And he grows angry. Now, whether he kill Cassio,
Or Cassio him, or each do kill the other,
Every way makes my gain: live Roderigo,
He calls me to a restitution large
Of gold and jewels that I bobb'd from him,

As gifts to Desdemona:
It must not be: if Cassio do remain,
He hath a daily beauty in his life
That makes me ugly; and besides, the Moor
May unfold me to him; there stand I in much peril:
No, he must die. Be 't so. I hear him coming.

Enter Cassio.

Rod. I know his gait; 'tis he. Villain, thou diest!
[*Makes a pass at Cassio.*
Cas. That thrust had been mine enemy indeed,
But that my coat is better than thou know'st:
I will make proof of thine.
[*Draws and wounds Roderigo.*
Rod. O, I am slain!
[*Iago from behind wounds Cassio in the leg, and exit.*
Cas. I am maim'd for ever. Help, ho! murder! murder! [*Falls.*

Enter Othello.

Oth. The voice of Cassio: Iago keeps his word.
Rod. O, villain that I am!
Oth. It is even so.
Cas. O, help, ho! light! a surgeon!
Oth. 'Tis he. O brave Iago, honest and just,
That hast such noble sense of thy friend's wrong!
Thou teachest me. Minion, your dear lies dead,
And your unblest fate hies: strumpet, I come!

Forth of my heart those charms, thine eyes, are blotted:
Thy bed lust-stain'd shall with lust's blood be spotted. [*Exit.*

Enter Lodovico and Gratiano.

Cas. What, ho! no watch? no passage? murder! murder!
Gra. 'Tis some mischance; the cry is very direful.
Cas. O, help!
Lod. Hark!
Rod. O wretched villain!
Lod. Two or three groan: it is a heavy night:
These may be counterfeits: let 's think 't unsafe
To come into the cry without more help.
Rod. Nobody come? then shall I bleed to death.
Lod. Hark!

Re-enter Iago, with a light.

Gra. Here 's one comes in his shirt, with light and weapons.
Iago. Who 's there? whose noise is this that cries on murder?
Lod. We do not know.
Iago. Did you hear a cry?
Cas. Here, here! for heaven's sake, help me!
Iago. What 's the matter?
Gra. This is Othello's ancient, as I take it.
Lod. The same indeed; a very valiant fellow.
Iago. What are you here that cry so grievously?

Cas. Iago? O, I am spoil'd, undone by villains!
Give me some help.
Iago. O me, lieutenant! what villains have done this?
Cas. I think that one of them is hereabout,
And cannot make away.
Iago. O treacherous villains?
What are you there? come in and give some help. [*To Lodovico and Gratiano.*
Rod. O, help me here!
Cas. That 's one of them.
Iago. O murderous slave! O villain! [*Stabs Roderigo.*
Rod. O damn'd Iago! O inhuman dog!
Iago. Kill men i' the dark! Where be these bloody thieves?
How silent is this town! Ho! murder! murder!
What may you be? are you of good or evil?
Lod. As you shall prove us, praise us.
Iago. Signior Lodovico?
Lod. He, sir.
Iago. I cry you mercy. Here 's Cassio hurt by villains.
Gra. Cassio!
Iago. How is 't, brother?
Cas. My leg is cut in two.
Iago. Marry, heaven forbid!
Light, gentlemen: I 'll bind it with my shirt.

Enter Bianca.

Bian. What is the matter, ho? who is 't that cried?

Iago. Who is 't that cried!
Bian. O my dear Cassio! my sweet Cassio! O Cassio, Cassio, Cassio!
Iago. O notable strumpet! Cassio, may you suspect
Who they should be that have thus mangled you?
Cas. No.
Gra. I am sorry to find you thus: I have been to seek you.
Iago. Lend me a garter. So. O, for a chair,
To bear him easily hence!
Bian. Alas, he faints! O Cassio, Cassio, Cassio!
Iago. Gentlemen all, I do suspect this trash
To be a party in this injury.
Patience awhile, good Cassio. Come, come;
Lend me a light. Know we this face or no?
Alas, my friend and my dear countryman
Roderigo? no:—yes, sure: O heaven! Roderigo.
Gra. What, of Venice?
Iago. Even he, sir: did you know him?
Gra. Know him! aye.
Iago. Signior Gratiano? I cry you gentle pardon;
These bloody accidents must excuse my manners,
That so neglected you.
Gra. I am glad to see you.
Iago. How do you, Cassio? O, a chair, a chair?
Gra. Roderigo!

82–83; omitted in Q. 1.—I. G.

Iago. He, he, 'tis he. [*A chair brought in.*] O, that 's well said; the chair:
Some good man bear him carefully from hence;
I 'll fetch the general's surgeon. [*To Bianca*]
For you, mistress,
Save you your labor. He that lies slain here, Cassio,
Was my dear friend: what malice was between you?
Cas. None in the world; nor do I know the man.
Iago. [*To Bian.*] What, look you pale? O, bear him out o' the air.
[*Cassio and Roderigo are borne off.*
Stay you, good gentleman. Look you pale, mistress?
Do you perceive the gastness of her eye?
Nay, if you stare, we shall hear more anon.
Behold her well; I pray you, look upon her:
Do you see, gentlemen? nay, guiltiness will speak,
Though tongues were out of use.

Enter Emilia.

Emil. 'Las, what 's the matter? what 's the matter, husband?
Iago. Cassio hath here been set on in the dark
By Roderigo, and fellows that are 'scaped:
He 's almost slain, and Roderigo dead.
Emil. Alas, good gentlemen! alas, good Cassio!

105. *"gentlemen,"* the reading of Ff.; Qq., *"Gentlewoman."*—I. G.
107. *"if you stare"*; so Ff.; Qq. 1, 2, *"an you stirre"*; Q. 3, *"an you stirr"*; Anon. conj. *"if you stay."*—I. G.

Iago. This is the fruit of whoring. Prithee, Emilia,
Go know of Cassio where he supp'd to-night.
What, do you shake at that?
Bian. He supp'd at my house; but I therefore shake not.
Iago. O, did he so? I charge you, go with me. 120
Emil. Fie, fie upon thee, strumpet!
Bian. I am no strumpet; but of life as honest
As you that thus abuse me.
Emil. As I! foh! fie upon thee!
Iago. Kind gentlemen, let 's go see poor Cassio dress'd.
Come, mistress, you must tell 's another tale.
Emilia, run you to the citadel,
And tell my lord and lady what hath happ'd!
Will you go on? I pray. [*Aside*] This is the night
That either makes me or fordoes me quite.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene II

A bedchamber in the castle: Desdemona in bed asleep; a light burning.

Enter Othello.

Oth. It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul:
Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars!

2. *"you chaste stars";* Steevens informs us there is "no classical authority" for *"chaste* stars." Very likely; but then Othello has "authority" as good, perhaps, as "classical," in the supposed *unchastity* of his wife, which is "the cause" of his present purpose, and

It is the cause. Yet I 'll not shed her blood,
Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow
And smooth as monumental alabaster.
Yet she must die, else she 'll betray more men.
Put out the light, and then put out the light:
If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
I can again thy former light restore,
Should I repent me: but once put out thy light,
Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,
I know not where is that Promethean heat
That can thy light relume. When I have pluck'd the rose,
I cannot give it vital growth again,
It must needs wither: I 'll smell it on the tree.
[*Kissing her.*

which the *purity* of the stars withholds him from naming in their presence. No classical authority!—H. N. H.

7. *"Put out the light, and then put out the light"; i. e.* "put out the light, and then put out the light of life." The Cambridge Editors give some dozen variant methods of punctuating and reading the line, but it is perfectly clear as it stands.—I. G.

The present regulation of this passage, by which so much beauty and spirit is added to it, was proposed by Mr. Upton, but it is to be found in Ayres's *Life of Pope;* it may therefore have originated with Warburton, who thus explains it: "The meaning is, I will put out the light, and *then* proceed to the execution of my purpose. But the expression of *putting out the light* bringing to mind the effects of the extinction of the light of life, he breaks short, and questions himself about the effects of this metaphorical extinction, introduced by a repetition of his first words, as much as to say,—But hold, let me first weigh the reflection which this expression naturally excites." Dr. Farmer treats this as a refinement of Warburton's, observing that to *put out the light* was a phrase for *to kill.* "Broken sentences," says Mr. Boswell, "are very much in our Poet's manner, and are surely natural in the perturbed state of Othello's mind. I am unwilling to persuade myself that a regulation of the text which contains so much beauty could be merely the refinement of a critic, and that our great author, in one of his most highly-wrought scenes, instead of it, intended nothing but a cold conceit."—H. N. H.

Ah, balmy breath, that dost almost persuade
Justice to break her sword! One more, one more:
Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
And love thee after: one more, and this the last:
So sweet was ne'er so fatal. I must weep,
But they are cruel tears: this sorrow's heavenly;
It strikes where it doth love. She wakes.

Des. Who 's there? Othello?

Oth. Aye, Desdemona.

Des. Will you come to bed, my lord?

Oth. Have you pray'd to-night, Desdemona?

Des. Aye, my lord.

Oth. If you bethink yourself of any crime
Unreconciled as yet to heaven and grace,
Solicit for it straight.

Des. Alas, my lord, what may you mean by that?

Oth. Well, do it, and be brief; I will walk by:
I would not kill thy unprepared spirit;
No; heaven forfend! I would not kill thy soul.

Des. Talk you of killing?

Oth. Aye, I do.

Des. Then heaven have mercy on me!

Oth. Amen, with all my heart!

Des. If you say so, I hope you will not kill me.

Oth. Hum!

Des. And yet I fear you; for you are fatal then
When your eyes roll so: why I should fear I know not,
Since guiltiness I know not; but yet I feel I fear.

Oth. Think on thy sins.
Des. They are loves I bear to you.
Oth. Aye, and for that thou diest.
Des. That death 's unnatural that kills for loving.
Alas, why gnaw you so your nether lip?
Some bloody passion shakes your very frame:
These are portents; but yet I hope, I hope,
They do not point on me.
Oth. Peace, and be still!
Des. I will so. What 's the matter?
Oth. That handkerchief which I so loved and gave thee
Thou gavest to Cassio.
Des. No, by my life and soul!
Send for the man, and ask him.
Oth. Sweet soul, take heed,
Take heed of perjury; thou art on thy death-bed.
Des. Aye, but not yet to die.
Oth. Yes, presently:
Therefore confess thee freely of thy sin;
For to deny each article with oath
Cannot remove nor choke the strong conception
That I do groan withal. Thou art to die.
Des. Then Lord have mercy on me!
Oth. I say, amen.
Des. And have you mercy too! I never did
Offend you in my life; never loved Cassio
But with such general warranty of heaven
As I might love: I never gave him token.
Oth. By heaven, I saw my handkerchief in 's hand.
O perjured woman! thou dost stone my heart,

And makest me call what I intend to do
A murder, which I thought a sacrifice:
I saw the handkerchief.

Des. He found it then;
I never gave it him: send for him hither;
Let him confess a truth.

Oth. He hath confess'd.

Des. What, my lord?

Oth. That he hath used thee.

Des. How? unlawfully?

Oth. Aye.

Des. He will not say so.

Oth. No, his mouth is stopp'd;
Honest Iago hath ta'en order for 't.

Des. O, my fear interprets! what, is he dead?

Oth. Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge
Had stomach for them all.

Des. Alas, he is betray'd, and I undone!

Oth. Out, strumpet! weep'st thou for him to my face?

Des. O, banish me, my lord, but kill me not!

Oth. Down, strumpet!

Des. Kill me to-morrow; let me live to-night!

Oth. Nay, if you strive,—

Des. But half an hour!

65. *"which I thought a sacrifice";* some editors have managed to stumble at this passage. The language is indeed compressed, but the meaning seems clear enough. Othello goes about the killing of his wife as an act of religion, and he fears lest her perjury may excite his anger, and so corrupt the deed into an act of revenge. This is Johnson's explanation: "Thou *hardenest* my heart, and makest me *kill thee with the rage of a murderer,* when I thought to have *sacrificed thee* to justice with the calmness of a priest striking a victim." —The quarto of 1622 reads, "thou dost stone *thy* heart."—H. N. H.

Oth. Being done, there is no pause.
Des. But while I say one prayer!
Oth. It is too late. [*He stifles her.*
Emil. [*Within*] My lord, my lord! what, ho! my lord, my lord!
Oth. What noise is this? Not dead? not yet quite dead?
I that am cruel am yet merciful;
I would not have thee linger in thy pain:
So, so.
Emil. [*Within*] What, ho! my lord, my lord!
Oth. Who 's there?
Emil. [*Within*] O, good my lord, I would speak a word with you! 90
Oth. Yes: 'tis Emilia. By and by. She 's dead.
'Tis like she comes to speak of Cassio's death.
The noise was here. Ha! no more moving?
Still as the grave. Shall she come in? were 't good?
I think she stirs again. No. What 's best to do?
If she come in, she 'll sure speak to my wife:
My wife! my wife! what wife? I have no wife.

82. *"there is no pause";* omitted in Q. 1.—I. G.

Othello regards the act as *done,* when the conflict between his love and honor is fully over, his resolution finally taken, and his hand raised to strike. To admit any pause in such a case, were but to prolong the suffering of the victim.—H. N. H.

88. *"So, so";* at these words, the Othello of the stage is made to stab Desdemona. There is no such direction in any of the old copies; but still the stage-custom may be right; as, in the agony of the moment, and in his desire "not to have her linger in her pain," Othello's resolution not to shed her blood might be overcome. It seems more natural, too, that Desdemona should speak after being stabbed, than after being smothered to death.—H. N. H.

O, insupportable! O heavy hour!
Methinks it should be now a huge eclipse
Of sun and moon, and that the affrighted globe
Should yawn at alteration.

Emil. [*Within*] I do beseech you
That I may speak with you, O, good my lord!

Oth. I had forgot thee: O, come in, Emilia.
Soft; by and by. Let me the curtains draw.
Where art thou? [*Unlocks the door.*

Enter Emilia.

What 's the matter with thee now?

Emil. O, my good lord, yonder 's foul murders done!

Oth. What, now?

Emil. But now, my lord.

Oth. It is the very error of the moon;
She comes more nearer earth than she was wont
And makes men mad.

Emil. Cassio, my lord, hath kill'd a young Venetian
Call'd Roderigo.

Oth. Roderigo kill'd!
And Cassio kill'd!

Emil. No, Cassio is not kill'd.

Oth. Not Cassio kill'd! then murder 's out of tune,
And sweet revenge grows harsh.

Des. O, falsely, falsely murder'd!

Emil. Alas, what cry is that?

Oth. That! what?

Emil. Out, and alas! that was my lady's voice.
Help! help, ho! help! O lady, speak again!

100. *"yawn"*; as if in bewildered wonder.—C. H. H.

Sweet Desdemona! O sweet mistress, speak!
Des. A guiltless death I die.
Emil. O, who hath done this deed?
Des. Nobody; I myself. Farewell:
Commend me to my kind lord: O, farewell!
[*Dies.*
Oth. Why, how should she be murder'd?
Emil. Alas, who knows?
Oth. You heard her say herself, It was not I.
Emil. She said so: I must needs report the truth.
Oth. She 's like a liar gone to burning hell:
'Twas I that kill'd her.
Emil. O, the more angel she,
And you the blacker devil!
Oth. She turn'd to folly, and she was a whore.
Emil. Thou dost belie her, and thou art a devil.
Oth. She was false as water.
Emil. Thou art rash as fire, to say
That she was false: O, she was heavenly true!
Oth. Cassio did top her; ask thy husband else.
O, I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell,
But that I did proceed upon just grounds
To this extremity. Thy husband knew it all.
Emil. My husband!
Oth. Thy husband.
Emil. That she was false to wedlock?
Oth. Aye, with Cassio. Nay, had she been true,
If heaven would make me such another world
Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,
I 'ld not have sold her for it.
Emil. My husband!
Oth. Aye, 'twas he that told me first:

An honest man he is, and hates the slime
That sticks on filthy deeds.
Emil. My husband!
Oth. What needs this iteration, woman? I say thy husband.
Emil. O mistress, villainy hath made mocks with love!
My husband say that she was false!
Oth. He, woman;
I say thy husband: dost understand the word?
My friend, thy husband, honest, honest Iago.
Emil. If he say so, may his pernicious soul
Rot half a grain a day! he lies to the heart:
She was too fond of her most filthy bargain.
Oth. Ha!
Emil. Do thy worst:
This deed of thine is no more worthy heaven
Than thou wast worthy her.
Oth. Peace, you were best.
Emil. Thou hast not half that power to do me harm
As I have to be hurt. O gull! O dolt!
As ignorant as dirt! thou hast done a deed—
I care not for thy sword; I 'll make thee known,
Though I lost twenty lives. Help! help, ho! help!
The Moor hath kill'd my mistress! Murder! murder!

Enter Montano, Gratiano, Iago, and others.

Mon. What is the matter? How now, general!

151. *"made mocks with love"*; "taken advantage to play upon the weakness of passion" (Johnson).—I. G.

Emil. O, are you come, Iago? you have done well,
That men must lay their murders on your neck.
Gra. What is the matter?
Emil. Disprove this villain, if thou be'st a man:
He says thou toldst him that his wife was false:
I know thou didst not, thou 'rt not such a villain.
Speak, for my heart is full.
Iago. I told him what I thought, and told no more
Than what he found himself was apt and true.
Emil. But did you ever tell him she was false?
Iago. I did.
Emil. You told a lie, an odious, damned lie;
Upon my soul, a lie, a wicked lie!
She false with Cassio! Did you say with Cassio?
Iago. With Cassio, mistress. Go to, charm your tongue.
Emil. I will not charm my tongue; I am bound to speak:
My mistress here lies murder'd in her bed,—
All. O heavens forfend!
Emil. And your reports have set the murder on.
Oth. Nay, stare not, masters: it is true indeed.
Gra. 'Tis a strange truth.
Mon. O monstrous act!
Emil. Villainy, villainy, villainy!
I think upon 't: I think: I smell 't: O villainy!
I thought so then: I 'll kill myself for grief:
O villainy, villainy!

172. *"Disprove this villain";* Capell, *"Disprove it, villain."*—I. G.
185, 193; omitted in Q. 1.—I. G.
192. *"I thought so then";* that is, when she gave Desdemona's handkerchief to Iago: for even *then* Emilia appears to have suspected it was sought after for no honest purpose.—H. N. H.

Iago. What, are you mad? I charge you, get you home.
Emil. Good gentlemen, let me have leave to speak:
'Tis proper I obey him, but not now.
Perchance, Iago, I will ne'er go home.
Oth. O! O! O! [*Falling on the bed.*
Emil. Nay, lay thee down and roar;
For thou hast kill'd the sweetest innocent
That e'er did lift up eye.
Oth. [*Rising*] O, she was foul!
I scarce did know you, uncle: there lies your niece,
Whose breath indeed these hands have newly stopp'd:
I know this act shows horrible and grim.
Gra. Poor Desdemona! I am glad thy father's dead:
Thy match was mortal to him, and pure grief
Shore his old thread in twain: did he live now,
This sight would make him do a desperate turn,
Yea, curse his better angel from his side,
And fall to reprobation.
Oth. 'Tis pitiful; but yet Iago knows
That she with Cassio hath the act of shame
A thousand times committed; Cassio confess'd it:

212. *"thousand times"* is evidently put for an indefinite number, or, as Steevens remarks, "an aggravated term for many times." Still the expression infers a good deal as to the space of time occupied by the play. We have already seen that a considerable period must have elapsed after the arrival in Cyprus before the end of Act iii. Near the close of the third scene in Act iii., the Moor says to Iago,—"Within *these three days* let me hear thee say, that Cassio's not alive." We may presume this period to have elapsed between

And she did gratify his amorous works
With that recognizance and pledge of love
Which I first gave her; I saw it in his hand:
It was a handkerchif, an antique token
My father gave my mother.
Emil. O heaven! O heavenly powers!
Iago. 'Zounds! hold your peace.
Emil. 'Twill out, 'twill out. I peace!
No, I will speak as liberal as the north:
Let heaven and men and devils, let them all,
All, all, cry shame against me, yet I 'll speak.
Iago. Be wise, and get you home.
Emil. I will not.
[*Iago offers to stab Emilia.*
Gra. Fie!
Your sword upon a woman!
Emil. O thou dull Moor! that handkerchief thou speak'st of
I found by fortune and did give my husband;
For often with a solemn earnestness,
More than indeed belong'd to such a trifle,
He begg'd of me to steal it.
Iago. Villainous whore!
Emil. She give it Cassio! no, alas, I found it,
And I did give 't my husband.

Act iii. and Act v. It is not unlikely that Othello may suppose the wickedness between his wife and Cassio to have been in progress before his marriage, when Cassio "came a-wooing with him." This, of course, would greatly aggravate her offense in his eye, by causing the marriage to seem designed on her part but as a cover for her guilty indulgence. The play may be cited as a very remarkable instance of unity of interest making us irrespective of time; for until one goes into a critical scrutinizing of the scenes for that purpose, he never thinks but that the catastrophe occurs on the second night after the landing in Cyprus.—H. N. H.

Iago. Filth, thou liest!
Emil. By heaven, I do not, I do not, gentlemen.
O murderous coxcomb! what should such a fool
Do with so good a wife?
Oth. Are there no stones in heaven
But what serve for the thunder? Precious villain!

[*He runs at Iago: Iago, from behind, stabs Emilia and exit.*

Gra. The woman falls; sure, he hath kill'd his wife.
Emil. Aye, aye: O, lay me by my mistress' side.
Gra. He 's gone, but his wife 's kill'd.
Mon. 'Tis a notorious villain. Take you this weapon,
Which I have here recover'd from the Moor: 240
Come, guard the door without; let him not pass,
But kill him rather. I 'll after that same villain,
For 'tis a damned slave.

[*Exeunt all but Othello and Emilia.*

Oth. I am not valiant neither,
But every puny whipster gets my sword.
But why should honor outlive honesty?
Let it go all.
Emil. What did thy song bode, lady?
Hark, canst thou hear me? I will play the swan,

235. *"no stones in heaven";* that is, *"no bolts* but what serve for the thunder." We have before had "thunder-*stone*" for thunder-*bolt.* See *Cymbeline,* Act iv. sc. *2.*—H. N. H.

239. *"notorious villain";* strictly speaking, Iago was not a *notorious* villain, as his villainy had not been *known.* Probably the meaning is, *worthy* to be notorious. See Act iv. sc. *2.*—H. N. H.

And die in music. [*Singing*] Willow, willow, willow.
Moor, she was chaste; she loved thee, cruel Moor;
So come my soul to bliss, as I speak true;
So speaking as I think, I die, I die. [*Dies.*

Oth. I have another weapon in this chamber;
It is a sword of Spain, the ice-brook'st temper.—
O, here it is. Uncle, I must come forth.

Gra. [*Within*] If thou attempt it, it will cost thee dear:
Thou hast no weapon, and perforce must suffer.

Oth. Look in upon me then, and speak with me,
Or, naked as I am, I will assault thee.

Re-enter Gratiano

Gra. What is the matter?

Oth. Behold, I have a weapon;
A better never did itself sustain
Upon a soldier's thigh: I have seen the day
That with this little arm and this good sword
I have made my way through more impediments
Than twenty times your stop: but, O vain boast!
Who can control his fate? 'tis not so now.
Be not afraid, though you do see me weapon'd;
Here is my journey's end, here is my butt
And very sea-mark of my utmost sail.
Do you go back dismay'd? 'tis a lost fear:
Man but a rush against Othello's breast,
And he retires. Where should Othello go?

266–272; omitted in Q. 1.—I. G.

Now, how dost thou look now? O ill-starr'd wench!
Pale as thy smock! when we shall meet at compt,
This look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven,
And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my girl!
Even like thy chastity. O cursed slave!
Whip me, ye devils,
From the possession of this heavenly sight!
Blow me about in winds! roast me in sulphur!
Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire! 280
O Desdemona! Desdemona! dead!
Oh! Oh! Oh!

Enter Lodovicó, Montano, Cassio carried in a chair, and Officers with Iago, prisoner.

Lod. Where is this rash and most unfortunate man?
Oth. That 's he that was Othello: here I am.
Lod. Where is that viper? bring the villain forth.
Oth. I look down towards his feet; but that 's a fable.
If that thou be'st a devil, I cannot kill thee.
[*Wounds Iago.*
Lod. Wrench his sword from him.
Iago. I bleed, sir, but not kill'd.
Oth. I am not sorry neither: I 'ld have thee live;
For, in my sense, 'tis happiness to die. 290

286. *"I look down towards his feet";* alluding to the devil's *cloven* feet. Othello looks down towards Iago's feet, to see if he has that sign of being a devil, but then concludes that he may be just as much a devil without it.—H. N. H.

Lod. O thou Othello, that wert once so good,
Fall'n in the practice of a damned slave,
What shall be said to thee?
Oth. Why, any thing:
An honorable murderer, if you will;
For nought did I in hate, but all in honor.
Lod. This wretch hath part confess'd his villainy:
Did you and he consent in Cassio's death?
Oth. Aye.
Cas. Dear general, I never gave you cause.
Oth. I do believe it, and I ask your pardon.
Will you, I pray, demand that demi-devil
Why he hath thus ensnared my soul and body?
Iago. Demand me nothing; what you know, you know:
From this time forth I never will speak word.
Lod. What, not to pray?
Gra. Torments will ope your lips.
Oth. Well, thou dost best.
Lod. Sir, you shall understand what hath befall'n,
Which, as I think, you know not. Here is a letter
Found in the pocket of the slain Roderigo,
And here another: the one of them imports
The death of Cassio to be undertook
By Roderigo.
Oth. O villain!
Cas. Most heathenish and most gross!
Lod. Now here 's another discontented paper,
Found in his pocket too; and this, it seems,
Roderigo meant to have sent this damned villain;

But that, belike, Iago in the interim
Came in and satisfied him.
Oth. O the pernicious caitiff!
How came you, Cassio, by that handkerchief
That was my wife's?
Cas. I found it in my chamber:
And he himself confess'd but even now
That there he dropp'd it for a special purpose
Which wrought to his desire.
Oth. O fool! fool! fool!
Cas. There is besides in Roderigo's letter,
How he upbraids Iago, that he made him
Brave me upon the watch; whereon it came
That I was cast: and even but now he spake
After long seeming dead, Iago hurt him,
Iago set him on.
Lod. You must forsake this room, and go with us:
Your power and your command is taken off,
And Cassio rules in Cyprus. For this slave,
If there be any cunning cruelty
That can torment him much and hold him long,
It shall be his. You shall close prisoner rest,
Till that the nature of your fault be known
To the Venetian state. Come, bring away.
Oth. Soft you; a word or two before you go.
I have done the state some service, and they know 't.
No more of that. I pray you, in your letters,
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,

337. *"bring away"*; Qq., *"bring him away"*; Collier MS., *"bring them away."*—I. G.

Nor set down aught in malice: then must you speak
Of one that loved not wisely but too well;
Of one not easily jealous, but, being wrought,
Perplex'd in the extreme; of one whose hand,
Like the base Indian, threw a pearl away
Richer than all his tribe; of one whose subdued eyes,
Albeit unused to the melting mood,
Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees
Their medicinal gum. Set you down this;
And say besides, that in Aleppo once,
Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk
Beat a Venetian and traduced the state,
I took by the throat the circumcised dog
And smote him, thus. [*Stabs himself.*

Lod. O bloody period!

Gra. All that 's spoke is marr'd.

Oth. I kiss'd thee ere I kill'd thee: no way but this,
Killing myself, to die upon a kiss.
[*Falls on the bed, and dies.*

347. *"Indian"*; F. 1, *"Iudean"*; Theobald proposed *"Judian,"* adding, "I am satisfied in his *Judian* he is alluding to Herod, who, in a fit of blind jealosie, threw away such a jewel of a wife as *Mariamne* was to him." This interpretation was Warburton's. "This it is," as Coleridge put it, "for no-poets to comment on the greatest of poets! To make Othello say that he, who had killed his wife, was like Herod who had killed Mariamne!" Boswell aptly quotes from Habington's *Castara*:—

> *"So the unskilful Indian those bright gems*
> *Which might add majesty to diadems,*
> *'Mong the waves scatters."*—I. G.

350. *"Arabian trees"*; the *acacia Arabica.*—C. H. H.

352. *"in Aleppo once"*; it is said to have been immediate death for a Christian to strike a Turk in Aleppo.—H. N. H.

Cas. This did I fear, but thought he had no weapon;
For he was great of heart.

Lod. [*To Iago*] O Spartan dog,
More fell than anguish, hunger, or the sea!
Look on the tragic loading of this bed;
This is thy work: the object poisons sight;
Let it be hid. Gratiano, keep the house,
And seize upon the fortunes of the Moor
For they succeed on you. To you, lord governor,
Remains the censure of this hellish villain,
The time, the place, the torture: O, enforce it!
Myself will straight aboard, and to the state
This heavy act with heavy heart relate.

[*Exeunt.*

GLOSSARY

By Israel Gollancz, M.A.

Abhor; "it doth a. me," it is abhorrent to me; IV. ii. 162.
About, out; I. ii. 46.
Abuse, deceive; I. iii. 407.
Abused, deceived; I. i. 175.
Abuser, corrupter; I. ii. 78.
Achieved, won; II. i. 61.
Acknown on't, confess any knowledge of it; III. iii. 319.
Act, action, working; III. iii. 328.
Action, accusation; I. iii. 70.
Addiction, inclination; II. ii. 7.
Addition, honor; III. iv. 191.
Advantage; "in the best a.", at the most favorable opportunity; I. iii. 299.
Advised, careful; I. ii. 55.
Advocation, advocacy; III. iv. 120.
Affined, bound by any tie; I. i. 39.
Affinity, connections; III. i. 49.
Agnize, confess with pride; I. iii. 233.
Aim, conjecture; I. iii. 6.
All in all, wholly, altogether; IV. i. 90.
Allowance; "and your a.," and has your permission; I. i. 129.
Allowed, acknowledged; I. iii. 225.
All's one, very well; IV. iii. 23.
Almain, German; II. iii. 87.
Ancient, ensign; (F. 1, *"Auntient"*); I. i. 33.
Anthropophagi, cannibals; (Qq., *"Anthropophagie"*; F. 1, *"Antropophague"*); I. iii. 144.
Antres, caverns; I. iii. 140.
Apart, aside; II. iii. 400.
Approve, prove, justify; II. iii. 65.
——, love, adore; IV. iii. 19.
Approved, proved to have been involved; II. iii. 214.
Apt, natural; II. i. 304.
Arraigning, accusing; III. iv. 149.
Arrivance, arrival; (Ff., *"Arrivancy"* or *"Arrivancie"*); II. i. 42.
As, as if; III. iii. 77.
Aspics, venomous snakes; III. iii. 450.
Assay, a test; I. iii. 18.
Assay, try; II. i. 121.
Assure thee, be assured; III. iii. 20.
At, on; I. ii. 42.
Atone, reconcile; IV. i. 244.
Attach, arrest; I. ii. 77.
Attend, await; III. iii. 281.

Bauble, fool, (used contemptuously); IV. i. 139.
Bear, the Constellation so called; II. i. 14.
Bear out, get the better of; II. i. 19.
Beer; "small beer," small accounts, trifles; II. i. 163.

Be-lee'd, placed on the lee; (Q. 1, *"be led"*); I. i. 30.
Beshrew me, a mild asseveration; III. iv. 147.
Besort, what is becoming; I. iii. 240.
Best; "were b.", had better; I. ii. 30.
Bestow, place; III. i. 57.
Betimes, early; I. iii. 389.
Bid "good morrow," alluding to the custom of friends bidding *good morrow* by serenading a newly married couple on the morning after their marriage; III. i. 2.
Birdlime, lime to catch birds; II. i. 127.
Black, opposed to "fair"; III. iii. 263.
Blank, the white mark in the center of the butt, the aim; III. iv. 125.
Blazoning, praising; II. i. 63.
Blood, anger, passion; II. iii. 208.
Blown, empty, puffed out; III. iii. 182.
Bobb'd, got cunningly; V. i. 16.
Boding, foreboding, ominous; IV. i. 22.
Bootless, profitless; I. iii. 209.
Brace, state of defense; (properly, armor to protect the arm); I. iii. 24.
Brave, defy; V. ii. 326.
Bravery, bravado, defiance; I. i. 100.
Bring on the way, accompany; III. iv. 194.
Bulk, the projecting part of a shop on which goods were exposed for sale; V. i. 1.
Butt, goal, limit; V. ii. 267.
By, aside; V. ii. 30.
——, "how you say by," what say you to; I. iii. 17.
By and by, presently; II. iii. 316.
Cable; "give him c.", give him scope; I. ii. 17.
Caitiff, thing, wretch; a term of endearment; IV. i. 110.
Callet, a low woman; IV. ii. 121.
Calm'd, becalmed, kept from motion; I. i. 30.
Canakin, little can; II. iii. 72.
Capable, ample; III. iii. 459.
Carack, large ship, galleon; I. ii. 50.
Caroused, drunk; II. iii. 56.
Carve for, indulge; (Q. 1, *"carve forth"*); II. iii. 176.
Case, matter; (Ff., *"cause"*); III. iii. 4.
Cast, dismissed, degraded from office; V. ii. 327.
Censure, judgment; II. iii. 196.
——, opinion; IV. i. 280.
Certes, certainly; I. i. 16.
Challenge, claim; I. iii. 188.
Chamberers, effeminate men; III. iii. 265.
Chances, events; I. iii. 134.
Charm, make silent, restrain; V. ii. 183.
Charmer, enchantress, sorceress; III. iv. 57.
Cherubin, cherub; IV. ii. 62.
Chidden, chiding, making an incessant noise; II. i. 12.
Chide, quarrel; IV. ii. 167.
Chuck, a term of endearment; III. iv. 49.
Circumscription, restraint; I. ii. 27.
Circumstance, circumlocution; I. i. 13.
——, appurtenances; III. iii. 354.
Circumstanced, give way to circumstances; III. iv. 198.
Civil, civilized; IV. i. 66.
Clean, entirely, altogether; I. iii. 371.
Clime, country; III. iii. 230.
Clip, embrace; III. iii. 464.

Clog, cncumber; (Ff. 1, 2, 3, *"enclogge"*); II. i. 70.
Close, secret; III. iii. 123.
"Close as oak"="close as the grain of oak"; III. iii. 210.
Clyster-pipes, tubes used for injection; II. i. 181.
Coat, coat of mail; V. i. 25.
Cogging, deceiving by lying; IV. ii. 132.
Collied, blackened, darkened; II. iii. 209.
Coloquintida, colocynth, or bitter apple; I. iii. 359.
Commoner, harlot; IV. ii. 72.
Companions, fellows; (used contemptuously); IV. ii. 141.
Compasses, annual circuits; III. iv. 71.
Compliment extern, external show; I. i. 63.
Composition, consistency; I. iii. 1.
Compt, reckoning, day of reckoning; V. ii. 273.
Conceit, idea; thought; (Q. 1, *"counsell"*); III. iii. 115.
Conceits, conceives, judges; III. iii. 149.
Condition, temper, disposition; II. i. 262.
Confine, limit; I. ii. 27.
Conjunctive, closely united; (Q. 1, *"communicatiue"*; Q. 2, *"conjectiue"*); I. iii. 380.
Conjured, charmed by incantations; I. iii. 105.
Conscionable, conscientious; II. i. 248.
Consent in, plan together; V. ii. 297.
Consequence, that which follows or results; II. iii. 65.
Conserved, preserved; (Q. 1, *"conserues"*; Q. 2, *"concerue"*); III. iv. 75.
Consuls, senators; (Theobald, *"Couns'lers"*; Hanmer, *"counsel"*); I. ii. 43.
Content, joy; II. i. 188.
——, satisfy, reward; III. i. 1.
Content you, be satisfied, be easy; I. i. 41.
Continuate, continual, uninterrupted; (Q. 1, *"conuenient"*); III. iv. 175.
Contrived, plotted, deliberate; I. ii. 3.
Conveniences, comforts; II. i. 240.
Converse, conversation; III. i. 46.
Cope, meet; IV. i. 88.
Corrigible, corrective; I. iii. 330.
Counselor, prater; (Theobald, *"censurer"*); II. i. 167.
Counter-caster, accountant; (used contemptuously); I. i. 31.
Course, proceeding; (Q. 1, *"cause"*); II. i. 284.
——, run; (Q. 1, *"make"*); III. iv. 71.
Court and guard of safety, "very spot and guarding place of safety"; (Theobald, *"court of guard and safety"*); II. iii. 219.
Court of guard, the main guardhouse; II. i. 223.
Courtship, civility, elegance of manners; (Q. 1, *"courtesies"*); II. i. 174.
Coxcomb, fool; V. ii. 233.
Cozening, cheating; IV. ii. 132.
Crack, breach; II. iii. 338.
Creation, nature; II. i. 64.
Cries on, cries out; (Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"cries out"*); V. i. 48.
Critical, censorious; II. i. 120.
Crusadoes, Portuguese gold coins; so called from the cross on

them (worth between six and seven shillings); III. iv. 26.
Cry, pack of hounds; II. iii. 379.
Cunning, knowledge; III. iii. 49.
Curled, having hair formed into ringlets, *hence,* affected, foppish; I. ii. 68.
Customer, harlot; IV. i. 121.

Daffest, dost put off; (Collier, *"daff'st"*; Qq., *"doffst"*; F. 1, *"dafts"*); IV. ii. 175.
Danger; "hurt to danger," dangerously hurt, wounded; II. iii. 200.
Darlings, favorites; I. ii. 68.
Daws, jack-daws; I. i. 65.
Dear, deeply felt; I. iii. 261.
Dearest, most zealous; I. iii. 85.
Debitor and creditor, "the title of certain ancient treatises on bookkeeping; here used as a nick-name" (Clarke); I. i. 31.
Defeat, destroy; IV. ii. 160.
——, disfigure; I. iii. 348.
Defend, forbid; I. iii. 268.
Delations, accusations; III. iii. 123.
Delighted, delightful; I. iii. 291.
Deliver, say, relate; II. iii. 222.
Demand, ask; V. ii. 301.
Demerits, merits; I. ii. 22.
Demonstrable; "made d.", demonstrated, revealed; III. iv. 139.
Denotement, denoting; II. iii. 329.
Deputing, substituting; IV. i. 248.
Designment, design; II. i. 22.
Desired; "well d.", well loved, a favorite; II. i. 209.
Despite, contempt, aversion; IV. ii. 116.
Determinate, decisive; IV. ii. 235.
Devesting, divesting; II. iii. 184.
Diablo, the Devil; II. iii. 164.
Diet, feed; II. i. 311.
Dilate, relate in detail, at length; I. iii. 153.
Directly, in a direct straightforward way; IV. ii. 215.
Discontented, full of dissatisfaction; V. ii. 314.
Discourse of thought, faculty of thinking, range of thought; IV. ii. 153.
Dislikes, displeases; II. iii. 50.
Displeasure; "your d.", the disfavor you have incurred; III. i. 45.
Disports, sports, pastimes; I. iii. 273.
Dispose, disposition; I. iii. 409.
Disprove, refute; V. ii. 172.
Disputed on, argued, investigated; I. ii. 75.
Distaste, be distasteful; III. iii. 327.
Division, arrangement; I. i. 23.
Do, act; I. iii. 402.
Dotage, affection for; IV. i. 27.
Double, of two-fold influence; I. ii. 14.
Double set, go twice round; II. iii. 138.
Doubt, suspicion; III. iii. 188.
——, fear; III. iii. 19.
Dream, expectation, anticipation; II. iii. 65.

Ecstasy, swoon; IV. i. 81.
Elements, a pure extract, the quintessence; II. iii. 60.
Embay'd, land-locked; II. i. 18.
Encave, hide, conceal; IV. i. 83.
Enchafed, chafed, angry; II. i. 17.
Engage, pledge; III. iii. 462.
Engines, devices, contrivances, (?) instruments of torture; IV. ii. 225.

Engluts, engulfs, swallows up; I. iii. 57.
Enshelter'd, sheltered; II. i. 18.
Ensteep'd, steeped, lying concealed under water; (Q. 1, *"enscerped"*); II. i. 70.
Entertainment, re-engagement in the service; III. iii. 250.
Enwheel, encompass, surround; II. i. 87.
Equinox, counterpart; II. iii. 132.
Erring, wandering; III. iii. 227.
Error, deviation, irregularity; V. ii. 109.
Escape, escapade, wanton freak; I. iii. 197.
Essential, real; II. i. 64.
Estimation, reputation; I. iii. 276.
Eternal, damned (used to express abhorrence); IV. ii. 130.
Ever-fixed, fixed for ever; (Qq., *"ever-fired"*); II. i. 15.
Execute, to wreak anger; II. iii. 231.
Execution, working; III. iii. 466.
Exercise, religious exercise; III. iv. 41.
Exhibition, allowance; I. iii. 239.
Expert, experienced; II. iii. 84.
Expert and approved allowance, acknowledged and proved ability; II. i. 49.
Exsufflicate, inflated, unsubstantial; (Qq., Ff. 1, 2, 3, *"exufflicate"*; F. 4, *"exufflicated"*); III. iii. 182.
Extern, external; I. i. 63.
Extincted, extinct; (Ff. 3, 4, *"extinctest"*; Rowe, *"extinguish'd"*); II. i. 81.
Extravagant, vagrant, wandering; I. i. 138.
Facile, easy; I. iii. 22.
Falls, lets fall; IV. i. 256.
Fantasy, fancy; III. iii. 299.
Fashion, conventional custom; II. i. 211.
Fast, faithfully devoted; I. iii. 374.
Fathom, reach, capacity; I. i. 154.
Favor, countenance, appearance; III. iv. 122.
Fearful, full of fear; I. iii. 12.
Fell, cruel; V. ii. 362.
Filches, pilfers, steals; III. iii. 159.
Filth, used contemptuously; V. ii. 231.
Fineless, without limit, boundless; III. iii. 173.
Fitchew, pole-cat; (used contemptuously); IV. i. 149.
Fits, befits; III. iv. 147.
Fleers, sneers; IV. i. 84.
Flood, sea; I. iii. 135.
Flood-gate, rushing, impetuous; I. iii. 56.
Folly, unchastity; V. ii. 132.
Fond, foolish; I. iii. 321.
Fopped, befooled, duped; IV. ii. 199.
For, because; (Ff., *"when"*); I. iii. 270.
Forbear, spare; I. ii. 10.
Fordoes, destroys; V. i. 129.
Forfend, forbid; V. ii. 32.
Forgot; "are thus f.", have so forgotten yourself; II. iii. 191.
Forms and visages, external show, outward appearance; I. i. 50.
Forth of, forth from, out of; (F. 1, *"For of"*; Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"For off"*); V. i. 35.
Fortitude, strength; I. iii. 222.
Fortune, chance, accident; V. ii. 226.

Framed, moulded, formed; I. iii. 410.
Fraught, freight, burden; III. iii. 449.
Free, innocent, free from guilt; III. iii. 255.
——, liberal; I. iii. 267.
Frights, terrifies; II. iii. 178.
Frize, a kind of coarse woolen stuff; II. i. 127.
From, contrary to; I. i. 133.
Fruitful, generous; II. iii. 355.
Full, perfect; II. i. 36.
Function, exercise of the faculties; II. iii. 362.
Fustian; "discourse f.", talk rubbish; II. iii. 287.

Galls, rancor, bitterness of mind; IV. iii. 94.
Garb, fashion, manner; II. i. 323.
Garner'd, treasured; IV. ii. 57.
Gastness, ghastliness; (Qq. 1, 2, *"ieastures"*; Q. 3, *"jestures"*; Q. 1687, *"gestures"*; Knight, *"ghastness"*); V. i. 106.
Gender, kind, sort; I. iii 328.
Generous, noble; III. iii. 280.
Give away, give up; III. iii. 28.
Government, self-control; III. iii. 256.
Gradation, order of promotion; I. i. 37.
Grange, a solitary farm-house; I. i. 106.
Green, raw, inexperienced; II. i. 258.
Grise, step; I. iii. 200.
Gross in sense, palpable to reason; I. ii. 72.
Guardage, guardianship; I. ii. 70.
Guards, guardians; ("alluding to the star Arctophylax," (Johnson); II. i. 15.
Guinea-hen, a term of contempt for a woman; I. iii. 318.
Gyve, fetter, ensnare; II. i. 173.

Habits, appearances, outward show; I. iii. 108.
Haggard, an untrained wild hawk; III. iii. 260.
Hales, hauls, draws; IV. i. 142.
Haply, perhaps; II. i. 288.
Happ'd, happened, occurred; V. i. 127.
Happiness, good luck; III. iv. 108.
Happy; "in h. time," at the right moment; III. i. 32.
Hard at hand, close at hand; (Qq., *"hand at hand"*); II. i. 275.
Hardness, hardship; I. iii. 235.
Haste-post-haste, very great haste; I. ii. 37.
Have with you, I'll go with you; I. ii. 53.
Having, allowance, (?) "pin-money"; IV. iii. 93.
Hearted, seated in the heart; III. iii. 448.
Heavy, sad; V. ii. 371.
——; "a h. night," a thick cloudy night; V. i. 42.
Heat, urgency; I. ii. 40.
Helm, helmet; I. iii. 274.
Herself, itself; I. iii. 96.
Hie, hasten; IV. iii. 50.
High suppertime, high time for supper; IV. ii. 253.
Hint, subject, theme; I. iii. 142.
Hip; "have on the h.", catch at an advantage, (a term in wrestling); II. i. 322.
Hold, make to linger; V. ii. 334.
Home, to the point; II. i. 168.
Honesty, becoming; IV. i. 288.
Honey, sweetheart; II. i. 209.
Horologe, clock; II. iii. 138.
Housewife, hussy; IV. i. 95.

Hungerly, hungrily; III. iv. 102.
Hurt; "to be h.", to endure being hurt; V. ii. 163.
Hydra, the fabulous monster with many heads; II. iii. 314.

Ice-brook's temper, *i. e.* a sword tempered in the frozen brook; alluding to the ancient Spanish custom of hardening steel by plunging red-hot in the rivulet Salo near Bilbilis; V. ii. 252.
Idle, barren; I. iii. 140.
Idleness, unproductiveness, want of cultivation; I. iii. 329.
Import, importance; III. iii. 316.
Importancy, importance; I. iii. 20.
In, on; I. i. 138.
Inclining, favorably disposed; II. iii. 354.
Incontinent, immediately; IV. iii. 12.
Incontinently, immediately; I. iii. 307.
Index, introduction, prologue; II. i. 270.
Indign, unworthy; I. iii. 275.
Indues, affects, makes sensitive; (Q. 3, *"endures"*; Johnson conj. *"subdues"*); III. iv. 143.
Ingener, inventor (of praises); II. i. 65.
Ingraft, ingrafted; II. iii. 147.
Inhibited, prohibited, forbidden; I. ii. 79.
Injointed them, joined themselves; I. iii. 35.
Injuries; "in your i.", while doing injuries; II. i. 112.
Inordinate, immoderate; II. iii. 317.
Intendment, intention; IV. ii. 209.
Intentively, with unbroken attention; (F. 1, *"instinctiuely"*; Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"distinctively"*; Gould conj. *"connectively"*); I. iii. 155.
Invention, mental activity; IV. i. 200.
Issues, conclusions; III. iii. 219.
Iteration, repetition; V. ii. 150.

Janus, the two-headed Roman God; I. ii. 33.
Jesses, straps of leather or silk, with which hawks were tied by the leg for the falconer to hold her by; III. iii. 261.
Joint-ring, a ring with joints in it, consisting of two halves; a lover's token; IV. iii. 73.
Jump, exactly; II. iii. 401.
——, agree; I. iii. 5.
Just, exact; I. iii. 5.
Justly, truly and faithfully; I. iii. 124.

Keep up, put up, do not draw; I. ii. 59.
Knave, servant; I. i. 45.
Knee-crooking, fawning, obsequious; I. i. 45.
Know of, learn from, find out from; V. i. 117.

Lack, miss; III. iii. 318.
Law-days, court-days; III. iii. 140.
Leagued, connected in friendship; (Qq., Ff., *"league"*); II. iii. 221.
Learn, teach; I. iii. 183.
Learned, intelligent; III. iii. 259.
Leets, days on which courts are held; III. iii. 140.
Levels, is in keeping, is suitable; I. iii. 241.
Liberal, free, wanton; II. i. 167.
Lies, resides; III. iv. 2.

Like, equal; II. i. 16.
Lingered, prolonged; IV. ii. 234.
List, boundary; "patient l.", the bounds of patience; IV. i. 77.
——, inclination; (Ff., Qq. 2, 3, *"leaue"*); II. i. 105.
——, listen to, hear; II. i. 222.
Living, real, valid; III. iii. 409.
Lost, groundless, vain; V. ii. 269.
Lown, lout, stupid, blockhead; II. iii. 97.

Magnifico, a title given to a Venetian grandee; I. ii. 12.
Maidhood, maidenhood; I. i. 174.
Main, sea, ocean; II. i. 3.
Make away, get away; V. i. 58.
Makes, does; I. ii. 49.
Mammering, hesitating; (Ff., Qq. 2, 3, *"mam'ring"*; Q. 1, *"muttering"* (Johnson, *"mummering"*); III. iii. 70.
Man, wield; V. ii. 270.
Manage, set on foot; II. iii. 218.
Mandragora, mandrake, a plant supposed to induce sleep; III. iii. 330.
Mane, crest; II. i. 13.
Manifest, reveal; I. ii. 32.
Marble, (?) everlasting; III. iii. 460.
Mass; "by the mass," an oath; (Ff. 1, 2, 3, *"Introth"*; F. 4, *"In troth,"*); II. iii. 393.
Master, captain; II. i. 214.
May, can; V. i. 78.
Mazzard, head; II. iii. 158.
Me; "whip me," whip; (*me* ethic dative); I. i. 49.
Mean, means; III. i. 39.
Meet, seemly, becoming; I. i. 147.
Mere, utter, absolute; II. ii. 3.
Minion, a spoilt darling; V. i. 33.
Mischance, misfortune; V. i. 38.
Mock, ridicule; I. ii. 69.
Modern, common-place; I. iii. 109.
Moe, more; IV. iii. 57.
Molestation, disturbance; II. i. 16.
Monstrous, (trisyllabic); (Capell, *"monsterous"*); II. iii. 220.
Moons, months; I. iii. 84.
Moorship's, (formed on analogy of worship; Q. 1 reads *"Worship's"*); I. i. 33.
Moraler, moralizer; II. iii. 307.
Mortal, deadly; II. i. 72.
——, fatal; V. ii. 205.
Mortise, "a hole made in timber to receive the tenon of another piece of timber"); II. i. 9.
Moth, "an idle eater"; I. iii. 258.
Motion, impulse, emotion; I. iii. 95.
——, natural impulse; I. ii. 75.
Mountebanks, quacks; I. iii. 61.
Mummy, a preparation used for magical,—as well as medicinal,—purposes, made originally from mummies; III. iv. 74.
Mutualities, familiarities; II. i. 274.
Mystery, trade, craft; IV. ii. 30.

Naked, unarmed; V. ii. 258.
Napkin, handkerchief; III. iii. 287.
Native, natural, real; I. i. 62.
New, fresh; (Qq., *"more"*); I. iii. 205.
Next, nearest; I. iii. 205.
North, north wind; V. ii. 220.
Notorious, notable, egregious; IV. ii. 140.
Nuptial, wedding; (Qq., *"Nuptialls"*); II. ii. 8.

Obscure, abstruse; II. i. 270.

Observancy, homage; III. iv. 146.
Odd-even, probably the interval between twelve o'clock at night and one o'clock in the morning; I. i. 125.
Odds, quarrel; II. iii. 188.
Off, away; V. ii. 331.
Off-capp'd, doffed their caps, saluted; (Qq., *"oft capt"*); I. i. 10.
Offends, hurts, pains; II. iii. 202.
Office, duty; (Q. 1, *"duty"*); III. iv. 110.
Officed, having a special function; I. iii. 272.
Offices, domestic offices, where food and drink were kept; II. ii. 10.
Old, time-honored system; I. i. 37.
On, at; II. iii. 135.
On't, of it; II. i. 30.
Opinion, public opinion, reputation; II. iii. 198.
Opposite, opposed; I. ii. 67.
Other, otherwise; IV. ii. 13.
Ottomites, Ottomans; I. iii. 33.
Out-tongue, bear down; I. ii. 19.
Overt; "o. test," open proofs; I. iii. 107.
Owe, own; I. i. 66.
Owedst, didst own; III. iii. 333.

Paddle, play, toy; II. i. 266.
Pageant, show, pretense; I. iii. 18.
Paragons, excels, surpasses; II. i. 62.
Parcels, parts, portions; I. iii. 154.
Partially, with undue favor; (Qq. *"partiality"*); II. iii. 221.
Parts, gifts; III. iii. 264.
Passage, people passing; V. i. 37.
Passing, surpassingly; I. iii. 160.
Patent, privilege; IV. i. 209.
Patience, (trisyllabic); II. iii. 385.
Peculiar, personal; III. iii. 79.
Peevish, childish, silly; II. iii. 188.
Pegs, "the pins of an instrument on which the strings are fastened"; II. i. 205.
Perdurable, durable, lasting; I. iii. 345.
Period, ending; V. ii. 357.
Pestilence, poison; II. iii. 370.
Pierced, penetrated; I. iii. 219.
Pioners, pioneers, the commonest soldiers, employed for rough, hard work, such as leveling roads, forming mines, etc.; III. iii. 346.
Pleasance, pleasure; (Qq., *"pleasure"*); II. iii. 299.
Pliant, convenient; I. iii. 151.
Plume up, make to triumph; (Q. 1, *"make up"*); I. iii. 405.
Poise, weight; III. iii. 82.
Pontic sea, Euxine or Black Sea; III. iii. 453.
Portance, conduct; I. iii. 139.
Position, positive assertion; III. iii. 234.
Post-post-haste, very great haste; I. iii. 46.
Pottle-deep, to the bottom of the tankard, a measure of two quarts; II. iii. 57.
Practice, plotting; III. iv. 138.
Precious, used ironically; (Qq. 2, 3, *"pernitious"*); V. ii. 235.
Prefer, promote; II. i. 294.
——, show, present; I. iii. 109.
Preferment, promotion; I. i. 36.
Pregnant, probable; II. i. 245.
Presently, immediately; III. i. 38.

Prick'd, incited, spurred; III. iii. 412.
Probal, probable, reasonable; II. iii. 352.
Probation, proof; III. iii. 365.
Profane, coarse, irreverent; II. i. 167.
Profit, profitable lesson; III. iii. 379.
Proof; "made p.", test, make trial; V. i. 26.
Proper, own; I. iii. 69.
——, handsome; I. iii. 404.
Propontic, the Sea of Marmora; III. iii. 456.
Propose, speak; I. i. 25.
Propriety; "from her p.", out of herself; II. iii. 179.
Prosperity, success; II. i. 297.
Prosperous, propitious; I. iii. 246.
Puddled, muddled; III. iv. 140.
Purse, wrinkle, frown; III. iii. 113.
Put on, incite, instigate; II. iii. 365.

Qualification, appeasement; II. i. 290.
Qualified, diluted; II. iii. 42.
Quality; "very q.", *i. e.* very nature; I. iii. 253.
Quarter; "in q.", in peace, friendship; II. iii. 183.
Quat, pistule, pimple (used contemptuously); (Q. 1, *"gnat"*; Theobald, *"knot,"* etc.); V. i. 11.
Question, trial and decision by force of arms; I. iii. 23.
Quests, bodies of searchers; I. ii. 46.
Quicken, receive life; III. iii. 277.
Quillets, quibbles; III. i. 25.
Quirks, shallow conceits; II. i. 63.

Raised up, awakened; II. iii. 250.
Rank, coarse; II. i. 315.
——, lustful (? morbid); III. iii. 232.
Recognizance, token; V. ii. 214.
Reconciliation, restoration to favor; III. iii. 47.
Reference, assignment; (Q. 1, *"reuerence"*; Ff. 3, 4, *"reverence"*; Johnson conj. *"preference"*); I. iii. 239.
Regard, view; II. i. 40.
Region, part; IV. i. 85.
Relume, rekindle; V. ii. 13.
Remorse, pity, compassion; III. iii. 369.
Remove, banish; IV. ii. 14.
Repeals, recalls to favor; II. iii. 371.
Reprobation, perdition, damnation; (Ff., *"Reprobance"*); V. ii. 209.
Reserves, keeps; III. iii. 295.
Respect, notice; IV. ii. 193.
Re-stem, retrace; I. iii. 37.
Revolt, inconstancy; III. iii. 188.
Rich, valuable, precious; II. iii. 198.
Roman (used ironically); IV. i. 120.
Round, straightforward, plain; I. iii. 90.
Rouse, bumper, full measure; II. iii. 67.
Rude, harsh; III. iii. 355.
Ruffian'd, been boisterous, raged; II. i. 7.

Sadly, sorrowfully; II. i. 32.
Safe, sound; IV. i. 279.
Sagittary, a public building in Venice; I. i. 160.
Salt, lustful; II. i. 251.
Sans, without; I. iii. 64.
'Sblood, a corruption of *God's*

blood; an oath (the reading of Q. 1; omitted in others); I. i. 4.

Scant, neglect; I. iii. 269.

'Scapes, escapes; I. iii. 136.

Scattering, random; III. iii. 151.

Scion, slip, off-shoot; (Qq., *"syen"*; Ff. *"Seyen"*); I. iii. 339.

Scored me, "made my reckoning, settled the term of my life" (Johnson, Schmidt), "branded me" (Steevens, Clarke); IV. i. 128.

Scorns, expressions of scorn; IV. i. 84.

Seamy side without, wrong side out; IV. ii. 146.

Sect, cutting, scion; I. iii. 339.

Secure, free from care; IV. i. 73.

Secure me, feel myself secure; I. iii. 10.

Seel, blind (originally a term in falconry); I. iii. 271.

Seeming, appearance, exterior; I. iii. 109.

——, hypocrisy; III. iii. 209.

Segregation, dispersion; II. i. 10.

Self-bounty, "inherent kindness and benevolence"; III. iii. 200.

Self-charity, charity to one's self; II. iii. 205.

Se'nnight's, seven night's, a week's; II. i. 77.

Sense, feeling; (Qq., *"offence"*); II. iii. 272.

——, "to the s.", *i. e.* "to the quick"; V. i. 11.

Sequent, successive; I. ii. 41.

Sequester, sequestration; III. iv. 40.

Sequestration, rupture, divorce; I. iii. 354.

Shore, did cut; V. ii. 206.

Should, could; III. iv. 23.

Shrewd, bad, evil; III. iii. 429.

Shrift, shriving place, confessional; III. iii. 24.

Shut up in, confine to; III. iv. 118.

Sibyl, prophetess; III. iv. 70.

Siege, rank, place; I. ii. 22.

Simpleness, simplicity; I. iii. 248.

Sir; "play the s.", play the fine gentleman; II. i. 178.

Sith, since; (Qq., *"since"*); III. iii. 380.

Skillet, boiler, kettle; I. iii. 274.

Slight, worthless, frivolous; II. iii. 284.

Slipper, slippery; II. i. 252.

Slubber, sully, soil; I. iii. 228.

Snipe, simpleton; (F. 1, *"Snpe"*; F. 2, *"a Swaine"*; Ff. 3, 4, *"a Swain"*); I. iii. 397.

Snorting, snoring; I. i. 90.

Soft, mild, gentle; I. iii. 82.

Soft you, hold; V. ii. 338.

Something, somewhat; II. iii. 202.

Sorry, painful; (Qq., *"sullen"*; Collier MS., *"sudden"*); III. iv. 51.

Spake, said, affirmed; (Q. 3, *"speake"*); V. ii. 327.

Spartan dog, the dogs of Spartan breed were fiercest; V. ii. 361.

Speak i' the nose, "the Neapolitans have a singularly drawling nasal twang in the utterance of their dialect; and Shylock tells of "when the bagpipe sings i' the nose" (Clarke); (Collier MS., *"squeak"*; *etc.*); III. i. 5.

Speak parrot, talk nonsense; II. iii. 286.

Speculative, possessing the power of seeing; I. iii. 272.

Spend, waste, squander; II. iii. 198.

Spleen, choler, anger; IV. i. 90.
Splinter, secure by splints; II. iii. 336.
Squire, fellow; (used contemptuously); IV. ii. 145.
Stand in act, are in action; I. i. 153.
Start, startle, rouse; I. i. 101.
Startingly, abruptly; (Ff. 3, 4, *"staringly"*); III. iv. 79.
Stay, are waiting for; IV. ii. 170.
Stead, benefit, help; I. iii. 347.
Still, often, now and again; I. iii. 147.
Stomach, appetite; V. ii. 75.
Stop; "your s.", the impediment you can place in my way; V. ii. 264.
Stoup, a vessel for holding liquor; II. iii. 31.
Stow'd, bestowed, placed; I. ii. 62.
Straight, straightway; I. i. 139.
Strain, urge, press; III. iii. 250.
Strangeness, estrangement; (Qq. *"strangest"*); III. iii. 12.
Stuff o' the conscience, matter of conscience; I. ii. 2.
Subdued, made subject; I. iii. 252.
Success, that which follows, consequence; III. iii. 222.
Sudden, quick, hasty; II. i. 287.
Sufferance, damage, loss; II. i. 23.
Sufficiency, ability; I. iii. 225.
Sufficient, able; III. iv. 90.
Suggest, tempt; II. iii. 366.
Supersubtle, excessively crafty; (Collier MS., *"super-supple"*); I. iii. 367.
Sweeting, a term of endearment; II. iii. 255.
Swelling, inflated; II. iii. 58.
Sword of Spain; Spanish swords were celebrated for their excellence; V. ii. 253.

Ta'en order, taken measures; V. ii. 72.
Ta'en out, copied; III. iii. 296.
Tainting, disparaging; II. i. 283.
Take out, copy; III. iv. 177.
Tare up at the best, make the best of; I. iii. 173.
Talk, talk nonsense; IV. iii. 25.
Talk me, speak to me; III. iv. 91.
Tells o'er, counts; III. iii. 169.
Theoric, theory; I. i. 24.
Thick-lips; used contemptuously for "Africans"; I. i. 66.
Thin, slight, easily seen through; I. iii. 108.
Thread, thread of life; V. ii. 206.
Thrice-driven, "referring to the selection of the feathers by *driving* with a fan, to separate the light from the heavy" (Johnson); I. iii. 233.
Thrive in, succeed in gaining; I. iii. 125.
Time, life; I. i. 163.
Timorous, full of fear; I. i. 75.
Tire, make tired, weary out; II. i. 65.
Toged, wearing the toga; I. i. 25.
Told, struck, counted; (Ff. 3, 4, *"toll'd"*); II. ii. 12.
Toy, fancy; III. iv. 153.
Toys, trifles; I. iii. 270.
Trash, worthless thing, dross; II. i. 320.
——, keep back, hold in check, (a hunter's term); II. i. 320.
Traverse, march, go on; I. iii. 384.
Trimm'd in, dressed in, wearing; I. i. 50.

Turn, "t. thy complexion," change color; IV. ii. 62.

Unblest, accursed; II. iii. 317.
Unbonneted, without taking off the cap, on equal terms; I. ii. 23.
Unbookish, ignorant; IV. i. 103.
Uncapable, incapable; IV. ii. 238.
Undertaker; "his u.", take charge of him, dispatch him; IV. i. 223.
Unfold, reveal, bring to light; IV. ii. 141.
Unfolding, communication; I. iii. 246.
Unhandsome, unfair; III. iv. 148.
Unhatch'd, undisclosed; III. iv. 138.
Unhoused, homeless, not tied to a household and family; I. ii. 26.
Unlace, degrade; II. iii. 197.
Unperfectness, imperfection; II. iii. 304.
Unprovide, make unprepared; IV. i. 217.
Unsure, uncertain; III. iii. 151.
Unvarnish'd, plain, unadorned; I. iii. 90.
Unwitted, deprived of understanding; II. iii. 185.
Upon, incited by, urged by; I. i. 100.
Use, custom; IV. i. 284.
Uses, manners, habits; (Q. 1, *"vsage"*); IV. iii. 106.

Vantage; "to the v.", over and above; IV. iii. 86.
Vessel, body; IV. ii. 83.
Vesture, garment; II. i. 64.
Violence, bold action; I. iii. 251.
Virtuous, having efficacy, powerful; III. iv. 108.
Voices, votes; I. iii. 262.
Vouch, assert, maintain; I. iii. 103, 106.
——, bear witness; I. iii. 263.
——, testimony; II. i. 150.

Wage, venture, attempt; I. iii. 30.
Watch, watchman; V. i. 37.
Watch him, keep him from sleeping; a term in falconry; III. iii. 23.
Wearing, clothes; IV. iii. 16.
Well said, well done; (Qq., *"well sed"*); II. i. 171.
What, who; I. i. 18.
Wheeling, errant; (Q. 2, *"wheedling"*); I. i. 138.
Whipster, one who whips out his sword; (used contemptuously); V. ii. 244.
White, (used with a play upon *white* and *wight*); II. i. 134.
Wholesome, reasonable; III. i. 49.
Wicker, covered with wickerwork; (Ff. *"Twiggen"*); II. iii. 155.
Wight, person; (applied to both sexes); II. i. 161.
Wind; "let her down the w."; "the falconers always let the hawk fly against the wind; if she flies with the wind behind her she seldom returns. If therefore a hawk was for any reason to be dismissed, she was *let down the wind,* and from that time shifted for herself and *preyed at fortune*" (Johnson); III. iii. 262.
Wind-shaked, wind-shaken; II. i. 13.
With, by; II. i. 34.
Withal, with; I. iii. 93.
With all my heart, used both

as a salutation, and also as a reply to a salutation; IV. i. 228.

WITHIN DOOR; "speak w. d.", *i. e.* "not so loud as to be heard outside the house"; IV. ii. 144.

WOMAN'D, accompanied by a woman; III. iv. 192.

WORSER, worse; I. i. 95.

WRENCH, wrest; (Q. 1, *"Wring"*); V. ii. 288.

WRETCH, a term of endearment; (Theobald, *"wench"*); III. iii. 90.

WROUGHT, worked upon; V. ii. 345.

YERK'D, thrust; I. ii. 5.

YET, as yet, till now; III. iii. 432.

STUDY QUESTIONS

By Anne Throop Craig

GENERAL

1. On what was the tragedy founded? Outline the story.

2. To what period of the poet's development does the workmanship of the play point? With which of his other plays does it take its rank?

3. What are the historical facts of the situation between Venice, Cyprus, and Turkey as existent at the period of the play?

4. How could the play have been cast in four acts? Would it have lost or gained thereby? In the point of dramatic construction, in what way does the first act take the place of a prologue?

ACT I

5. How does Iago show his character in the opening scene? What is the purpose of his relation with Roderigo?

6. What feeling towards Cassio and Othello does Iago betray?

7. How does Roderigo show himself? Why has he sought out Iago?

8. Why do Iago and Roderigo arouse Brabantio?

9. What impression of character does the first action and speech of Othello make upon his entrance? How does he behave towards Brabantio?

10. Why is Othello summoned by the Duke?

11. Why did Brabantio attribute his daughter's affection for Othello to witchcraft?

12. What is the character of Othello's defense before the senators? How does he explain the course of Desdemona's gradual falling in love with him?

13. How does Desdemona speak in the matter and what is the outcome of the situation?

14. Where is Othello obliged to go? What attitude towards Iago does the trust Othello places in him show?

15. What emphasis on Iago's peculiar character does the fact of his youth, place?

16. What is his advice to Roderigo? What is the gist of his final soliloquy?

ACT II

17. What developments of incident and information are assisted by the introduction of the tempest?

18. What is the character of Iago's comment on his wife and on women? What does it betray of his cast of mind?

19. How are the progressions of Iago's schemes marked through this act? What does he tell Roderigo about Cassio?

20. How does he express his recognition of Othello's character? What emphasis does this put on his own villainy?

21. For what important incidents does the merrymaking proclaimed in scene ii give opportunity?

22. How does this scene serve to contrast the characters of Cassio and Iago? What does it show of Cassio?

23. How does Iago mold the incidents to his purposes? What is the outcome? What is the advice of Iago to Cassio?

ACT III

24. How is Emilia made an instrument for the designs of Iago? Is she innocent of the purport of what she is asked to do?

25. How does Iago first stir Othello's suspicion? Trace the steps by which he leads Othello's suspicions.

26. What qualities of Othello are demonstrated by his openness to Iago's villainy?

27. How does Iago maintain a balance between an outward seeming of honesty, and the unceasing pursuit of his villainous ends?

28. What are the points Iago dwells upon as likely to stir up natural causes for suspicion in Othello's mind?

29. What important developments center about the incident of the handkerchief? How does Othello warn Desdemona about it?

30. How does the character of Emilia show itself?

31. What color does Othello's state of mind put upon Desdemona's act in putting him off about the handkerchief?

32. What does Emilia say of her suspicions?

33. Who is Bianca? How does she first enter into the tangle of the web Iago is weaving?

ACT IV

34. Trace the method by which Iago prods Othello's suspicions to their height of agony.

35. What does he do to supply Othello with supposed proof?

36. Where does Iago bring the culmination of his evil counsel to bear upon Othello?

37. What is the first open effect of the working of Iago's machinations, expressed by Othello? What is its effect upon Lodovico? How does Iago at once take advantage of the incident?

38. How does Emilia speak of her mistress to Othello?

39. Describe the passage between Othello and Desdemona in scene ii. Why is it that he is unmoved by her innocent appeals?

40. What construction does he put upon even her words and appearance of innocence?

41. How does Iago account to Desdemona for Othello's actions?

42. How does he lure Roderigo on to the attack upon Cassio?

43. Does Emilia express any foreboding in scene iii?

44. How is a shadowing of evil made to pervade this scene? Specify marked points that convey the impression.

45. How does Emilia's talk serve to show the delicacy of Desdemona's nature and breeding by contrast?

ACT V

46. Describe the incidents of the attack upon Cassio.

47. How does Iago manage to get Roderigo out of the way?

48. What other person does he try to put some blame of the attack upon?

49. Describe the expression of Othello's emotions throughout the scene of his killing of Desdemona. Describe the scene.

50. What does Emilia say to indicate she had some suspicion of her husband's honesty from the first? Does this argue for her dishonesty, or for her dullness concerning the serious import of the incidents? How do her views of life, as she expresses them, explain her part in the intrigues?

51. How does Iago's final behavior serve to incriminate himself?

52. What is the dramatic character of Othello's final passages?

53. What retribution is brought upon Iago?

54. How is Cassio finally cleared?

THE TRAGEDY OF KING LEAR

All the unsigned footnotes in this volume are by the writer of the article to which they are appended. The interpretation of the initials signed to the others is: I. G. = Israel Gollancz, M.A.; H. N. H.= Henry Norman Hudson, A.M.; C. H. H.= C. H. Herford, Litt.D.

PREFACE

By Israel Gollancz, M.A.

THE EARLY EDITIONS

Two quarto editions of *King Lear* appeared in the year 1608, with the following title-pages:—(i) "M. William Shak-speare: | HIS | True Chronicle Historie of the life and | death of King Lear and his three Daughters. | *With the unfortunate life of* Edgar, *ſonne* | and heire to the Earle of Gloster, and his | sullen and assumed humor of | Tom of Bedlam: | *As io was played before the Kings Maieſtie at Whitehall vpon* | *S.* Stephans *night in Chriſtmas Hollidayes.* | By his Maiesties Seruants playing vsually at the Gloabe | on the Bancke-ſide. [Device.] London, | Printed for *Nathaniel Butter*, and are to be sold at his ſhop in *Pauls* | Church-yard at the ſigne of the Pide Bull neere | St. Auſtins Gate, 1608."

(ii) The title of the second quarto is almost identical with that of (i), but the device is different, and there is no allusion to the shop "at the signe of the Pide Bull."

It is now generally accepted that the "Pide Bull" quarto is the first edition of the play, but the question of priority depends on the minutest of bibliographical criteria, and the Cambridge editors were for a long time misled in their chronological order of the quartos; the problem is complicated by the fact that no two of the extant six copies of the first quarto are exactly alike;[1] they differ in having one, two, three, or four, uncorrected sheets. The Second Quarto was evidently printed from a copy of the

[1] Capell's copy; the Duke of Devonshire's; the British Museum's two copies; the Bodleian two copies.

First Quarto, having three uncorrected sheets. A reprint of this edition, with many additional errors, appeared in 1655.

The Folio Edition of the play was derived from an independent manuscript, and the text, from a typographical point of view, is much better than that of the earlier editions; but it is noteworthy that some two hundred and twenty lines found in the quartos are not found in the folio, while about fifty lines in the folio are wanting in the quartos.[1]

Much has been written on the discrepancies between the two versions; among modern investigations perhaps the most important are those (i) Delius and (ii) Koppel; according to (i), "in the quartos we have the play as it was originally performed before King James, and before the audience of the Globe, but sadly marred by misprints, printers' sophistications, and omissions, perhaps due to an imperfect and illegible MS. In the Folio we have a later MS., belonging to the Theater, and more nearly identical with what Shakespeare wrote. The omissions of the Quartos are the blunders of the printers; the omissions of the Folios are the abridgments of the actors;" according to (ii), "it was Shakespeare's own hand that cut out many of the passages both in the Quarto text and the Folio text. . . . . The *original* form was, essentially, that of the Quarto, then followed a *longer* form, *with the additions in the Folio*, as substantially *our modern editions have again restored them;* then the shortest form, as it is preserved for us in the Folio." [2]

[1] To the latter class belong I. ii. 124–131; I. iv. 347–358; III. i. 22–29; III. ii. 80–96; to the former, I. iii. 17–23; I. iv. 155–171, 256–259; II. ii. 150–153; III. vi. 19–60, 110–123; III. vii. 99–108; IV. i. 60–67; IV. ii. 31–50, 53–59, 62–69; IV. iii.; IV. vii. 88–95; V. i. 23–28; V. iii. 54–59, 207–224. *Vide* Prætorius' facsimiles of Q. 1 and Q. 2; Vietor's Parallel Text of Q. 1 and F. 1 (Marburg, 1886), Furness' Variorum, *etc.*

[2] Delius' *Essay* appeared originally in the German Shakespeare Society Year-Book, X.; and was subsequently translated into English, (*New Shak. Soc. Trans.* 1875–6).

It seems probable that the quarto represents a badly printed revised version of the original form of the play, specially prepared by the poet for performance at Court, whereas the folio is the actors' abridged version. It seems hardly possible to determine the question more definitely.

TATE'S VERSION

For more than a century and a half, from the year 1680 until the restoration of Shakespeare's tragedy at Covent Garden in 1838, Tate's perversion of *Lear* held the stage,[1] delighting audiences with "the Circumstances of Lear's Restoration, and the virtuous Edgar's Alliance with the amiable Cordelia." It was to this acting-edition that Lamb referred in his famous criticism, "Tate has put his hook into the nostrils of this leviathan for Garrick and his followers," *etc.* Garrick, Kemble, Kean, and other great actors were quite content with this travesty, but "the Lear of Shakespeare cannot be acted."

DATE OF COMPOSITION

The play of *King Lear* may safely be assigned to the year 1605:—(i) According to an entry in the Stationers' Register, dated November 26, 1607, it was "played before the King's Majesty at Whitehall upon S. Stephens' night at Christmas last," *i. e.*, on December 26, 1606; (ii) the names of Edgar's devils, and many of the allusions in Act III, sc. iv, were evidently derived from Harsnett's *Declaration of egregrious Popish Impostures*, which was first published in 1603; (iii) the substitution of "*British man*" for "*Englishman*" in the famous nursery-rhyme (Act III, sc. iv, 192) seems to point to a time subsequent to the Union of England and Scotland under

Dr. Koppel's investigations are to be found in his *Text-Kritische Studien über Richard III. u. King Lear* (Dresden, 1877). A *resumé* of the various theories is given in Furness' edition, pp. 359–373.

1 *Vide Furness,* pp. 467–478.

James I; the poet Daniel in a congratulatory address to the King (printed in 1603) wrote thus:—

"O thou mightie state,
Now thou art all *Great Britain,* and no more,
No *Scot,* no *English* now, nor no debate";[1]

(iv) the allusions to the "late eclipses" (Act I, sc. ii, 117, 158, 164) have been most plausibly referred to the great eclipse of the sun, which took place in October, 1605, and this supposition is borne out by the fact that John Harvey's *Discoursive Probleme concerning Prophesies,* printed in 1588, actually contains a striking prediction thereof (hence the point of Edmund's comment, "*I am thinking of a prediction I read this other day,*" *etc.*); perhaps, too, there is a reference to the Gunpowder Plot in Gloucester's words, "*machinations,* hollowness, treachery, and all ruinous disorders follow us disquietly to our graves."

THE SOURCES OF THE PLOT

The story of "Leir, the son of Balderd, ruler over the Britaynes, in the year of the world 3105, at what time Joas reigned as yet in Juda," was among the best-known stories of British history. Its origin must be sought for in the dim world of Celtic legend, or in the more remote realm of simple nature-myths,[2] but its place in literature dates from Geoffrey of Monmouth's Latin history of the Britons, *Historia Britonum,* composed about 1130, based in all probability on an earlier work connected with the famous name of Nennius, though Geoffrey alleges his chief authority was "an ancient British book." To the *Historia Britonum* we owe the stories of Leir, Gorboduc, Locrine; there, too, we find rich treasures of Arthurian romance.

[1] It is noteworthy that in Act IV. scene vi. 260 the Folio reads *"English,"* where the Quartos have *"British."*

[2] According to some Celtic folk-lorists, "Lir"= Neptune; the two cruel daughters = the rough Winds; Cordelia = the gentle Zephyr. I know no better commentary on the tempestuous character of the play; Shakespeare has unconsciously divined the germ of the myth.

Welsh, French, and English histories of Britain were derived, directly or indirectly, from this Latin history. The first to tell these tales in English verse was Layamon, son of Leovenath, priest of the Arley Regis, in Worcestershire, on the right bank of the Severn, who flourished at the beginning of the thirteenth century, and whose English *Brut* was based on Wace's French *Geste des Bretons*—a versified translation of Geoffrey's history. At the end of the century the story figures again in Robert of Gloucester's *Metrical Chronicle;* in the fourteenth century Robert of Brunne, in the fifteenth John Hardyng, re-told in verse these ancient British stories. In the sixteenth century we have Warner's *Albion's England*—the popular metrical history of the period; we have also the prose chronicles of Fabyan, Rastell, Grafton, and over and above all, Holinshed's famous *Historie of England;* [1] the story of *Leir* is to be found in all these books. Three versions of the tale at the end of the sixteenth century show that the poetical possibilities of the subject were recognized before Shakespeare set thereon the stamp of his genius: [2]—(i) in the *Mirour for Magistrates* "Queene Cordila" tells her life's "tragedy," how "in dispaire" she slew herself "the year before Christ, 800"; (ii) Spenser, in Canto X of the Second Book of the *Faery Queene*, summarizes, in half a dozen stanzas, the story of "Cordelia"—this form of the name, used as a variant of "Cordeill" for metrical purposes, occurring here for the first time; the last stanza may be quoted to illustrate the closing of the story in the pre-Shakespearean versions:—

> "So to his crown she him restor'd again
> In which he died, made ripe for death by eld,
> And after will'd it should to her remain:
> Who peacefully the same long time did weld,

[1] In Camden's *Remains* the "Lear" story is told of the West-Saxon King Ina; in the *Gesta Romanorum* Theodosius takes the place of King Lear.

[2] The ballad of *King Leir, and his three Daughters* (*vide* Percy's *Reliques*) is, in all probability, later than Shakespeare's play.

And all men's hearts in due obedience held;
Till that her sister's children woxen strong
Through proud ambition, against her rebell'd,
And overcommen kept in prison long,
Till weary of that wretched life herself she hong";

(iii) of special interest, however, is the pre-Shakespearean drama, which was entered in the books of the Stationers' Company as early as 1594 under the title of *The moste famous Chronicle historye of* LEIRE, *Kinge of England, and his Three Daughters,* but evidently not printed till the year 1605, when perhaps its publication was due to the popularity of the newer Chronicle History on the same subject; "The | True Chronicle Hi | story of King LEIR | and his three | daughters, Gonorill, Ragan, and Cordella. | As it hath bene divers and sundry | times lately acted. | LONDON | printed | by Simon Stafford for John | Wright, and are to bee sold at his shop at | Christes Church dore, next Newgate- | Market, 1605." [1]

It is noteworthy that the play was entered in the Registers on May 8 as "the *tragicall* historie of Kinge Leir," though the play is anything but a "tragedy"—its ending is a happy one. It looks, indeed, as though the original intention of the publishers was to palm off their "*Leir*" as identical with the great tragedy of the day.

But however worthless it may seem when placed in juxtaposition with "the most perfect specimen of the dramatic art existing in the world," [2] yet this less ambitious and humble production is not wholly worthless, if only for "a certain childlike sweetness" in the portraiture of "faire Cordella,"

"Myrrour of vertue, Phœnix of our age!
Too kind a daughter for an unkind father!"

It may be pronounced a very favorable specimen of the popular "*comedies*" of the period to which it belonged

[1] *Vide* "Six Old Plays on which Shakespeare founded his *Measure for Measure,*" etc.; Hazlitt's *Shakespeare's Library,* etc.; an abstract of the play is given by Furness, pp. 393–401.

[2] Shelley, *Defence of Poetry,* Essays, &c., 1840, p. 20.

(*circa* 1592), with its conventional classicism, its characteristic attempts at humor, its rhyming couplets; like so many of its class, it has caught something of the tenderness of the Greenish drama, and something—rather less—of the aspiration of the Marlowan.[1] "With all its defects," says Dr. Ward, "the play seems only to await the touch of a powerful hand to be converted into a tragedy of supreme effectiveness; and while Shakespeare's genius nowhere exerted itself with more transcendent force and marvelous versatility, it nowhere found more promising materials ready to its command." [2]

Yet Shakespeare's debt to the old play was of the slightest, and some have held that he may not even have read it, but in all probability he derived therefrom at least a valuable hint for the character of Kent, whose prototype Perillus is by no means unskillfully drawn; perhaps, too, the original of the steward Oswald is to be found in the courtier Scaliger; again it is noteworthy that messengers with incriminating letters play an important part in the earlier as in the later drama; and possibly the first rumblings of the wild storm-scene of *Lear* may be heard in the

[1] Here are a few lines—perhaps "the salt of the old play"—by way of specimen:—[the Gallian king is wooing Cordella disguised as a Palmer],

"*King.* Your birth's too high for any but a king.
Cordella. My mind is low enough to love a palmer,
Rather than any king upon the earth.
King. O, but you never can endure their life
Which is so straight and full of penury.
Cordella. O yes, I can, and happy if I might:
I'll hold thy palmer's stag within my hand,
And think it is the sceptre of a queen.
Sometime I'll set thy bonnet on my head
And think I wear a rich imperial crown.
Sometime I'll help thee in thy holy prayers,
And think I am with thee in Paradise.
Thus I'll mock fortune, as she mocketh me,
And never will my lovely choice repent:
For having thee, I shall have all content."

[2] *History of English Dramatic Literature,* Vol. I., p. 126.

mimic thunder which in "*Leir*" strikes terror in the heart of the assassin hired to murder king and comrade—"the parlosest old men that ere he heard."

There is in the *Chronicle History* no hint of the underplot of *Lear*, the almost parallel story of Gloster and Edmund, whereby Shakespeare subtly emphasizes the leading *motif* of the play; the vague original thereof is to be found in Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia* (Book II, pp. 133–158, ed. 1598), ("*the pitifull state and story of the Paphlagonian vnkinde king, and his kind sonne, first related by the son, then by the blind father*").

DURATION OF ACTION

The time of the play, according to Mr. Daniel (*vide Transactions of New Shakespeare Soc.*, 1877–1879), covers ten days, distributed as follows:—

Day 1. Act. I, sc. i.
Day 2. Act I, sc. ii. *An interval of something less than a fortnight.*
Day 3. Act I, sc. iii, iv.
Day 4. Act II, sc. i, ii.
Day 5. Act II, sc. iii, iv; Act III, sc. i–vi.
Day 6. Act III, sc. vii; Act IV, sc. i.
Day 7. Act IV, sc. ii. Perhaps an *interval* of a day or two.
Day 8. Act IV, sc. iii.
Day 9. Act IV, sc. iv, v, vi.
Day 10. Act IV, sc. vii; Act V, sc. i–iii.

"The longest period, including intervals, that can be allowed for this play is one month; though perhaps little more than three weeks is sufficient."

INTRODUCTION

By Henry Norman Hudson, A.M.

The earliest notice that has reached us of *The Tragedy of King Lear* is an entry at the Stationers' by Nathaniel Butter and John Busby, dated November 26, 1607: "A book called Mr. William Shakespeare's History of King Lear, as it was played before the King's Majesty at Whitehall, upon St. Stephen's night at Christmas last, by his Majesty's Servants playing usually at the Globe on the Bank-side." This ascertains the play to have been acted on December 26, 1606. Three editions of the tragedy were also published in 1608, one of which, a quarto pamphlet of forty-one leaves, has a title-page reading as follows: "Mr. William Shakespeare: His True Chronicle History of the life and death of King Lear and his three Daughters. With the unfortunate life of Edgar, son and heir to the Earl of Gloster, and his sullen and assumed humor of Tom of Bedlam. As it was played before the King's Majesty at Whitehall upon St. Stephen's night in Christmas Holidays, by his Majesty's Servants playing usually at the Globe on the Bank-side. London: Printed for Nathaniel Butter, and are to be sold at his shop in Paul's Church-yard, at the sign of the Pied Bull, near St. Austin's Gate. 1608."

The title-pages of the other two quarto impressions vary from this only in omitting the publisher's address. As regards the text, the differences of the three quartos, though sometimes important, are seldom more than verbal. Mr. Collier, who seems to have examined them with great care, informs us that those without the publisher's address are more accurate than the other; and he thinks that the

one with the address was issued first. All three of them, however, are printed in a very slovenly manner, and furnish divers specimens of most edifying typographical disorder.

As a note-worthy circumstance, we must mention that in the title-pages of the quartos the author's name is made very conspicuous, being placed at the top, and set forth in larger type than any thing else in the page. And the name, "Mr. William Shakespeare," is given with like prominence again at the head of the page on which the play begins. This was probably meant to distinguish the drama from another on the same subject, and to make the purchaser sure that he was getting the genuine work of Shakespeare: it also argues that the publisher found his interest, and perhaps his pride, in having that name prominent on the wares. Mr. Collier mentions it as a peculiarity not found in any other production that he recollects of that period.

There can be little doubt, if any, that the quarto issues of *King Lear* were unauthorized. The extreme badness of the printing would naturally infer that the publisher had not access to any competent proof-reader. Moreover, none of the other authentic quartos was published by Butter. It is pretty certain, also, as we have before had occasion to observe, that at that time and for several years previous great care was used by the company to keep the Poet's dramas out of print. How Butter got possession of the copy is beyond our means of knowing, and it were vain to conjecture. The fact of three issues in one year shows that the play was highly popular; and this would of course increase the interest both of the publisher to get a copy, and of the company to keep it from him.

After 1608, there was no edition of King Lear, that we know of, till the folio of 1623, where it makes the ninth in the division of Tragedies, is printed with a fair degree of clearness and accuracy, and has the acts and scenes regularly marked throughout. The folio was evidently made up from manuscript, and not from any of the earlier

issues; as it has a few passages that are not in the quartos. On the other hand, the play as there given is considerably abridged, and the omissions are such as to infer that they were made with a view to shorten the time of performance. As showing how much we are indebted to the quartos for the play as it now stands, we may mention that the whole of the third scene in Act IV is wanting in the folio; which scene, though not directly helping forward the action of the play, is one of the finest for reading in the whole compass of the Poet's dramas. Several other passages, of great excellence in themselves, and some of considerable length, are also wanting in the folio. The quartos have, in all, upwards of 220 lines that are not in the later edition; while, on the other hand, the folio has about 50 lines that are wanting in the quartos.

We have seen that *King Lear* was performed at Court on December 26, 1606. Doubtless it had become favorably known on the public stage before it was called for at Whitehall. On the other side, divers names and allusions used in setting forth the assumed madness of Edgar were taken from Harsnet's *Declaration of Popish Impostures*, which was published in 1603. Thus much is all the information we have as to the time when the play was written. So that the Poet must have been not far from his fortieth year when this stupendous production came from his hand.

We have already spoken of another drama on the subject of King Lear. This was entered at the Stationers' as early as May 14, 1594, and again on May 8, 1605, and published the latter year by Simon Stafford and John Wright, with the following title: "The True Chronicle History of King Leir and his three Daughters, Gonorill, Ragan, and Cordella. As it hath been divers and sundry times lately acted." Malone and some others think the publication of this play was owing to the successful course which Shakespeare's drama was at that time running on the stage. It seems nowise improbable that such may have been the case. Whether there was any earlier

edition of the old play, is unknown: it is quite likely, at all events, that Shakespeare was acquainted with it; though the resemblances are such as need infer no knowledge of it but what might have been gained by seeing it on the stage. Probably he took from that source some hints for the part of Kent. Perhaps it should be remarked that his most judicious departures from the history, such as the madness of Lear and the death of Lear and Cordelia at the close, were entirely original with him; the older play adhering, in these points, to the story as told by the chroniclers.

Campbell the poet has worked out a very pleasant comparison of the two dramas, which we probably cannot do better than subjoin. "The elder tragedy," says he, "is simple and touching. There is one entire scene in it,—the meeting of Cordelia with her father, in a lonely forest,—which, with Shakespeare's *Lear* in my memory and heart, I could scarcely read with dry eyes. The *Lear* antecedent to our Poet's *Lear* is a pleasing tragedy; yet the former, though it precedes the latter, is not its prototype, and its mild merits only show us the wide expanse of difference between respectable talent and commanding inspiration. The two Lears have nothing in common but their aged weakness, their general goodness of heart, their royal rank, and their misfortunes. The ante-Shakespearean Lear is a patient, simple old man; who bears his sorrows very meekly, till Cordelia arrives with her husband the King of France, and his victorious army, and restores her father to the throne of Britain. Shakespeare's Lear presents the most awful picture that was ever conceived of the weakness of senility, contrasted with the strength of despair. In the old play, Lear has a friend Perillus, who moves our interest, though not so deeply as Kent. But, independently of Shakespeare's having created a new Lear, he has sublimated the old tragedy into a new one, by an entire originality in the spiritual portraiture of its personages."

The story of King Lear and his three daughters is one

of those old legends with which mediæval romance peopled "the dark backward and abysm of time," where fact and fancy appear all of the same color and texture. Milton, discoursing of ante-historical Britain, finely compares the gradual emerging of authentic history from the shadows of fable and legend, to the course of one who, "having set out on his way by night, and traveled through a region of smooth or idle dreams, arrives on the confines, where daylight and truth meet him with a clear dawn, representing to his view, though at a far distance, true colors and shapes." In Shakespeare's day, the legendary tale which forms the main plot of this drama was largely interwoven with the popular literature of Europe. It is met with in various forms and under various names, as in that old repository of popular fiction, the *Gesta Romanorum*, in the *Romance of Perceforest*, in *The Mirror for Magistrates*, in Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, in Camden's *Remains*, and in Warner's *Albion's England*. The oldest extant version of the tale in connection with British history is in Geoffrey of Monmouth, a Welch monk of the twelfth century, who translated it from the ancient British tongue into Latin. From thence it was abridged by the Poet's favorite old chronicler, Holinshed. This abridgment is copied at length in the editions of Knight and Verplanck: for variety's sake, we subjoin the legend mostly in the words of Milton, as given in his *History of England*.

Lear, the son of Bladud, became ruler over the Britons in the year of the world 3105, at which time Joas reigned in Judea. Lear was a prince of noble demeanor, governed laudably, and had three daughters, but no son. At last, failing through age, he determines to bestow his daughters in marriage, and to divide his kingdom among them. But first, to try which of them loved him best, he resolves to ask them solemnly in order; and which should profess largest, her to believe. Gonorill the eldest, apprehending too well her father's weakness, makes answer, invoking Heaven, "That she loved him above her soul."

"Therefore," quoth the old man, "since thou so honorest my declining age, to thee and the husband whom thou shalt choose I give the third part of my realm." So fair a speeding for a few words soon uttered was to Regan, the second, ample instruction what to say. She, on the same demand, spares no protesting; and the gods must witness, "That she loved him above all creatures": so she receives an equal reward with her sister. But Cordella the youngest, though hitherto best loved, and now having before her eyes the rich hire of a little easy soothing, and the loss likely to betide plain dealing, yet moves not from the solid purpose of a sincere and virtuous answer. "Father," saith she, "my love towards you is as my duty bids: what should a father seek, what can a child promise more?" When the old man, sorry to hear this, and wishing her to recall those words, persisted asking; with a loyal sadness at her father's infirmity, but something harsh, and rather glancing at her sisters than speaking her own mind, she made answer, "Look, how much you have, so much is your value, and so much I love you." "Then hear thou," quoth Lear, now all in passion, "what thy ingratitude hath gained thee: because thou hast not reverenced thy aged father equal to thy sisters, part of my kingdom, or what else is mine, reckon to have none." And, without delay, he gives his other daughters in marriage, Goronill to Maglanus, Duke of Albania, Regan to Henninus, Duke of Cornwall; with them in present half his kingdom; the rest to follow at his death.

Meanwhile, fame was not sparing to divulge the wisdom and other graces of Cordella, insomuch that Aganippus, a great king in Gaul, seeks her to wife; and, nothing altered at the loss of her dowry, receives her gladly in such manner as she was sent him. After this, King Lear, more and more drooping with years, became an easy prey to his daughters and their husbands; who now, by daily encroachment, had seized the whole kingdom into their hands; and the old king is put to sojourn with his eldest daughter, attended only by threescore knights.

But they, in a short while grudged at as too numerous and disorderly for continual guests, are reduced to thirty. Not brooking that affront, the old king betakes him to his second daughter; but there also, discord soon arising between the servants of differing masters in one family, five only are suffered to attend him. Then back he returns to the other, hoping that she could not but have more pity on his gray hairs; but she now refuses to admit him, unless he be content with one only of his followers. At last the remembrance of Cordella comes to his thoughts; and now, acknowledging how true her words had been, he takes his journey into France.

Now might be seen a difference between the silent affection of some children and the talkative obsequiousness of others, while the hope of inheritance overacts them, and on the tongue's end enlarges their duty. Cordella, out of mere love, at the message only of her father in distress pours forth true filial tears. And, not enduring that her own or any other eye should see him in such forlorn condition as his messenger declared, she appoints one of her servants first to convey him privately to some good sea-town, there to array him, bathe him, cherish him, and furnish him with such attendance and state as beseemed his dignity; that then, as from his first landing, he might send word of his arrival to her husband. Which done, Cordella, with her husband and all the barony of his realm, who then first had news of his passing the sea, go out to meet him; and, after all honorable and joyful entertainment, Aganippus surrenders him, during his abode there, the power of his whole kingdom; permitting his wife to go with an army, and set her father upon his throne. Wherein her piety so prospered, that she vanquished her impious sisters and their husbands; and Lear again three years obtained the crown. To whom, dying, Cordella, with all regal solemnities, gave burial; and then, as right heir succeeding, ruled the land five years in peace; until her two sisters' sons, not bearing that a kingdom should be governed by a woman, make war against

her, depose her, and imprison her; of which impatient, and now long unexercised to suffer, she there, as is related, killed herself.

In *The Mirror for Magistrates*, the same incidents are narrated in full, under the title, "How Queen Cordila in despair slew herself, the year before Christ 800." The Queen is here represented as telling the story of her own life, in a poem of forty-nine stanzas, each stanza consisting of seven lines. The poem was written by John Higgins, and originally set forth with a dedication dated December 7, 1586. The workmanship has considerable merit; but there is no sign that Shakespeare made any particular use of it, though he was most likely well acquainted with it. *The Mirror for Magistrates* is a collection of poems and legends, begun in Mary's reign by Sackville, Earl of Dorset, and continued from time to time by different hands. It was a work of very great popularity, and went through various editions before 1610. There were little need of saying so much about the thing here, but that it shows how widely the story was known when Shakespeare invested it with such tragic glory. We have but to add, that the main circumstances of the tale are briefly told by Spenser, in *The Faerie Queene*, Book ii, Canto 10, stanzas 27–32, which made its appearance in 1590. It was from Spenser that Shakespeare borrowed the softening of *Cordella* or *Cordila* into *Cordelia*.

The subordinate plot of Gloster and his sons was probably taken from an episodical chapter in Sidney's *Arcadia*, entitled "The pitiful State and Story of the Paphlagonian unkind King, and his kind Son; first related by the son, then by the blind father." Here Pyrocles, the hero of Arcadia, and his companion, Musidorus, are represented as traveling together in Galatia, when, being overtaken by a furious tempest, they were driven to take shelter in a hollow rock. Staying there till the violence of the storm was passed, they overheard two men holding a strange disputation, which made them step out, yet so as to see, without being seen. There they saw an aged man,

and a young, both poorly arrayed, extremely weather-beaten; the old man blind, the young man leading him; yet through those miseries in both appeared a kind of nobleness not suitable to that affliction. But the first words they heard were these of the old man: "Well, Leonatus, since I cannot persuade thee to lead me to that which should end my grief and thy trouble, let me now intreat thee to leave me. Fear not; my misery cannot be greater than it is, and nothing doth become me but misery: fear not the danger of my blind steps; I cannot fall worse than I am." He answered,—"Dear father, do not take away from me the only remnant of my happiness: while I have power to do you service, I am not wholly miserable."

These speeches, and some others to like purpose, moved the princes to go out unto them, and ask the younger what they were. "Sirs," answered he, "I see well you are strangers, that you know not our misery, so well here known. Indeed, our state is such, that, though nothing is so needful to us as pity, yet nothing is more dangerous unto us than to make ourselves so known as may stir pity. This old man whom I lead was lately rightful prince of this country of Paphlagonia; by the hardhearted ungratefulness of a son of his, deprived not only of his kingdom, but of his sight, the riches which nature grants to the poorest creatures. Whereby, and by other unnatural dealings, he hath been driven to such grief, that even now he would have had me lead him to the top of this rock, thence to cast himself headlong to death; and so would have made me, who received life from him, to be the worker of his destruction. But, noble gentlemen, if either of you have a father, and feel what dutiful affection is engrafted in a son's heart, let me intreat you to convey this afflicted prince to some place of rest and security."

Before they could answer him, his father began to speak: "Ah, my son! how evil an historian are you, to leave out the chief knot of all the discourse, my wickedness. And if thou doest it to spare my ears, assure thyself thou dost mistake me. I take witness of that sun

which you see, that nothing is so welcome to my thoughts as the publishing of my shame. Therefore, know you, gentlemen, that what my son hath said is true. But this is also true: that, having had in lawful marriage this son, and so enjoyed men's expectations of him, till he was grown to justify their expectations, I was carried by a bastard son of mine, first to mislike, then to hate, lastly to do my best to destroy this son. If I should tell you what ways he used to bring me to it, I should trouble you with as much hypocrisy, fraud, malice, ambition, and envy, as in any living person could be harbored: but, methinks, the accusing his trains might in some manner excuse my fault, which I loathe to do. The conclusion is, that I gave order to some servants of mine, whom I thought as apt for such charities as myself, to lead him out into a forest, and there to kill him.

"But those thieves spared his life, letting him go to learn to live poorly; which he did, giving himself to be a private soldier in a country hereby. But, as he was ready to be advanced for some noble service, he heard news of me; who, drunk in my affection to that unlawful son, suffered myself so to be governed by him, that, ere I was aware, I had left myself nothing but the name of a king. Soon growing weary of this, he threw me out of my seat, and put out my eyes; and then let me go, full of wretchedness, fuller of disgrace, and fullest of guiltiness. And as he came to the crown by unjust means, as unjustly he keeps it, by force of strange soldiers in citadels, the nests of tyranny; disarming all his countrymen, that no man durst show so much charity as to lend a hand to guide my dark steps; till this son of mine, forgetting my wrongs, not recking danger, and neglecting the way he was in of doing himself good, came hither to do this kind office, to my unspeakable grief: for well I know, he that now reigneth will not let slip any advantage to make him away, whose just title may one day shake the seat of a never-secure tyranny. And for this cause I craved of him to lead me to the top of this rock, meaning, I must confess,

to free him from so serpentine a companion as I am; but he, finding what I purposed, only therein, since he was born, showed himself disobedient to me. And now, gentlemen, you have the true story, which, I pray you, publish to the world, that my mischievous proceedings may be the glory of his filial piety, the only reward now left for so great a merit."

The story then goes on to relate how Plexirtus, the wicked son, presently came with a troop of horse to kill his brother; whereupon Pyrocles and Musidorus, joining with Leonatus, beat back the assailants, killing several of them. Other allies soon coming in on both sides, there follows a war between the two parties, which ends in the overthrow of Plexirtus, and the crowning of Leonatus by his blind father; in which very act the old man expires.

The reader now has before him, we believe, a sufficient view of all the known sources which furnished any hints or materials for this great tragedy; unless we should add, that there is an old ballad on the subject, entitled "A lamentable Song of the Death of King Lear and his three Daughters," and reprinted in Percy's *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*. The ballad, however, was probably of a later date than the play, and partly founded upon it.

There has been a good deal of impertinent criticism spent upon the circumstance, that in the details and costume of this play the Poet did not hold himself to the date of the legend which he adopted as the main plot. That date, as we have seen, was some 800 years before Christ; yet the play abounds in manners, sentiments, and allusions of a much later time. Malone is scandalized, that while the old chroniclers have dated Lear's reign from the year of the world 3105, yet Edgar speaks of Nero, who was not born till 800 or 900 years after. The painstaking Mr. Douce, also, is in dire distress at the Poet's blunders in substituting the manners of England under the Tudors for those of the ancient Britons. Now, to make these points, or such as these, any ground of impeachment, is to mistake totally the nature and design of

the work. For the play is not, nor was it meant to be, in any proper sense of the term a history: it is a tragedy altogether, and nothing else; and as such it is as free of local and chronological conditions and circumscriptions, as human nature itself. Whatsoever of historical or legendary matter there is in it, neither forms nor guides the structure or movement of the piece; but is used in strict and entire subservience to the general ends of tragic representation. Of course, therefore, it does not fall within the lines of any jurisdiction for settling dates: it is amenable to no laws but the laws of art, any more than if it were entirely of the Poet's own creation: its true whereabout is in the reader's mind; and the only proper question is, whether it keeps to the laws of this whereabout; in which reference it will probably stand the severest inquisitions that criticism has strength to prosecute.

On this point, Mr. Verplanck has given us, under the head of Costume, one of the choicest pieces of criticism that we have met with; part of which we subjoin. After referring to the various uses which the story was made to serve, "in poem, ballad, and many ruder ways," he goes on as follows:

"Thus Lear and his 'three daughters fair' belong to the domain of old romance and popular tradition. They have nothing to do with the state of manners or arts in England, in any particular year of the world. They belong to that unreal but 'most potently believed' history, whose heroes were the household names of Europe,—St. George and his brother champions, King Arthur and Charlemagne, Don Bellianis, Roland, and his brother Paladins, and many others, for part of whom time has done, among those 'who speak the tongue that Shakespeare spake,' what the burning of Don Quixote's library was meant to do for the knight.

"Now, who, that is at all familiar with this long train of imaginary history, does not know that it had its own customs and costume, as well defined as the heathen mythology or Roman history? All the personages wore the

arms and habiliments and obeyed the ceremonial mediæval chivalry, very probably because these several tales were put into legendary or poetic form in those days; but whatever was the reason, it was in that garb alone that they formed the popular literature of Europe in Shakespeare's time. It was a costume well fitted for poetical purposes, familiar in its details to the popular understanding, yet so far beyond the habitual associations of readers, as to have some tinge of antiquity, while it was eminently brilliant and picturesque.

"To have deviated from this conventional costume of fiction, half-believed as history, for the sake of stripping off old Lear's civilized 'lendings,' and bringing him to the unsophisticated state of a painted Pictish king, would have shocked the sense of probability in an audience of Elizabeth's reign, as perhaps it would even now. The positive objective truth of his history would appear far less probable than the received truth of poetry and romance, of the nursery and the stage. Accordingly, Shakespeare painted Lear and his times in the attire in which they were most familiar to the imagination of his audience; just as Racine did in respect to the half-fabulous personages of Grecian antiquity when he reproduced them on the French stage; and, of the two, probably the English bard was the nearest to historical truth.

"Such is our theory, in support of which we throw down our critical glove, daring any champion to meet us on some wider field than our present limits can afford. The advantages of this theory are so obvious and manifold, that it certainly deserves to be true, if not so in fact. To the reader it clears away all anxiety about petty criticisms or anachronisms, and 'such small deer,' while it presents the drama to his imagination in the most picturesque and poetical attire of which it is susceptible. The artist, too, may luxuriate at pleasure in his decorations, whether for the stage or the canvass, selecting all that he judges most appropriate to the feeling of his scene, from the treasures of the arts of the middle ages, and the pomp

and splendor of chivalry, without having before his eyes the dread of some criticial antiquary to reprimand him for encasing his knights in plate-armor, or erecting Lear's throne in a hall of Norman architecture, a thousand years or more before either Norman arch or plate-armor had been heard of in England."

This we regard as an ample vindication of the play not only from the criticisms cited, but from whatsoever others of the like sort have been or can be urged. It throws the whole subject, we think, on just the right ground; leaving to the drama all the freedom and variety that belong to the Gothic architecture, where the only absolute law is, that the parts shall all meet in one concent, and stand in mutual intelligence; and the more the structure is diversified in form, aspect, purpose, and expression, the grander and more elevating is the harmony resulting from the combination. It is clearly in the scope and spirit of this great principle of Gothic art, that *King Lear* was conceived and worked out. Herein, to be sure, it is like other of the Poet's dramas; only, it seems to us, more so than any of the rest. There is almost no end to the riches here drawn together: on attempting to reckon over the parts and particulars severally, one is amazed to find what varied wealth of poetry, character, passion, pathos, and high philosophy, is accumulated in the work. Yet there is a place for every thing, and every thing is in its place, at once fitting it and filling it: there is nothing but what makes good its right to be where and as it is; nothing but what seems perfectly in keeping and at home with all the rest: so that the accumulation is not more vast and varied in form and matter, than it is united and harmonious in itself. We have spoken of a primary and a secondary plot in the drama; and we may add, that either of these has scope enough for a great tragedy by itself: yet, be it observed, the two plots are so woven together in organic reciprocity and interdependence, as to be hardly distinguishable, and not at all separable; we can scarce think of them apart, or perceive when one goes out, and the other comes in.

Accordingly, of all Shakespeare's dramas, this, on the whole, is the one which, whether we regard the qualities of the work or the difficulties of the subject, best illustrates to our mind the measure of his genius; his masterpiece in that style or order of composition which he, we will not say created, but certainly carried so much higher than any one else, as to make it his peculiar province. The play, indeed, stands as our ideal of what the spirit and principle of Gothic art are capable of in the form of dramatic representation; in a word, the highest specimen of what has been aptly called the Gothic drama, that literature has to show. Shelley, in his *Defence of Poetry*, has a passage, referring to the Fool of this play, which ought not to be omitted here. "The modern practice," says he, "of blending comedy with tragedy, though liable to great abuse, is undoubtedly an extension of the dramatic circle; but the comedy should be, as in *King Lear*, universal, ideal, and sublime. It is, perhaps, the intervention of this, which determines the balance in favor of *King Lear* against the *Œdipus Tyrannus* or the *Agamemnon;* unless the intense power of the choral poetry should be considered as restoring the equilibrium. *King Lear*, if it can sustain that comparison, may be judged the most perfect specimen of the dramatic art existing in the world."

The style and versification of *King Lear* do not differ from those of other plays written at or about the same period; save that here they seem attracted, as by imperceptible currents of sympathy, into a freedom and variety of movement answerable to the structure of the piece. There seems, in this case, no possible tone of mind or feeling, but that the Poet has a congenial form of imagery to body it forth, and a congenial pitch of rhythm and harmony to give it voice. Certainly, in none of his plays do we more feel the presence and power of that wonderful diction, not to say language, which he gradually wrought out and built up for himself, as the fitting and necessary organ of his thought. English literature has nothing else like it; and whatsoever else it has, seems tame, stiff, and

mechanical, in the comparison. Nor is there any of the Poet's dramas wherein we have, in larger measure, the sentiments of the individual, as they are kindled by special circumstances and exigencies, forthwith expanding into general truth, and so lifting the whole into the clear daylight of a wise and thoughtful humanity. It is by this process that the Poet so plays upon the passions, as, through them, to instruct the reason; while at the same time the passion so fills the mind, that the instruction steals in unobserved, and therefore yields no food for conceit.

Touching the improbability, often censured, of certain incidents in this tragedy, it seems needful that somewhat be said. Improbable enough, we grant, some of the incidents are. But these nowise touch the substantial truth of the drama: the Poet but uses them as the occasion for what he has to develop of the inner life of nature and man. Besides, he did not invent them. They stood dressed in many attractive shapes before him, inviting his hand. And his use of them is amply justified in that they were matters of common and familiar tradition, and as such already domesticated in the popular mind and faith of the time.

As to the *alleged* improbabilities of character, this is another and a much graver question. The play, it must be confessed, sets forth an extreme diversity of moral complexion, but especially a boldness and lustihood of crime, such as cannot but seem unnatural, if tried by the rule, or even by the exceptions, of what we are used to see of nature. Measuring, indeed, the capabilities of man by the standard of our own observations, we shall find all the higher representations of art, and even many well-attested things of history, too much for belief. But this is not the way to deal with such things; our business is, to be taught by them as they are, and not to crush them down to the measures of what we already know. And so we should bear in mind, that the scene of this play is laid in a period of time when the innate peculiarities of men were much less subjected, than in our day, to the stamp

of a common impression. For the influences under which we live cannot but generate more uniformity of character; thus making us apt to regard as monstrous that rankness of growth, those great crimes and great virtues, which are recorded of earlier times, and which furnish the material of deep tragedy. For the process of civilization, if it do not kill out the aptitudes for heroic crime, at least involves a constant discipline of prudence, that keeps them in a more decorous reserve. But suppose the pressure of conventional motives and restraints to be wanting, and it will not then appear so very incredible that there should be just such spontaneous outcomings of wicked impulse, just such redundant transpirations of original sin, as are here displayed. Accordingly, while we are amid the Poet's scenes, and subject to his power, he seems to enlarge our knowledge of nature, not to contradict it; but when we fall back and go to comparing his shows with our experiences, he seems rather to have beguiled us with illusions, than edified us with truth. All which, we suspect, is more our fault than his. And that criticism is best, which is born rather of what he makes us, than of what we are without him.

In speaking of the several characters of the play, we scarce know where to begin. Much has been written upon them, and the best critics seem to have been so raised and kindled by the theme as to surpass themselves. The persons of the drama are variously divisible into groups, according as we regard their domestic or their moral affinities. We prefer to consider them as grouped upon the latter principle. And as the main action of the piece is shaped by the prevailing energy of evil, we will begin with those from whom that energy springs.

There is no accounting for the conduct of Goneril and Regan but by supposing them possessed with a very instinct and original impulse of malignity. The main points of their action, as we have seen, were taken from the old story. Character, in the proper sense of the term, they have none in the legend; and the Poet but invested them

with characters suitable to the part they were believed to have acted.

Whatever of soul these beings possess, is all in the head: they have no heart to guide or inspire their understanding; and but enough of understanding to seize occasions and frame excuses for their heartlessness. Without affection, they are also without shame; there being barely so much of human blood in their veins, as may serve to quicken the brain, without sending a blush to the cheek. Their hypocrisy acts as the instructive cunning of selfishness; with a sort of hell-inspired tact they feel their way to a fit occasion, but drop the mask as soon as their ends are reached. There is a smooth, glib rhetoric in their professions of love, unwarmed with the least grace of real feeling, and a certain wiry virulence and intrepidity of thought in their after-speaking, that is almost terrific. No touch of nature finds a response in their bosoms; no atmosphere of comfort can abide their presence: we feel that they have somewhat within that turns the milk of humanity into venom, which all the wounds they can inflict are but opportunities for casting.

The subordinate plot of the drama serves the purpose of relieving the improbability of their conduct towards their father. Some, indeed, have censured this plot as an embarrassment to the main one; forgetting, perhaps, that to raise and sustain the feelings at any great height, there must be some breadth of basis. A degree of evil, which, if seen altogether alone, would strike us as superhuman, makes a very different impression, when it has the support of proper sympathies and associations. This effect is in a good measure secured by Edmund's independent concurrence with Goneril and Regan in wickedness. It looks as if some malignant planet had set the elements of evil astir in several hearts at the same time; so that "unnaturalness between the child and the parent" were become, sure enough, the order of the day.

Besides, the agreement of the sister-fiends in filial ingratitude might seem, of itself, to argue some sisterly at-

tachment between them. So that, to bring out their character truly, it had to be shown, that the same principle which united them against their father would, on the turning of occasion, divide them against each other. Hence the necessity of bringing them forward in relations adapted to set them at strife. In Edmund, accordingly, they find a character wicked enough, and energetic enough in his wickedness, to interest their feelings; and because they are both alike interested in him, therefore they will cut their way to him through each other's life. Be it observed, too, that their passion for Edmund grows out of his treachery to his father; as though from such similarity of action they inferred a congeniality of mind. For even to have hated each other from love of any one but a villain, and because of his villainy, had seemed a degree of virtue.

Having said so much, perhaps we need not add, that the action of Goneril and Regan seems to us the most incredible thing in the play. Nor are we quite able to shake off the feeling, that before the heart could get so thoroughly ossified the head must cease to operate. On the whole, we find it not easy to think of Goneril and Regan otherwise than as instruments of the plot; not so much ungrateful persons as personifications of ingratitude. And it is considerable that they both appear of nearly the same mind and metal; are so much alike in character, that we can scarce distinguish them as individuals.

For the union of wit and wickedness, Edmund stands next to Richard and Iago. His strong and nimble intellect, his manifest courage, his energy of character, and his noble, manly person and presence, prepare us on our first acquaintance to expect from him not only great undertakings, but great success in them. But while his personal advantages naturally generate pride, his disgraces of fortune are such as, from pride, to generate guilt. The circumstances of our first meeting with him, the matter and manner of Gloster's conversation about him and to him, sufficiently explain his conduct; while the subsequent outleakings of his mind in soliloquy let us into his

secret springs of action. With a mixture of guilt, shame, and waggery, his father, before his face, and in the presence of one whose respect he craves, makes him and his birth the subject of gross and wanton discourse; confesses himself ashamed yet compelled to acknowledge him; avows the design of keeping him from home, as if to avoid the shame of his presence; and makes comparisons between him and "another son some year elder than this," such as could hardly fail at once to wound his pride, to stimulate his ambition, and awaken his enmity. Thus the kindly influences of human relationship and household ties are turned to their contraries. He feels himself the victim of a disgrace for which he is not to blame; which he can never hope to outgrow; which no degree of personal worth can ever efface; and from which he sees no escape but in pomp and circumstance of worldly power.

Nor is this all. Whatever aptitudes he may have to filial piety are thwarted by his father's open impiety towards his mother. Nay, even his duty to her seems to cancel his obligations of love to him; the religious awe with which we naturally contemplate the mystery of our coming hither, and the mysterious union of those who brought us hither, is kept out of mind by his father's levity respecting his birth and her who bore him. Thus the very beginnings of religion are stifled in him by the impossibility of revering his parents: there is no sanctity about the origin and agents of his being, to inspire him with awe: as they have no religion towards each other, so he can have none towards them. He can only despise them for being his parents; and the consciousness, that he is himself a living monument of their shame, tends but to pervert and poison the felicities of his nature.

Moreover, by his residence and education abroad, he is cut off from the fatherly counsels and kindnesses which might else cause him to forget the disgraces entailed upon him. His shame of birth, however, nowise represses his pride of blood: on the contrary, it furnishes the conditions wherein such pride, though the natural auxiliary of many

virtues, is most apt to fester into crime. For while his shame begets scorn of family ties, his pride passes into greediness of family possessions: the passion for hereditary honors is unrestrained by domestic attachments; no love of Edgar's person comes in to keep down a lust for his distinctions; and he is led to envy as a rival the brother whom he would else respect as a superior.

Always thinking, too, of his dishonor, he is ever on the lookout for signs that others are thinking of it; and the jealousy thus engendered construes every show of respect into an effort of courtesy;—a thing which inflames his ambition while chafing his pride. The corroding suspicion, that others are perhaps secretly scorning his noble descent while outwardly acknowledging it, leads him to find or fancy in them a disposition to indemnify themselves for his personal superiority out of his social debasement. The stings of reproach, being personally unmerited, are resented as wrongs; and with the plea of injustice he can easily reconcile his mind to the most wicked schemes. Aware of Edgar's virtues, still he has no relentings, but shrugs his shoulders, and laughs off all compunctions with an "I must," as if justice to himself were a sufficient excuse for his criminal purposes.

With "the plague of custom" and "the curiosity of nations" Edmund has no compact: he did not consent to them, and therefore is not bound by them. He came into the world in spite of them; and may he not thrive in the world by outwitting them? Perhaps he owes his gifts to a breach of them: may he not, then, use his gifts to circumvent them? Since his dimensions are so well compact, his mind so generous, and his shape so true, he prefers nature as she has made him to nature as she has placed him; and freely employs the wit she has given, to compass the wealth she has withheld. Thus our philosopher appeals from convention to nature and, as usually happens in such cases, takes only so much of nature as will serve his turn. For convention is itself a part of nature; it being just as natural that men should grow up together in

communities, as that they should grow up severally as individuals. But the same principle which prompts the appeal orders the tribunal. Nor does nature in such cases ever contradict, or debate, or try conclusions with men; but nods assent to their propositions, and lets them have their own way, as knowing that "the very devils cannot plague them better."

Nevertheless, there is not in Edmund, as in Iago, any spontaneous or purposeless wickedness. Nay, he does not so much commit crimes, as devise accidents, and then commit his cause to them; not so much makes war on morality, as bows and smiles and shifts her off out of the way, that his wit may have free course. He deceives others without scruple indeed, but then he does not consider them bound to trust him; and tries to avail himself of their credulity or criminality without becoming responsible for it. True, he is a pretty bold experimenter, but that is because he has nothing to lose if he fails, and much to gain if he succeeds. Nor does he attempt to disguise from himself, or gloss over, or anywise palliate his designs; but boldly confronts and stares them in the face, as though assured of sufficient external grounds to justify or excuse them.

Edmund's strength and acuteness of intellect, unsubjected as they are to the moral and religious sentiments, of course exempt him from the superstitions that prevail about him. He has an eye to discern the error of such things, but no sense for the greater truth they involve. For such superstitions are but the natural suggestions of the religious instincts unenlightened by revelation. So that he who would not be superstitious without revelation, would probably be irreligious with it; and that there is more of truth in superstition than in irreligion, is implied in the very fact of religious instincts. It is merely the atheism of the heart that makes Edmund so discerning of error in what he does not like; in which case the subtleties of the understanding lead to the rankest unwisdom.

As a portraiture of individual character Lear himself

holds, to our mind, much the same pre-eminence over all others, which we accord to the tragedy as a dramatic composition. Less complex and varied, perhaps, than Hamlet, the character is, however, much more remote from the common feelings and experiences of human life. Few of us arrive at the age, fewer have the capacity, and fewer still are ever in a condition to feel what Lear feels, do what he does, and suffer what he suffers. The delineation impresses us, beyond any other, with the truth of what some one has said of Shakespeare,—that if he had been the author of the human heart, it seems hardly possible he should have better understood what was in it, and how it was made.

From our first interview with Lear, it becomes manifest that, with his body tottering beneath the weight of years and cares of state, his mind is sliding into that second childhood which is content to play with the shadows of things past, as the first is, with the shadows of things that are to be. The opening of the play informs us that the division of the kingdom has been already resolved upon, the terms of the division arranged, and the several portions allotted. The trial of professions, therefore, is clearly but a trick of the king's, designed, perhaps, to surprise his children into expressions which filial modesty would else forbid. Not that Lear distrusts his daughters; but he has a morbid hungering after the outward tokens of affection; is not satisfied to know the heart beats for him, but craves to feel and count over its beatings. And he naturally looks for the strongest professions where he feels the deepest attachment. And the same doting fondness that suggested the device makes him angry at its defeat; while its success with the first two heightens his irritation at its failure with the third. Balked of his hope, and that too where he is at once the most confident and the most desirous of success, he naturally enough flies off in a transport of rage. Still it is not so much a doubt of Cordelia's love, as a dotage of his trick, that frets and chafes him; for the device is evidently a *pet* with him.

And there appears something of obstinacy and sullenness in Cordelia's answer, as if she would resent the old man's credulity to her sisters' lies by refusing to tell him the truth. But the fact is, she cannot, if she wills, talk much about what she is, and what she intends. For there is a virgin delicacy in genuine and deep feeling, that causes it to keep in the background of the life; to be heard rather in its effects than in direct and open declarations; and the more it is ashamed to be seen, the more it *blushes* into sight. Such is the beautiful instinct of true feeling to embody itself sweetly and silently in deeds, lest, from showing itself in words, it should turn to matter of vanity or pride. It is not strange, therefore, that Cordelia should make it her part to "love and be silent." And perhaps it is as little strange that Lear, impetuous by nature, irritable through age, and self-willed from habit, on the tiptoe of anticipation, and in the full tide of successful experiment, should be surprised by her answer into a tempest of passion. Of course his anger at the failure is proportioned to his confidence of success; and in the disorder of his thoughts he forgets the thousand little acts that have insensibly wrought in him to love her most, and to expect most love from her. In all which the old king, enamored of his trick, and vexed at its defeat, is like a peevish fretful child who, if prevented from kissing his nurse, falls to striking her.

Men sometimes take a secret pleasure in the mere exercise of the will without or against reason, as if they could make that right or true which is not so in itself. For such a course has to their feelings the effect of ascertaining and augmenting their power. The very shame, too, of doing wrong sometimes hurries men into a barring of themselves off from retreat. Such appears to be the case with Lear in his treatment of Cordelia. In the first place, he *will* do the thing, because he knows it to be wrong, and then the uneasy sense of a wrong done prompts him to bind the act with an oath; that is, because he ought not to have driven the nail, therefore he *clinches* it. It is clear

from what follows, especially from his shrinking soreness of mind as shown when the Fool's grief at the loss of Cordelia is spoken of, that he cannot suppress the feeling that he has done her wrong.

But the great thing in the delineation of Lear, is the effect and progress of his passion in redeveloping his faculties. For the character seems designed in part to illustrate the power of passion to reawaken and raise the faculties from the tomb wherein age hath inurned them. In Lear, accordingly, we have, as it were, a handful of tumult embosomed in a sea, gradually overspreading, and pervading, and fearfully convulsing the entire mass. Coming before us at first full of paternal love and of faith in filial piety, his noble mind, freed from the cares of state and settled into repose, seems about to run through the vale of age so deep and smooth and still as to leave us unadmonished of its flowing. The possibility of filial desertion appears never to have entered his thoughts; for so absolute is his trust, that he can scarce admit the evidence of sight against his cherished expectations. Bereft, as he thinks, of one, he clings the closer to the rest, assuring himself that they will spare no pains to make up the loss. Cast off and struck on the heart by another, he flies with still greater confidence to the third. Though proofs that she, too, has fallen off are multiplied upon him, still he cannot give her up, cannot be provoked to curse her; he *will* not see, will not own to himself the fact of her revolt.

When, however, the truth is forced home, and he can no longer evade or shuffle off the conclusion, the effect is indeed awful. So long as his heart had something to lay hold of, and cling to, and rest upon, his mind was the abode of order and peace. But now that his feelings are rendered objectless, torn from their accustomed holdings, and thrown back upon themselves, there springs up a wild chaos of the brain, a whirling tumult and anarchy of the thoughts, which, until imagination has time to work, chokes his utterance. The crushing of his aged spirit brings to light its hidden depths and buried riches. Thus his terri-

ble energy of thought and speech, as soon as imagination rallies to his aid, proceeds naturally from the struggle of his feelings,—a struggle that seems to wrench his whole being into dislocation, convulsing and upturning his soul from the bottom.

In the transition of his mind from its first stillness and repose to its subsequent tempest and storm; in the hurried revulsions and alternations of feeling,—the fast-rooted faith in filial virtue, the keen sensibility to filial ingratitude, the mighty hunger of the heart, thrice repelled, yet ever strengthened by repulse; and in the turning up of sentiments and faculties deeply imbedded beneath the incrustations of time and place;—in all this we have a retrospect of the aged sufferer's whole life; the abridged history of a mind that has passed through many successive stages, each putting off the form, yet retaining and perfecting the grace of those that preceded.

As to the representation here given of madness, we would not willingly trust ourselves to undertake to describe it. Nor need we. The elder Kean's revelations of art (for such they may well be called) were before our day. But they were witnessed by a countryman of ours, who has put on record good evidence that his eye and tongue were equal to the greatest things that even that great artist could do. We refer to Mr. Richard H. Dana's noble paper on Kean's acting,—a paper that may be regarded as settling the question whether criticism be capable of rising into an art. We subjoin that portion of it which relates to the point in hand:

"It has been said that Lear is a study for one who would make himself acquainted with the workings of an insane mind. And it is hardly less true, that the acting of Kean was an embodying of these workings. His eye, when his senses are fast forsaking him, giving an inquiring look at what he saw, as if all before him was undergoing a strange and bewildering change which confused his brain; the wandering, lost motions of his hands, which seemed feeling for something familiar to them, on which

they might take hold and be assured of a safe reality; the under monotone of his voice, as if he was questioning his own being, and what surrounded him; the continuous, but slight, oscillating motion of the body;—all these expressed, with fearful truth, the bewildered state of a mind fast unsettling, and making vain and weak efforts to find its way back to its wonted reason. There was a childish, feeble gladness in the eye, and a half-piteous smile about the mouth, at times, which one could scarce look upon without tears. As the derangement increased upon him, his eye lost its notice of objects about him, wandering over things as if he saw them not, and fastening upon the creatures of his crazed brain. The helpless and delighted fondness with which he clings to Edgar, as an insane brother, is another instance of the justness of Kean's conceptions. Nor does he lose the air of insanity, even in the fine moralizing parts, and where he inveighs against the corruption of the world. There is a madness even in his reason."

Mrs. Jameson aptly says of Cordelia, that "every thing in her lies beyond our view, and affects us in such a manner that we rather feel than perceive it." And it is very remarkable that, though but little seen or heard, yet the whole play seems full of her. All that she utters is, forty-three lines in Act I, twenty-four in the fourth and thirty-seven in the seventh scene of Act IV, and five in Act V. Yet we had read the play occasionally for several years, before we could fully realize but she was among the principal speakers; and even now, on taking up the play, we can scarce persuade ourselves but that the time of reading is to be spent chiefly with her.

It is in this remoteness, we take it, this gift of presence without appearance, that the secret of her power mainly consists. Her character has no foreground; nothing outstanding, or that touches us in a definable way: she is all perspective, self-withdrawn; so that she comes to us rather by inspiration than by vision. Even when before us, we rather feel than see her: so much "more is meant than

meets the eye," that what is shown is in a manner lost sight of in what is suggested. Thus she affects us through deeper and finer susceptibilities than consciousness can grasp; as if she at once used, and developed in us, higher organs of communication than sense; or as if her presence acted in some mysterious way on our very life, so that when it works in us most we perceive it least.

Thus what was stated before respecting her affection is true of her character generally. For she has the same deep, quiet reserve of thought as of feeling, so that her mind becomes conspicuous by its retiringness, and wins the attention by shrinking from it. Though she nowhere says any thing indicating much intelligence, yet she always strikes us somehow as very intelligent, and even the more so, that her intelligence does not appear. And indeed what she knows is so bound up with her affections, that she cannot draw it off into expression by itself; it is held in perfect solution, as it were, with all the other elements of her nature, and nowhere falls down in a sediment, so as to be producible in a separate state. She has a deeper and truer knowledge of her sisters, than any one else about them; but she knows them rather by heart than by head; and so can *feel* and *act*, but not *articulate*, a prophecy of what they will do. Ask her, indeed, what she thinks on any subject, and she will answer, that she thinks,—nay, she cannot *tell*, she can only *show* you what she thinks: for her thinking involuntarily shapes itself into life, not into speech; and she uses the proper language of her mind, when, bending over her "child-chang'd father," she invokes restoration to "hang its medicine on her lips," or, kneeling beside him, intreats him to "hold his hands in benediction o'er her."

All which shows a peculiar fitness in Cordelia for the part she was designed to act; which was, to exemplify the workings of filial piety, as Lear exemplifies those of paternal love. To embody this sentiment, the whole character, in all its movements and aspects, is made essentially religious. For filial piety is religion acting under the

sacredest relation of human life. And religion, we know or ought to know, is a life, and not a language; and life is the simultaneous and concurrent action of *all* the elements of our being. Which is illustrated to perfection in Cordelia; who, be it observed, never thinks of her piety at all, because her piety prompts her to think only of her father. And so she can reveal her good thoughts only by veiling them in good deeds, as the spirit is veiled and revealed in the body; nay, has to be so veiled, in order to be revealed; for, if the veil be torn off, the spirit is no longer there.

Therefore it is, that Cordelia affects us so deeply and constantly without our being able to perceive how or why. Hence, also, the impression of reserve that runs through her character; for where the whole moves equally and at once, the parts are not distinctly seen, and so seem held in reserve. And she affects those about her in the same insensible way as she affects us; that is, she keeps their thoughts and feelings busy, by keeping what she thinks and feels hidden beneath what she does: an influence goes forth from her by stealth, and stealthily creeps into them; —an influence which does not appear, and yet is irresistible, and is therefore irresistible because it does not appear; and which becomes an undercurrent in their minds, circulates in their blood, as it were, and enriches their life with a beauty which seems their own, and yet is not their own: so that she steals upon us through them, and we think of her the more, because they, without suspecting it, remind us of her.

Accordingly, her father loves her most, yet knows not why; has no assignable reasons for his feeling, and therefore cannot reason it down. Having cast her off from his bounty, but not out of his heart, he grows full of unrest, as if there were some secret power about her which he cannot be without, though he did not dream of its existence while she was with him. And "since her going into France the Fool has much pined away"; as though her presence were necessary to his health; so that he sickens

upon the loss of her, yet he suspects not wherefore, and knows but that she was by and his spirits were nimble, she is gone and his spirits are drooping.

Such is the influence of a right-minded and right-mannered woman on those about her: she does not know it, they do not know it; her influence is all the better and stronger, that neither of them knows it: she begins to lose it when she goes about to use it and make them sensible of it: with noiseless step it glides into them unnoticed and unsuspected, but disturbs and repels them as soon as it seeks to make itself heard. For, indeed, her power lies not in what she values herself upon, and voluntarily brings forward, and makes use of, but in something far deeper and diviner than all this, which she knows not of and cannot help.

Finally, we know of nothing with which to compare Cordelia, nothing to illustrate her character by. An impersonation of the holiness of womanhood, herself alone is her own parallel; and all the objects that lend beauty when used to illustrate other things, seem dumb or ineloquent of meaning beside her. Superior, perhaps, to all the rest of Shakespeare's women in beauty of character, she is nevertheless inferior to none of them as a living and breathing reality. We see her only in the relation of daughter, and hardly *see* her even there; yet we know what she is or would be in every relation of life, just as well as if we had seen her in them all. "Formed for all sympathies, moved by all tenderness, prompt for all duty, prepared for all suffering," we seem almost to hear her sighs, and see her tears, and feel her breath, as she hangs like a ministering spirit over her reviving father: the vision sinks sweetly and silently into the heart, and in its reality to our feelings, abides with us more as a remembrance than an imagination, instructing and inspiring us as that of a friend whom we had known and loved in our youth.

It is an interesting feature of this representation, that Lear's faith in filial piety is justified by the event, though

not his judgment as to the persons in whom it was to be found. Wiser in heart than in understanding, he mistook the object, but was right in the feeling. In his pride of sovereignty, he thought to command the affection of his children, and to purchase the dues of gratitude by his bounty to them; but he is at last indebted to the unbought grace of nature for that comfort which he would fain owe to himself; what he seeks, and even more than he seeks, comes as the free return of a love which thrives in spite of him, and which no harshness or injustice of his could extinguish. Thus the confirmation of his faith grows by the ruin of his pride. Such is the frequent lesson of human life. For the fall has hardly more defaced the beauty of human character, than it has marred our perception of what remains; and not the least punishment of our own vices is, that they take from us the power to discern the virtue of others.

There is a strange assemblage of qualities in the Fool, and a strange effect arising from their union and position, which we are not a little at loss to describe. It seems hardly possible that Lear's character should be properly developed without him: indeed he serves as a common gauge and exponent of all the characters about him,—the mirror in which their finest and deepest lineaments are reflected. Though a privileged person, with the largest opportunity of seeing and the largest liberty of speaking, he every where turns his privileges into charities, making the immunities of the clown subservient to the noblest sympathies of the man. He is therefore by no means a mere harlequinian appendage of the scene, but moves in vital intercourse with the character and passion of the drama. He makes his folly the vehicle of truths which the king will bear in no other shape, while his affectionate tenderness sanctifies all his nonsense. His being heralded to us by the announcement of his pining away at the banishment of Cordelia, sends a consecration before him: that his life feeds on her presence, hallows every thing about him. Lear manifestly loves him, partly for his own sake, and

partly for hers; for we feel a delicate, scarce-discernible play of sympathy between them on Cordelia's account; the more so, perhaps, that neither of them makes any clear allusion to her; their very reserve concerning her indicating that their hearts are too full to speak.

We know not, therefore, how to describe the Fool otherwise than as the soul of pathos in a sort of comic masquerade; one in whom fun and frolic are sublimed and idealized into tragic beauty; with the garments of mourning showing through and softened by the law of playfulness. His "laboring to outjest Lear's heart-struck injuries" shows that his wits are set a-dancing by grief; that his jests bubble up from the depths of a heart struggling with pity and sorrow, as foam enwreaths the face of deeply-troubled waters. So have we seen the lip quiver and the cheek dimple into a smile, to relieve the eye of a burden it was reeling under, yet ashamed to let fall. There is all along a shrinking, velvet-footed delicacy of step in the Fool's antics, as if awed by the holiness of the ground; and he seems bringing diversion to the thoughts, that he may the better steal a sense of woe into the heart. It is hard to tell whether the inspired antics, that sparkle from the surface of his mind, be in more impressive contrast with the dark tragic scenes into which they are thrown like rockets into a midnight tempest, or with the undercurrent of deep tragic thoughtfulness out of which they falteringly issue and play.

If the best grace and happiness of life consist in a forgetting of self and a living for others, Kent and Edgar are those of Shakespeare's men whom one should most wish to resemble. Strikingly similar in virtues and situation, these two persons are, notwithstanding, widely different in character. Brothers in magnanimity and in misfortune; equally invincible in fidelity, the one to his King, the other to his father; both driven to disguise themselves, and in their disguise both serving where they stand condemned;—Kent, too generous to control himself, is always quick, fiery, and impetuous; Edgar, controlling himself even be-

cause of his generosity, is always calm, collected, and deliberate. Yet it is difficult which of them to prefer. For, if Edgar be the more judicious and prudent, Kent is the more unselfish, of the two: the former disguising himself for his own safety, and then turning his disguise into an opportunity of service; the latter disguising himself merely *in order* to serve, and then periling his life in the same course whereby the other seeks to preserve it. Nor is Edgar so lost to himself and absorbed in others but that he can and does survive them; whereas Kent's life is so bound up with others, that their death plucks him after. Nevertheless it is hard saying whether one would rather be the subject or the author of Edgar's tale,—"Whilst I was big in clamor," etc.

In Kent and Oswald we have one of those effective contrasts with which the Poet often deepens the harmony of his greater efforts. As the former is the soul of goodness clothed in the assembled nobilities of manhood; so the latter is the very extract and embodiment of meanness; two men, than whom "no contraries hold more antipathy." To call the steward wicked, were a misuse of the term: he is absolutely beneath serious censure; one of those convenient packhorses whereon guilt often rides to its ends. Except the task of smoothing the way for the passions of a wicked mistress, there were no employment base enough for him. None but a reptile like him could ever have got hatched into notice in such an atmosphere as Goneril's society; were he any thing else, there could not be sympathy enough between them to admit the relation of superior and subaltern.

The surpassing power of this drama is most felt in the third and fourth acts, especially those parts where Lear appears. The fierce warring of the elements around the old King, as if mad with enmity against him, while he seeks shelter in their strife from the tempest in his mind, his preternatural illumination of mind when tottering on the verge of insanity; his gradual settling into that unnatural calmness which is far more appalling than any

agitation, because it marks the pause between order gone and anarchy about to begin; the scattering out of the mind's jewels in the mad revel of his unbound and disheveled faculties, until he finally sinks, broken-hearted and broken-witted, into the sleep of utter prostration;—all this, joined to the incessant groanings and howlings of the storm; the wild, inspired babblings of the Fool; the desperate fidelity of Kent, outstripping the malice of the elements with his ministries of love; the bedlamitish jargon of Edgar, whose feigned madness, striking in with Lear's real madness, takes away just enough of its horror, and borrows just enough of its dignity, to keep either from becoming insupportable;—the whole at last dying away into the soft, sweet, solemn discourse of Cordelia, as though the storm had faltered into music at her coming; and winding up with the revival of Lear, his faculties touched into order and peace by the voice of filial sympathy;—in all this we have a masterpiece of art, of which every reader's feelings must confess the power, though perhaps no analysis can fathom the secret.

It would hardly do to leave the subject without referring to the improvement which this mighty drama has suffered at the hands of one Nahum Tate, for the purpose, as would seem, of dwarfing and dementing it down to the capacity of some theatrical showman. Nor need we deem it so very strange that the Tatified *Lear* should have gotten and kept possession of the stage, considering how many there are in our day, who prefer some modern berhyming of the Psalms to the Psalms as God and David wrote them. A part of Tate's work lay in rectifying the catastrophe, so as to make Lear and Cordelia come off triumphant, thus rewarding their virtue with worldly success. The cutting out of the precious Fool, and the turning of Cordelia into a lovesick hypocrite, who feigns indifference to her father in order to cheat and enrage him, that so he may abandon her to a forbidden match with Edgar, completes this execrable piece of profanation. Tate im-

prove *Lear!* Set a tailor at work, rather, to improve Niagara!

For the rest that we would say on this point and some others, we will substitute Lamb's immortal criticism on the tragedy with reference to the capacities of the stage. "The Lear of Shakespeare," says he, "cannot be acted. The contemptible machinery, by which they mimic the storm he goes out in, is not more inadequate to represent the horrors of the real elements, than any actor can be to represent Lear: they might more easily propose to personate the Satan of Milton on a stage, or one of Michael Angelo's terrible figures. The greatness of Lear is not in corporal dimension, but in intellectual: the explosions of his passion are terrible as a volcano; they are storms turning up and disclosing to the bottom that sea, his mind, with all its vast riches. It is his mind which is laid bare. This case of flesh and blood seems too insignificant to be thought on; even as he himself neglects it. On the stage we see nothing but corporal infirmities and weaknesses, the impotence of rage: while we read it, we see not Lear, but we are Lear,—we are in his mind; we are sustained by a grandeur which baffles the malice of his daughters and storms: in the aberrations of his reason, we discover a mighty irregular power of reasoning, immethodized from the ordinay purposes of life, but exerting its powers, as the wind blows where it listeth, at will upon the corruptions and abuses of mankind. What have looks or tones to do with that sublime identification of his age with that of the *heavens themselves*, when, in his reproaches to them for conniving at the injustice of his children, he reminds them that 'they themselves are old'? What gestures shall we appropriate to this? What has the voice or the eye to do with such things? But the play is beyond all art, as the tamperings with it show: it is too hard and stony; it must have love-scenes, and a happy ending. It is not enough that Cordelia is a daughter, she must shine as a lover too. Tate has put his hook in the nostrils of this

Leviathan, for Garrick and his followers, the showmen of the scene, to draw the mighty beast about more easily. A happy ending!—as if the living martyrdom that Lear had gone through, the flaying of his feelings alive, did not make a fair dismissal from the stage of life the only decorous thing for him. If he is to live and be happy after, if he could sustain this world's burden after, why all this pudder and preparation,—why torment us with all this unnecessary sympathy? As if the childish pleasure of getting his gilt robes and scepter again could tempt him to act over again his misused station,—as if, at his years and with his experience, any thing was left but to die."

COMMENTS

By Shakespearean Scholars

LEAR

But this drama is primarily the drama of Lear. Lear disturbs the harmony of the ethical institutions of both State and Family. Long years of absolute power have developed the tyrant dominated by selfishness; weary of care, he would shirk the responsibilities of government, but retain the pleasures of its outward show; he forsakes reason and suffers the penalty of reason forsaking him; the State is nothing to him; he would throw government aside like a cast-off garment; his daughter Cordelia cannot play false like her treacherous sisters, and he thrusts her aside as easily as an impatient child tosses away the toy which cannot obey his bidding. If she goes with some bitterness in her heart, her inherent love of truth develops into the truth of love, and she returns only to be sacrificed.

Since Lear's sin is so great that Nemesis will only be satisfied with his tragic end, his deed returns upon his own head. Nemesis follows Regan and Goneril, and they suffer the penalty of their own wicked deeds; if we see in Cordelia's violent death only "dramatic pathos," this by no means infringes upon the general law of retribution, but simply shows that while evil deeds bring their own punishment, all misfortune is not necessarily the result of wrongdoing.—Ferris-Gettemy, *Outline Studies in Shakespearean Drama.*

Of all Shakspere's plays *Macbeth* is the most rapid, *Hamlet* the slowest, in movement. *Lear* combines length with rapidity,—like the hurricane and the whirlpool, ab-

sorbing while it advances. It begins as a stormy day in summer, with brightness; but that brightness is lurid, and anticipates the tempest.

It was not without forethought, nor is it without its due significance, that the division of Lear's kingdom is in the first six lines of the play stated as a thing already determined in all its particulars, previously to the trial of professions, as the relative rewards of which the daughters were to be made to consider their several portions. The strange, yet by no means unnatural, mixture of selfishness, sensibility, and habit of feeling derived from, and fostered by, the particular rank and usages of the individual;—the intense desire of being intensely beloved,—selfish, and yet characteristic of the selfishness of a loving and kindly nature alone;—the self-supportless leaning for all pleasure on another's breast;—the cravings after sympathy with a prodigal disinterestedness, frustrated by its own ostentation, and the mode and nature of its claims;—the anxiety, the distrust, the jealousy, which more or less accompany all selfish affections, and are amongst the surest contradistinctions of mere fondness from true love, and which originate Lear's eager wish to enjoy his daughter's violent professions, whilst the inveterate habits of sovereignty convert the wish into claim and positive right, and an incompliance with it into crime and treason;—these facts, these passions, these moral verities, on which the whole tragedy is founded, are all prepared for, and will to the retrospect be found implied, in these first four or five lines of the play. They let us know that the trial is but a trick; and that the grossness of the old king's rage is in part the natural result of a silly trick suddenly and most unexpectedly baffled and disappointed.—Coleridge, *Lectures on Shakspere.*

The thoughtless confidence of Lear in his children has something in it far more touching than the self-beggary of Timon; though both one and the other have prototypes enough in real life, and as we give the old king

more of our pity, so a more intense abhorrence accompanies his daughters and the evil characters of that drama than we spare for the miserable sycophants of the Athenian. . . . . There seems to have been a period of Shakespeare's life when his heart was ill at ease, and ill-content with the world as his own conscience; the memory of hours misspent, the pang of affection misplaced or unrequited, the experience of man's worser nature which intercourse with unworthy associates, by choice or circumstance, peculiarly teaches;—these, as they sank down into the depths of his great mind, seem not only to have inspired into it the conception of Lear and Timon, but that of one primary character, the censurer of mankind.—HALLAM, *Introduction to the Literature of Europe.*

CORDELIA

There is in the beauty of Cordelia's character an effect too sacred for words, and almost too deep for tears; within her heart is a fathomless well of purest affection, but its waters sleep in silence and obscurity,—never failing in their depth and never overflowing in their fullness. Every thing in her seems to lie beyond our view, and affects us in a manner which we feel rather than perceive. The character appears to have no surface, no salient points upon which the fancy can readily seize: there is little external development of intellect, less of passion, and still less of imagination. It is completely made out in the course of a few scenes, and we are surprised to find that in those few scenes there is matter for a life of reflection, and materials enough for twenty heroines. If *Lear* be the grandest of Shakespeare's tragedies, Cordelia in herself, as a human being, governed by the purest and holiest impulses and motives, the most refined from all dross of selfishness and passion, approaches near to perfection; and in her adaptation, as a dramatic personage, to a determinate plan of action, may be pronounced altogether perfect. The character, to speak of it critically as a poetical concep-

tion, is not, however, to be comprehended at once, or easily; and in the same manner Cordelia, as a woman, is one whom we must have loved before we could have known her, and known her long before we could have known her truly.—JAMESON, *Shakespeare's Heroines.*

"Of the heavenly beauty of soul of Cordelia, pronounced in so few words, I will venture to speak." This was the impression which Shakspere's Cordelia produced upon Schlegel. In the whole range of the Shakspearean drama there is nothing more extraordinary than the effect upon the mind of the character of Cordelia. Mrs. Jameson has truly said, "Everything in her seems to lie beyond our view, and affects us in a manner which we feel rather than perceive." In the first act she has only forty-three lines assigned to her: she does not appear again till the fourth act, in the fourth scene of which she has twenty-four lines, and, in the seventh, thirty-seven. In the fifth act she has five lines. Yet during the whole progress of the play we can never forget her; and, after its melancholy close, she lingers about our recollections as if we had seen some being more beautiful and purer than a thing of earth, who had communicated with us by a higher medium than that of words. And yet she is no mere abstraction;—she is nothing more nor less than a personification of the holiness of womanhood. She is a creature formed for all sympathies, moved by all tenderness, prompt for all duty, prepared for all suffering; but she cannot talk of what she is, and what she purposes. The King of France describes the apparent reserve of her character as

> "A tardiness in nature,
> Which often leaves the history unspoke
> That it intends to do."

She herself says,—

> "If for I want that glib and oily art,
> To speak, and purpose not; since what I well intend,
> I'll do 't before I speak."

—KNIGHT, *Pictorial Shakspere.*

REGAN AND GONERIL

At the first moment the two sisters display no characteristic difference; "as like as a crab is to a crab," says the fool; on a closer inspection it is surprising what a wide and clearly defined contrast there is between the two. The elder, Goneril, with the "wolfish visage" and the dark "frontlet" of ill-humor, is a masculine woman, full of independent purposes and projects, whilst Regan appears more feminine, rather instigated by Goneril, more passive, and more dependent. Goneril's boundless "unbordered" nature, which renders her a true child of that fearful age, shows itself in bloody undertakings, originating in her own brain; whilst Regan's evil nature appears rather in her urging on the atrocities of others, as when Kent is set in the stocks and Gloster's eyes are torn out. The worst of the two is married to a noble gentleman (Albany), whom she reviles as "a moral fool," whose mildness and repose seem to her "milky gentleness," and whose quiet power and resolute manliness she only later finds reason to discover. The better sister has the worst husband in Cornwall, a man whose wrathful disposition allows of no impediment and bears no remonstrance. Goneril at first appears to govern her husband, who recognizes her depth of foresight, and, until he penetrates her character, avoids discords with her; she pursues her aims independently, scarcely listening to him, and scarcely deigning to answer him; Regan, on the contrary, is obsequious and dependent towards the gloomy, laconic, and powerful Cornwall, who is immovable and resolute in his determination. At the first occasion (Act I, sc. i) Goneril appears as the instigator and Regan as her echo. She it is who afterwards begins to put restraints upon the king; she first treats him disrespectfully, halves and dismisses his attendants, whilst Regan avoids her father with some remains of awe. But she fears her sister still more than her father; she rather suffers her father's messenger to be mistreated than Goneril's servant. Her sister knows her weakness; she does not

consider it sufficient to write to her; she goes to her and follows her in order to be sure of her co-operation in her measures. Regan cannot hurl forth vehement and hasty words like Goneril; she has not the same fierce eyes, her glance (though Lear in his madness indeed calls it a squint) is more full of comfort, her nature is softer and more cordial, and Lear, it seems, hardly trusts himself to penetrate her character closely; when, in his delusion, he sits in judgment upon her, he desires to have her heart anatomized. She utters inoffensively harsher things to her father than Goneril does, and yet her father hesitates to pronounce his curse upon her as upon her sister—a curse even twice repeated against Goneril. The latter receives it with marble coldness, but Regan shudders, and fears to draw upon herself the like malediction. It is not until Goneril in her presence has entirely laid open her own unblushing cruelty and barbarity towards their old father, that Regan grows bolder also, and drives away the king's train of knights; she will have no one but himself. When Goneril afterwards insists that the old man shall taste the consequences of his obstinacy and folly, and forbids Gloster, in spite of the raging storm, to harbor him, she chimes in with her usual dependent weakness. After the brood of serpents have got rid of the old father, there begins a domestic feud between the families. Goneril digs deeper mines, to which the mistreatment of Lear has been only the prelude. She wishes to seize on the whole kingdom, she betroths herself to Edmund during her husband's life; she rejoices in Cornwall's death, poisons Regan, joins with Edmund in ordering Cordelia's execution, and finally attempts the life of her husband, whom she now fears, because he had discovered with horror her misdeeds. Here, again, Regan appears throughout less blamable and vile; she makes no engagement with Edmund till after Cornwall's death; she unsuspectingly confides letters for Edmund to Goneril's treacherous servant; she falls a victim to her sister's poison, being herself clear from all attempts of the kind; in every respect she is more contracted in her

nature than her sister, whose "woman's will is of undistinguish'd space."—Gervinus, *Shakespeare Commentaries.*

It would be an interesting subject for a prize essay which of the two is the worse, Regan or Goneril. I confess, I am unable to answer the question satisfactorily. I believe Shakespeare meant to leave it a question. It may be said that Goneril, as she was the first to ill-treat her father, was the worse; but it may be justly replied, that Regan was still worse, inasmuch as the sight of the tortured old man, so far from moving her, only causes her to torture him anew, so that nothing is left but madness, which, as we have already intimated, can be regarded as only a relief. On the whole, the fool was in the right when he said that both were of a height, and that one tasted as much like the other as a crab does to a crab.—Franz Horee, *Shakspeare's Schauspiele erläutert.*

EDGAR

As all proceeds so rapidly, and Edgar, one hardly understands how, is driven by lies from his father's house, it is, as represented on the stage, scarcely intelligible. That Edgar comes on the stage as a crazy beggar is no more clearly explained, yet the reasons of it may be imagined; but that, in this disguise of a madman, he utters, without any necessity, so much useless talk, becomes extremely wearisome, while the much-admired scene in the hut, through its length, and the inexhaustible stream of crazy speeches, is, according to our feeling, equally fatiguing. It might even be conjectured that Shakespeare intended to give us here a sort of dramatic extravaganza, showing us specimens of three different kinds of fools all together, one really crazy, one pretending to be crazy, and one a Fool by profession—these he sets upon the scene side by side, and lets all three figure away in the finest style.—Rumelin, *Shakespeare-Studien.*

THE STEWARD

In the character of the steward to Queen Goneril, Shakespeare has given an impersonation of blind feudal attachment. He is the reverse of Kent. He, from the mere servility of slavish obedience, would perpetrate any enormity of vice or of good service with the implicit punctuality and passiveness of a machine. It is no question with him whether an act be just or unjust, merciful or cruel. Kent speaks of him to this effect when he indignantly describes him as one of those who "turn their halcyon beaks with every gale and vary of their masters; knowing naught, like dogs, but following." He is, in short, a serf, and carries out the will of his mistress, as an axe obeys the hand of an executioner. The spirit of active and passive fidelity was never more aptly contrasted than in the two characters of Kent and Oswald the steward. The whole world would not stand between Kent and his zeal to serve his friend; and he has given proof that the whole world would not bring him to commit an unjust act, or to approve of it. The steward goes to his death in the service of his mistress, and with his dying breath entreats Edgar, who has killed him, to deliver the treasonable letter, upon his person, from Goneril to Edmund. He is accurately the character that Edgar gives him: "A serviceable villain, as dexterous to the vices of his mistress as badness would desire."—Clarke, *Shakespeare-Characters.*

THE FOOL

Shakespeare has many fools in his plays; but the fool in *King Lear* is different from all the rest. Shakespeare designs him to be one of those poor half-witted kindly creatures who, having once received an idea into their brain, are incapable of parting with it, but whose mental activity consists solely in harping upon the same string, sometimes with a weird ingenuity, sometimes humorously, sometimes bitterly, but calculated by continual repetition

to create an impression upon those who are thrown in their company. He thus acts as a sort of conscience, and that appears to be the chief function of the fool in *King Lear*. Up to the point of the arrival of Kent, the folly of his action in parting with his crown does not seem to have occurred to Lear at all. "A very honest-hearted fellow, and as poor as the king," says Kent. "If thou be as poor for a subject as he is for a king, thou art poor enough." It is from the speeches of Kent and the fool that the gross folly of his conduct is gradually made apparent to Lear; and it is part of Lear's punishment that whereas in the first scene he is able to banish conscience in the shape of Kent, in the latter part of the play he is forced to hug remorse, in the shape of the fool, as his only companion.—RANSOME, *Short Studies in Shakespeare's Plots*.

Genuine humor breaks forth only out of a loving heart, and through his unbounded love for his master the Fool has purchased the right to tell him the bitter truth, and hold up the mirror before the wrong that he has done. As the Fool represents truth in the guise of humor, he cannot be brought forward until the rupture with the moral law has taken place; the disguised truth waits; the king has not for two days seen the Fool. In his grief for Cordelia's banishment, the Fool has almost forgotten his part, and this affords us a pledge that, under the veil of humor, the deepest earnestness is concealed. Only in slight allusions does he touch the fault of the King, for roughly to waken up the injury done were the office not of love but of scorn.

Hence the Fool makes the folly of the King the target of his humor; the harmless words he throws out conceal a deep and penetrating significance. When, immediately after Goneril's first rude speech to her father, the Fool breaks out with the apparently random words, "Out went the candle, and we were left darkling"—the words of an old song—the point is, that the light of the moral world has now ceased to shine, and the darkness incessantly in-

creases. (Compare the words addressed to Kent by the Fool, Act II, sc. iv. with the words: "We 'll set thee to school to an ant," etc.) As, however, the old king draws ever nearer to the brink of the abyss, the arrows of the Fool, aimed at the folly of the king, grow fewer, he catches oftener at some harmless, jesting remark, to cheer the suffering of his master, and to lighten the burden of his own grief. The whole depth and power of his sorrow he crowds into a little song, for he has become thus rich in songs since the king, as he says, has made his daughters his mothers. In a similar way he expresses his impregnable devotion to the king in those deeply significant verses in which he promises not to desert the king in the storm, and the particular theme of which is that the wise are fools before God, but the fools in the eye of the world are justified by a higher power. The Fool has his place in the tragedy only so long as the king is able to perceive the truth veiled by the Fool's humor. There is no longer room or need for him after the king has become crazed. This crisis is the end of the Fool. He vanishes, "goes to bed at mid-day," when his beloved master is hopelessly lost. —Heuse, *Vorträge über ausgewählte dramatishe Dichtungen Shakespeare's, Schiller's, und Goethe's.*

We have yet a few words to say of a chief person of the piece, which, because this person stands by himself, a single specimen of the kind, we have kept for the last; we mean the Fool. His appearance in this tragedy is very significant, as the tragic effect is heightened in the greatest degree by his humor and the sharpness of his wit. No one but the Fool dared venture to turn Lear's attention to his great folly (the resignation of his power in his lifetime). It is of the greatest importance that this unwise proceeding of the king should be directly pointed at, as with the finger of another, and it is made ever plainer to him how foolishly, and, in relation to Cordelia, how unjustly he has acted. But the shrewd Fool knew how to clothe his mockeries so skillfully, and to produce them so

opportunely, that, although they are none the less cutting, their design is not so prominent, and the king takes them because they come from the Fool, who is bound to speak truth, and to whom Lear is attached, even as the fool, with the most devoted love, is attached to Lear. But it is not only his wit, never running dry, although indeed alloyed to many a platitude, nor his invariable good humor and his clear understanding by which the Fool commands our sympathy; but, in an almost still higher degree, it is the lovableness of his character that interests us. He has pined away—as we learn before he appears—after the youngest of the princesses has gone to France, and has sorrowed the more for what the knight who relates his condition cannot mention to the king, namely, the unhappy circumstances under which the departure of Cordelia has taken place. And how faithfully does he cling to the king in that fearful night, and, by forcing himself to appear merrier than he possibly could be in that condition, try in every way to calm the wild excitement of his master, and lure him from his heartrending, maddening pain at the shameful ingratitude of his degenerate daughters. But the more the Fool is saddened at the sight of Lear's failing mind, the fewer are his words, until at last the Poet, and with perfect truth, lets him disappear from the scene, as his later appearance would be without significance, and have a disturbing effect. But that we do not learn what becomes of him certainly seems strange, but it is not hard to explain it. It remained for Lear to inquire for him, or, in one way or another, to make mention of him, but Lear is subsequently so engrossed with his own fortunes and Cordelia's, and so, as it were, buried in them, that he could not turn his thoughts to anything which was remote from these fortunes. It is highly probable that the Fool's heart was broken by trouble and grief at Lear's cruel fate.—Schick, *Shakespeare's King Lear.*

THE MOVEMENT OF THE PLAY

The general action of the play has essentially two movements, which pass into each other by the finest and most intricate network. There is in it a double guilt and a double retribution. The first movement (embracing mainly three acts) exhibits the complete disintegration of the family. It portrays the first guilt and the first retribution—the wrong of the parents and its punishment. Lear banishes his daughter; his daughters in turn drive him out of doors. Gloster expels from home and disinherits his true and faithful son in favor of the illegitimate and faithless son, and is then himself falsely accused and betrayed by the latter. Cordelia, too, falls into guilt in her attempt to avenge the wrongs of her father. Thus the disruption is complete—the parents expelled, the false triumphant, the faithful in disguise and banishment. Such is the first movement—the wrong done by parents to their children, and its punishment. The second movement will unfold the second retribution, springing from the second guilt—the wrong done by the children to their parents, and its punishment. It must be observed, however, that the deeds of the children which are portrayed in the first movement of the drama constitute their guilt. In the one hand they are instruments of retribution, but on the other hand their conduct is a violation of ethical principles as deep as that of their parents. They are the avengers of guilt, but in this very act become themselves guilty, and must receive punishment. The general result, therefore, of the second movement will be the completed retribution. Lear and his three guilty daughters—for we have to include Cordelia under this category—as well as Gloster and his guilty son, perish. The faithful of both families come together, in their banishment, in order to protect their parents; thereby, however, Cordelia assails the established State. The consequence of her deed is death. The faithless of both families also come together; though they triumph in the external conflict, there nec-

essarily arises a struggle among themselves—for how can the faithless be faithful to one another? The jealousy of the two sisters leads to a conspiracy, and to their final destruction. Edmund, faithless to both, falls at last by the hand of his brother, whom he has deeply wronged.—SNIDER, *System of Shakespeare's Dramas.*

THE BEST OF SHAKESPEAR'S PLAYS

It is the best of all Shakspear's plays, for it is the one in which he was the most in earnest. He was here fairly caught in the web of his own imagination. The passion which he has taken as his subject is that which strikes its root deepest into the human heart; of which the bond is the hardest to be unloosed; and the canceling and tearing to pieces of which gives the greatest revulsion to the frame. This depth of nature, this force of passion, this tug and war of the elements of our being, this firm faith in filial piety, and the giddy anarchy and whirling tumult of the thoughts at finding this prop failing it, the contrast between the fixed, immovable basis of natural affection, and the rapid, irregular starts of imagination, suddenly wrenched from all its accustomed holds and resting-places in the soul, this is what Shakespear has given, and what nobody else but he could give. So we believe.—The mind of Lear, staggering between the weight of attachment and the hurried movements of passion, is like a tall ship driven about by the winds, buffeted by the furious waves, but that still rides above the storm, having its anchor fixed in the bottom of the sea; or it is like the sharp rock circled by the eddying whirlpool that foams and beats against it, or like the solid promontory pushed from its basis by the force of an earthquake.—HAZLITT, *Characters of Shakespear's Plays.*

THE CHARM OF THE PLAY

What Lear has in common with Othello is the soul of the Poet, dark, melancholy, deeply wounded, well-nigh shattered by the world; only here, in Lear, still more than in Othello, has he concentrated in his work, painted in burning colors, all the bitterness which the depravity of human nature must generate in a sensitive heart. The Poet had daughters; that he had, perhaps, similar experiences may be supposed; divested of the historical costume, the features of Lear look out upon us with the naturalness of ordinary life, so that we seem to see an unhappy citizen of the year 1600 wrestling with madness rather than an old English king, much as Lear insists upon his regal dignity. Here is the charm which the poem has for the great public: Lear suffers from the domestic cross which is never wholly absent in any single family. It needs but a small quantity of hypochondria to magnify a situation of small occasions into such giant proportions. In this view, the poem may be styled the poetry or the tragedy of the choleric temperament, as Hamlet is of the melancholic, and Romeo of the sanguine nature. In Lear all is precipitous, in wild haste, thundering on, and this is the case even in the subordinate parts.—Rapp, *Shakspere's Schauspiele, Einleitung.*

How is it, now, that this defective drama so overpowers us that we are either unconscious of its blemishes or regard them as almost irrelevant? As soon as we turn to this question we recognize, not merely that *King Lear* possesses purely dramatic qualities which far outweigh its defects, but that its greatness consists partly in imaginative effects of a wider kind. And, looking for the sources of these effects, we find among them some of those very things which appeared to us dramatically faulty or injurious. Thus, to take at once two of the simplest examples of this, that very vagueness in the sense of locality which we have just considered, and again that excess in the

bulk of the material and the number of figures, events and movements, while they interfere with the clearness of vision, have at the same time a positive value for imagination. They give the feeling of vastness, the feeling not of a scene or particular place, but of a world; or, to speak more accurately, of a particular place which is also a world. This world is dim to us, partly from its immensity, and partly because it is filled with gloom; and in the gloom shapes approach and recede, whose half-seen faces and motions touch us with dread, horror, or the most painful pity,—sympathies and antipathies which we seem to be feeling not only for them but for the whole race. This world, we are told, is called Britain; but we should no more look for it in an atlas than for the place, called Caucasus, where Prometheus was chained by Strength and Force and comforted by the daughters of Ocean, or the place where Farinata stands erect in his glowing tomb, "Come avesse lo Inferno in gran dispitto."—BRADLEY, *Shakespearean Tragedy.*

THE LESSON OF THE PLAY

Briefly, I take this to be the lesson of *King Lear*—

There's nothing we can call our own but love.

Some learn this lesson for themselves; to some it must be taught; and the teaching may be stern or bitter; it was to King Lear. But, the lesson once learned, the whole man is changed; and though the very gates of death are opened through the learning, that makes no difference; death is then the consummation of life; *for love implies sacrifice throughout life unto death, and the ideal death of love in tragedy only makes the sacrifice apparent.* Or we may put it thus:—If Lear had lived, he would henceforth have lived for love; as it was, he died for love; ultimately there is no difference; death after this is a mere accident; it will come when it will come. And the same is true of Cordelia, although she had learned the lesson, and death to her was

always "the consummation of life."—Luce, *Handbook to Shakespeare's Works.*

What are we to make of it all? Was Gloucester right when he spoke of humanity as the quarry of malignant, irresponsible deities?

> "As flies to wanton boys, are we to the gods;
> They kill us for their sport."

Is the dead march with which the play closes not only the dirge over the bodies of those that are no more, but over the futility of human ideals, over fruitless loyalties, and martyrdoms in vain? Is it all one to be a Cordelia or a Goneril, since in death they are not divided? Is that Shakspere's "message" to the world, and was the eighteenth century right after all when it rejected such a cheerless conclusion, and showed us Cordelia victorious and happily wedded to Edgar?

No! this most representative of Shaksperean tragedies is not born of the pessimism that despairs of all things human, nor of the facile optimism that thinks everything is for the best in the best of all possible worlds. It is, as Kreyssig has called it, "the tragedy of the categorical imperative." It boldly recognizes that in the sphere of outward circumstances virtue is not always triumphant nor vice cast down. Amidst the clash of the iron forces of the universe, love and purity are often crushed.

> "Streams will not curb their pride
> The just man not to entomb,
> Nor lightnings go aside
> To give his virtues room;
> Nor is that wind less rough which blows a good man's barge."

But there is an inner sanctuary inviolable by these shocks from without. In the kingdom of the spirit nothing matters except "the good will," and there Cordelia's ardor of love is justified of itself. It exists, and in its existence lies its triumph. But, even on the sternest interpretation of

Shaksperean ethics, such glorious self-abandonment wins a benediction from above:

> "Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia,
> The gods themselves throw incense."

And may we not even venture to interpret Lear's own words as a prophetic salutation; and to think of her as "a soul in bliss," one of "the just spirits that wear victorious palms"?—Boas, *Shakspere and his Predecessors.*

THE TRAGEDY OF KING LEAR

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

LEAR, *king of Britain*
KING OF FRANCE
DUKE OF BURGUNDY
DUKE OF CORNWALL
DUKE OF ALBANY
EARL OF KENT
EARL OF GLOUCESTER
EDGAR, *son to Gloucester*
EDMUND, *bastard son to Gloucester*
CURAN, *a courtier*
Old Man, *tenant to Gloucester*
Doctor
Fool
OSWALD, *steward to Goneril*
Captain *employed by Edmund*
Gentleman *attendant on Cordelia*
Herald
Servants to Cornwall

GONERIL,
REGAN,
CORDELIA, } *daughters to Lear*

Knights of Lear's train, Captains, Messengers, Soldiers, and Attendants

SCENE: *Britain*

SYNOPSIS

By J. Ellis Burdick

ACT I

King Lear of Britain, feeling the cares of state too heavy for his years, decides to divide his kingdom among his three daughters. Telling them that their share depends on the greatness of their affections for him, he asks each in turn how much she loves him. The two elder ones, Goneril and Regan, protest that their love is beyond their power to express and that they have no joy in life outside his love. On each of them, in conjunction with their husbands, Lear bestows a third of his kingdom. The youngest daughter, Cordelia, sickened by her sisters' hypocrisy, replies, "I cannot heave my heart into my mouth: I love your majesty according to my bond; nor more nor less." The angry Lear divides the third he had reserved for her between her two sisters. The Earl of Kent, for interposing on Cordelia's behalf, is banished. The Duke of Burgundy and the King of France have long been ardently courting Cordelia; now that she is dowerless, Burgundy withdraws his suit, but the love of the King of France is kindled to inflamed respect and he takes her to be "queen of us, of ours, and our fair France." King Lear has reserved to himself only the name of king and a following of one hundred knights, and he is to spend alternately a month at the courts of Goneril and Regan. Before long these two daughters tire of their father and begin to be discourteous to him. The Earl of Kent returns in disguise and enters Lear's service.

ACT II

The daughters reduce the number of his attendants, refuse to be respectful to him, put the Earl of Kent in the stocks, and finally so irritate the old man that he goes forth on the open heath in a heavy storm.

ACT III

Only two of his retainers accompany him—his court-fool and Kent. They take refuge from the storm in a hovel, and there find Edgar, the son of the Earl of Gloucester. The latter has been supplanted in his father's affections by Edmund, his natural half-brother. The king's sorrows unbalance his mind. The Earl of Gloucester pities the old king and follows him that he may aid him. Edmund reports his deeds to Regan and Goneril, and the Duke of Cornwall, the former's husband, tears out Gloucester's eyes and thrusts him out of the gates to shift for himself.

ACT IV

Gloucester, wandering over the heath, is met and cared for by his son Edgar, who does not reveal his identity to his father. In the meantime Kent has sent word to Cordelia of her father's present condition and the cause of it, and she comes to his relief with a French army. By means of the doctors she has brought with her, Lear is restored to his right mind.

ACT V

In the battle between the French and British troops, Edmund commands for Goneril and Regan. Cordelia is defeated and she and her father taken prisoners. Goneril, for love of Edmund, poisons Regan, but afterward, when her dishonorable conduct is discovered by her husband, kills herself. Edgar charges Edmund with being a traitor and mortally wounds him in combat. Cordelia is hanged in the prison and Lear dies of a broken heart.

THE TRAGEDY OF KING LEAR

ACT FIRST

Scene I

King Lear's palace.

Enter Kent, Gloucester, and Edmund.

Kent. I thought the king had more affected the Duke of Albany than Cornwall.

Glou. It did always seem so to us: but now, in the division of the kingdom, it appears not which of the dukes he values most; for equalities are so weighed that curiosity in neither can make choice of either's moiety.

5. The folio has *qualities* instead of *equalities.*—Johnson thinks "there is something of obscurity or inaccuracy" in the opening of the play. Coleridge remarks upon it as follows: "It was not without forethought, nor is it without its due significance, that the division of Lear's kingdom is in the first six lines of the play stated as a thing already determined in all its particulars, previously to the trial of professions, as the relative rewards of which the daughters were to be made to consider their several portions. The strange, yet by no means unnatural, mixture of selfishness, sensibility, and habit of feeling derived from, and fostered by, the particular rank and usages of the individual; the intense desire of being intensely beloved,—selfish, and yet characteristic of the selfishness of a loving and kindly nature alone; the self-supportless leaning for all pleasure on another's breast; the craving after sympathy with a prodigal disinterestedness, frustrated by its own ostentation, and the mode and nature of its claims; the anxiety, the distrust, the jealousy,

Kent. Is not this your son, my lord?

Glou. His breeding, sir, hath been at my charge: I have so often blushed to acknowledge him that now I am brazed to it.

Kent. I cannot conceive you.

Glou. Sir, this young fellow's mother could: whereupon she grew round-wombed, and had indeed, sir, a son for her cradle ere she had a husband for her bed. Do you smell a fault?

Kent. I cannot wish the fault undone, the issue of it being so proper.

Glou. But I have, sir, a son by order of law, some year elder than this, who yet is no dearer in my account: though this knave came something saucily into the world before he was sent for, yet was his mother fair; there was good sport at his making, and the whoreson must be acknowledged. Do you know this noble gentleman, Edmund?

which more or less accompany all selfish affections, and are amongst the surest contradistinctions of mere fondness from true love, and which originate Lear's eager wish to enjoy his daughters' violent professions, whilst the inveterate habits of sovereignty convert the wish into claim and positive right, and an incompliance with it into crime and treason;—these facts, these passions, these moral verities, on which the whole tragedy is founded, are all prepared for, and will to the retrospect be found implied, in these first four or five lines of the play. They let us know that the trial is but a trick; and that the grossness of the old king's rage is in part the natural result of a silly trick suddenly and most unexpectedly baffled and disappointed."—H. N. H.

"equalities are so weighed," etc.; *i. e.* their shares are so nicely balanced that the closest scrutiny detects no superiority in either.—C. H. H.

21. *"some year"*; a year or so.—C. H. H.

23. The folio has *to* instead of *into*.—H. N. H.

Edm. No, my lord.
Glou. My lord of Kent: remember him hereafter as my honorable friend.
Edm. My services to your lordship.
Kent. I must love you, and sue to know you better.
Edm. Sir, I shall study deserving.
Glou. He hath been out nine years, and away he shall again. The king is coming.

Sennet. Enter one bearing a coronet, King Lear, Cornwall, Albany, Goneril, Regan, Cordelia, and Attendants.

Lear. Attend the lords of France and Burgundy, Gloucester.
Glou. I shall, my liege.
[*Exeunt Gloucester and Edmund.*
Lear. Meantime we shall express our darker purpose.
Give me the map there. Know we have divided
In three our kingdom: and 'tis our fast intent
To shake all cares and business from our age,
Conferring them on younger strengths, while we
Unburthen'd crawl toward death. Our son of Cornwall,

38. For *"liege"* the folio has *lord.*—H. N. H.

39. That is, "we have already made known our desire of parting the kingdom; we will now discover what has not been told before, the reasons by which we shall regulate the partition." This interpretation will justify or palliate the exordial dialogue (Johnson).—H. N. H.

42. *"from our age";* so Ff.; Qq., *"of our state."*—I. G.

43–48. (*"while we . . . now"*); 52–53, omitted in Quartos.—I. G.

And you, our no less loving son of Albany,
We have this hour a constant will to publish
Our daughters' several dowers, that future strife
May be prevented now. The princes, France and Burgundy,
Great rivals in our youngest daughter's love,
Long in our court have made their amorous sojourn,
And here are to be answer'd. Tell me, my daughters,
Since now we will divest us both of rule,
Interest of territory, cares of state,
Which of you shall we say doth love us most?
That we our largest bounty may extend
Where nature doth with merit challenge. Goneril,
Our eldest-born, speak first.

Gon. Sir, I love you more than words can wield the matter,
Dearer than eye-sight, space and liberty,
Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare,
No less than life, with grace, health, beauty, honor,
As much as child e'er loved or father found;
A love that makes breath poor and speech unable;
Beyond all manner of so much I love you.

56. *"Where nature doth with merit challenge. Goneril";* so Ff.; Qq. read *"Where merit doth most challenge it."*—I. G.

60. Beyond all assignable quantity. I love you beyond limits, and cannot say it is *so much.*—In the next line the quartos have *do* instead of *speak.*—H. N. H.

Cor. [*Aside*] What shall Cordelia do? Love, and be silent.

Lear. Of all these bounds, even from this line to this,
With shadowy forests and with champains rich'd,
With plenteous rivers and wide-skirted meads,
We make thee lady. To thine and Albany's issue
Be this perpetual. What says our second daughter,
Our dearest Regan, wife to Cornwall? Speak.

Reg. I am made of that self metal as my sister,
And prize me at her worth. In my true heart
I find she names my very deed of love;
Only she comes too short: that I profess
Myself an enemy to all other joys
Which the most precious square of sense possesses,
And find I am alone felicitate
In your dear highness' love.

Cor. [*Aside*] Then poor Cordelia!
And yet not so, since I am sure my love's

65. *"do"*; so Qq.; Ff. read *"speak."*—I. G.

71. *"Speak"* is wanting in the folio. Probably the omission was accidental, the word being necessary to the measure.—H. N. H.

75. That is, she comes short of me *in this,* that I profess, &c.—In the next line but one the folio misprints *professes* instead of *possesses.* —*"Square of sense"* probably means *whole complement of the senses.* The expression is odd, and something awkward. Mr. Collier's celebrated second folio changes *square* to *sphere;* which may be better language, but gives the sense no clearer. Singer proposes to read, "most *spacious sphere.*" *Spacious,* without *sphere,* is a very plausible change, but not so necessary or so helpful to the sense as to warrant its adoption.—H. N. H.

More ponderous than my tongue.
Lear. To thee and thine hereditary ever
Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom,
No less in space, validity and pleasure,
Than that conferr'd on Goneril. Now, our joy,
Although the last, not least, to whose young love
The vines of France and milk of Burgundy
Strive to be interess'd, what can you say to draw
A third more opulent than your sisters? Speak.
Cor. Nothing, my lord. 91
Lear. Nothing!
Cor. Nothing.
Lear. Nothing will come of nothing: speak again.
Cor. Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave
My heart into my mouth: I love your majesty
According to my bond; nor more nor less.
Lear. How, how, Cordelia! mend your speech a little,
Lest it may mar your fortunes.
Cor. Good my lord,

82. *"Ponderous";* so Ff.; Qq., *"richer."*—I. G.

87. *"the last, not least";* so Qq.; Ff. read *"our last and least."*—I. G.

93. This *"nothing"* is wanting in the quartos.—Coleridge remarks upon Cordelia's answer thus: "There is something of disgust at the ruthless hypocrisy of her sisters, and some little faulty admixture of pride and sullenness in Cordelia's 'Nothing'; and her tone is well contrived, indeed, to lessen the glaring absurdity of Lear's conduct, but yet answers the yet more important purpose of forcing away the attention from the nursery-tale, the moment it has served its end, that of supplying the canvass for the picture. This is also materially furthered by Kent's opposition, which displays Lear's moral incapability of resigning the sovereign power in the very act of disposing of it."—H. N. H.

94. *"Nothing will come of nothing";* alluding to the proverb: *"Ex nihilo nihil fit."*—C. H. H.

You have begot me, bred me, loved me: I
Return those duties back as are right fit,
Obey you, love you, and most honor you.
Why have my sisters husbands, if they say
They love you all? Haply, when I shall wed,
That lord whose hand must take my plight shall carry
Half my love with him, half my care and duty:
Sure, I shall never marry like my sisters,
To love my father all.

Lear. But goes thy heart with this?

Cor. Aye, good my lord.

Lear. So young, and so untender?

Cor. So young, my lord, and true.

Lear. Let it be so; thy truth then be thy dower:
For, by the sacred radiance of the sun,
The mysteries of Hecate, and the night;
By all the operation of the orbs
From whom we do exist and cease to be;
Here I disclaim all my paternal care,
Propinquity and property of blood,
And as a stranger to my heart and me
Hold thee from this for ever. The barbarous Scythian,
Or he that makes his generation messes
To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom
Be as well neighbor'd, pitied and relieved,
As thou my sometime daughter.

108. Omitted in Folios.—I. G.

109. The quartos have a different order, thus: "But goes this with thy heart?"—H. N. H.

114. *"mysteries,"* the reading of Ff. 2, 3, 4; Qq. *"mistresse"*; F. 1, *"miseries."*—I. G.

Kent. Good my liege,—
Lear. Peace, Kent!
Come not between the dragon and his wrath.
I loved her most, and thought to set my rest
On her kind nursery. Hence, and avoid my sight!
So be my grave my peace, as here I give
Her father's heart from her! Call France. Who stirs?
Call Burgundy. Cornwall and Albany,
With my two daughters' dowers digest this third:
Let pride, which she calls plainness, marry her.
I do invest you jointly with my power,
Pre-eminence and all the large effects
That troop with majesty. Ourself, by monthly course,
With reservation of an hundred knights
By you to be sustain'd, shall our abode
Make with you by due turns. Only we still retain
The name and all the additions to a king;
The sway, revenue, execution of the rest,
Beloved sons, be yours: which to confirm,
This coronet part betwixt you.
Kent. Royal Lear,
Whom I have ever honor'd as my king,
Loved as my father, as my master follow'd,
As my great patron thought on in my prayers,—
Lear. The bow is bent and drawn; make from the shaft.

Kent. Let it fall rather, though the fork invade
The region of my heart: be Kent unmannerly,
When Lear is mad. What wouldst thou do, old man?
Think'st thou that duty shall have dread to speak,
When power to flattery bows? To plainness honor's bound,
When majesty stoops to folly. Reverse thy doom,
And in thy best consideration check
This hideous rashness: answer my life my judgment,
Thy youngest daughter does not love thee least;
Nor are those empty-hearted whose low sound
Reverbs no hollowness.
Lear. Kent, on thy life, no more.
Kent. My life I never held but as a pawn
To wage against thy enemies, nor fear to lose it,
Thy safety being the motive.
Lear. Out of my sight!
Kent. See better, Lear, and let me still remain
The true blank of thine eye.
Lear. Now, by Apollo,—

150. *"what wouldst thou do, old man?"*; "This is spoken on seeing his master put his hand to his sword" (Capell); Ff. 1, 2, *"wouldest"*; Qq., *"wilt."*—I. G.

153. *"stoops to folly"*; so Qq.; Ff., *"falls to folly"* (F. 3, *"fall to folly"*): *"Reverse thy doom"*; so Qq.; Ff. read, *"reserue thy state."*—I. G.

159–161. That is, I never regarded my life as my own, but merely as a thing which was entrusted to me as a pawn or pledge, to be employed in *waging* war against your enemies. "To *wage,*" says Bullokar, "to *undertake,* or give security for performance of any thing."—H. N. H.

Kent. Now, by Apollo, king,
Thou swear'st thy gods in vain.
Lear. O, vassal! miscreant!
[*Laying his hand on his sword.*
Alb. } Dear sir, forbear.
Corn. }
Kent. Do;
Kill thy physician, and the fee bestow
Upon the foul disease. Revoke thy doom;
Or, whilst I can vent clamor from my throat,
I 'll tell thee thou dost evil.
Lear. Hear me, recreant! 171
On thy allegiance, hear me!
Since thou hast sought to make us break our vow,
Which we durst never yet, and with strain'd pride
To come between our sentence and our power,
Which nor our nature nor our place can bear,
Our potency made good, take thy reward.
Five days we do allot thee, for provision
To shield thee from diseases of the world,
And on the sixth to turn thy hated back 180
Upon our kingdom: if on the tenth day following
Thy banish'd trunk be found in our dominions,
The moment is thy death. Away! By Jupiter,
This shall not be revoked.

166. Omitted in Quartos.—I. G.
171. *"recreant";* omitted in Qq.—I. G.
178. *"five";* so Ff.; Qq., *"Foure."*—I. G.
180. *"sixth,"* so Ff.; Qq., *"fift."*—I. G.

Kent. Fare thee well, king: sith thus thou wilt appear,
Freedom lives hence, and banishment is here.
[*To Cordelia*] The gods to their dear shelter take thee, maid,
That justly think'st and hast most rightly said!
[*To Regan and Goneril*] And your large speeches may your deeds approve,
That good effects may spring from words of love.
Thus Kent, O princes, bids you all adieu;
He 'll shape his old course in a country new.
[*Exit.*

Flourish. Re-enter Gloucester, with France, Bergundy, and Attendants.

Glou. Here 's France and Burgundy, my noble lord.
Lear. My lord of Burgundy,
We first address towards you, who with this king
Hath rival'd for our daughter: what, in the least,
Will you require in present dower with her,
Or cease your quest of love?
Bur. Most royal majesty,
I crave no more than what your highness offer'd,
Nor will you tender less.
Lear. Right noble Burgundy,
When she was dear to us, we did hold her so;

193. This line is given to Cordelia in Ff.—I. G.
201. *"so"; i. e.* "dear," of high price.—C. H. H.

But now her price is fall'n. Sir, there she stands:
If aught within that little seeming substance,
Or all of it, with our displeasure pierced,
And nothing more, may fitly like your grace,
She 's there, and she is yours.

Bur. I know no answer.

Lear. Will you, with those infirmities she owes,
Unfriended, new adopted to our hate,
Dower'd with our curse and stranger'd with our oath,
Take her, or leave her?

Bur. Pardon me, royal sir;
Election makes not up on such conditions.

Lear. Then leave her, sir; for, by the power that made me,
I tell you all her wealth. [*To France*] For you, great king,
I would not from your love make such a stray,
To match you where I hate; therefore beseech you
To avert your liking a more worthier way
Than on a wretch whom nature is ashamed
Almost to acknowledge hers.

France. This is most strange,
That she, that even but now was your best object,
The argument of your praise, balm of your age,
Most best, most dearest, should in this trice of time
Commit a thing so monstrous, to dismantle

So many folds of favor. Sure, her offense
Must be of such unnatural degree
That monsters it, or your fore-vouch'd affection
Fall'n into taint: which to believe of her,
Must be a faith that reason without miracle
Could never plant in me.

Cor. I yet beseech your majesty,—
If for I want that glib and oily art,
To speak and purpose not, since what I well intend,
I 'll do 't before I speak,—that you make known
It is no vicious blot, murder, or foulness,
No unchaste action, or dishonor'd step,
That hath deprived me of your grace and favor;
But even for want of that for which I am richer,
A still-soliciting eye, and such a tongue
As I am glad I have not, though not to have it
Hath lost me in your liking.

Lear. Better thou
Hadst not been born than not to have pleased me better.

France. Is it but this? a tardiness in nature
Which often leaves the history unspoke
That it intends to do? My lord of Burgundy,
What say you to the lady? Love 's not love
When it is mingled with regards that stand

223–226. *"Sure . . . taint"*; her offense must be monstrous, or the former affection which you professed for her must *fall into taint;* that is, become the subject of reproach. *Taint* is here only an abbreviation of *attaint.*—H. N. H.

238. *"better"*; so Ff.; Qq., *"go to, go to, better."*—I. G.

244. *"stand aloof from the entire point"*; have no relation to that which is the object of "entire" or pure love.—C. H. H.

Aloof from the entire point. Will you have her?
She is herself a dowry.

Bur. Royal Lear,
Give but that portion which yourself proposed,
And here I take Cordelia by the hand,
Duchess of Burgundy.

Lear. Nothing: I have sworn, I am firm.

Bur. I am sorry then you have so lost a father
That you must lose a husband.

Cor. Peace be with Burgundy!
Since that respects of fortune are his love,
I shall not be his wife.

France. Fairest Cordelia, that art most rich being poor,
Most choice forsaken, and most loved despised,
Thee and thy virtues here I seize upon:
Be it lawful I take up what 's cast away.
Gods, gods! 'tis strange that from their cold'st neglect
My love should kindle to inflamed respect.
Thy dowerless daughter, king, thrown to my chance,
Is queen of us, of ours, and our fair France:
Not all the dukes of waterish Burgundy
Can buy this unprized precious maid of me.
Bid them farewell, Cordelia, though unkind:
Thou losest here, a better where to find.

246. *"Royal Lear";* so in the quartos; the folio, "Royal *king.*—H. N. H.

253. *"respects of fortune";* so Qq.; Ff., *"respect and fortunes."*—I. G.

266. *"where";* (used substantively).—C. H. H.

Lear. Thou hast her, France: let her be thine, for we
Have no such daughter, nor shall ever see
That face of hers again. Therefore be gone
Without our grace, our love, our benison.
Come, noble Burgundy.
[*Flourish. Exeunt all but France, Goneril, Regan, and Cordelia.*

France. Bid farewell to your sisters.

Cor. The jewels of our father, with wash'd eyes
Cordelia leaves you: I know you what you are;
And, like a sister, am most loath to call
Your faults as they are named. Use well our father:
To your professed bosoms I commit him:
But yet, alas, stood I within his grace,
I would prefer him to a better place.
So farewell to you both.

Reg. Prescribe not us our duties.

Gon. Let your study
Be to content your lord, who hath received you
At fortune's alms. You have obedience scanted,
And well are worth the want that you have wanted.

Cor. Time shall unfold what plaited cunning hides:
Who cover faults, at last shame them derides.

273. *"The jewels,"* etc.; (in apposition to "you").—C. H. H.

284. *"want"*; Qq., *"worth."* Theobald explains the Folio reading, "You well deserve to meet with that *want* of love from your husband, which you have professed to want for our Father."—I. G.

286. *"shame them derides"*; so Qq.; Ff., *"with shame derides"*; Warburton, *"with shame abides,"* &c.—I. G.

Well may you prosper!

France. Come, my fair Cordelia.

[*Exeunt France and Cordelia.*

Gon. Sister, it is not a little I have to say of what most nearly appertains to us both. I think our father will hence to-night.

Reg. That 's most certain, and with you; next month with us.

Gon. You see how full of changes his age is; the observation we have made of it hath not been little: he always loved our sister most; and with what poor judgment he hath now cast her off appears too grossly.

Reg. 'Tis the infirmity of his age: yet he hath ever but slenderly known himself.

Gon. The best and soundest of his time hath been but rash; then must we look to receive from his age, not alone the imperfections of long ingrafted condition, but therewithal the unruly waywardness that infirm and choleric years bring with them.

Reg. Such unconstant starts are we like to have from him as this of Kent's banishment.

Gon. There is further compliment of leave-taking between France and him. Pray you, let 's hit together: if our father carry authority with such dispositions as he bears, this last surrender of his will but offend us.

Reg. We shall further think on 't.

Gon. We must do something, and i' the heat.

[*Exeunt.*

294. *"hath not been"*; so Qq.; Ff., *"hath been."*—I. G.

314. *"and i' the heat"*; referring to the phrase, "Strike while the

Scene II

The Earl of Gloucester's castle.

Enter Edmund, with a letter

Edm. Thou, nature, art my goddess; to thy law
My services are bound. Wherefore should I
Stand in the plague of custom, and permit
The curiosity of nations to deprive me,

iron's hot."—The main incident of this scene is commented on by Coleridge thus: "Lear is the only serious performance of Shakespeare, the interest and situations of which are derived from the assumption of a gross improbability. But observe the matchless judgment of our Shakespeare. First, improbable as the conduct of Lear is in the first scene, yet it was an old story rooted in the popular faith,—a thing taken for granted already, and consequently without any of the effects of improbability. Secondly, it is the mere canvass for the characters and passions,—a mere occasion for,—and not perpetually recurring as the cause and *sine qua non* of,—the incidents and emotions. Let the first scene of this play have been lost, and let it only be understood that a fond father had been duped by hypocritical professions of love and duty on the part of two daughters to disinherit the third, previously, and deservedly, more dear to him; and all the rest of the tragedy would retain its interest undiminished, and be perfectly intelligible. The accidental is nowhere the groundwork of the passions, but that which is catholic, which in all ages has been, and ever will be, close and native to the heart of man,—parental anguish from filial ingratitude, the genuineness of worth, though coffined in bluntness, and the execrable vileness of a smooth iniquity."—H. N. H.

1. In this speech of Edmund you see, as soon as a man cannot reconcile himself to reason, how his conscience flies off by way of appeal to nature, who is sure upon such occasions never to find fault; and also how shame sharpens a predisposition in the heart to evil. For it is a profound moral, that shame will naturally generate guilt; the oppressed will be vindictive, like Shylock; and in the anguish of undeserved ignominy the delusion secretly springs up, of getting over the moral quality of an action by fixing the mind on the mere physical act alone (Coleridge).—H. N. H.

For that I am some twelve or fourteen moon-
shines
Lag of a brother? Why bastard? wherefore
base?
When my dimensions are as well compact,
My mind as generous and my shape as true,
As honest madam's issue? Why brand they us
With base? with baseness? bastardy? base, base?
Who in the lusty stealth of nature take
More composition and fierce quality
Than doth, within a dull, stale, tired bed,
Go to the creating a whole tribe of fops,
Got 'tween asleep and wake? Well then,
Legitimate Edgar, I must have your land:
Our father's love is to the bastard Edmund
As to the legitimate: fine word, 'legitimate'!
Well, my legitimate, if this letter speed
And my invention thrive, Edmund the base
Shall top the legitimate. I grow; I prosper:
Now, gods, stand up for bastards!

Enter Gloucester.

Glou. Kent banish'd thus! and France in choler
parted!
And the king gone to-night! subscribed his
power!
Confined to exhibition! All this done
Upon the gad! Edmund, how now! what news?

8. *"generous"*; spirited.—C. H. H.
10. so Ff.; Qq. read, *"with base, base bastardie."*—I. G.
18. *"fine word, legitimate"*; omitted in Quartos.—I. G.
21. *"top the"*; Edward's conj. of Qq. 1, 2, *"tooth"*; Q. 3, *"too h"*; Ff. 1, 2, *"to'th"*; Ff. 3, 4, *"to th,"* etc.—I. G.

Edm. So please your lordship, none.
[*Putting up the letter.*

Glou. Why so earnestly seek you to put up that letter?

Edm. I know no news, my lord.

Glou. What paper were you reading?

Edm. Nothing, my lord.

Glou. No? What needed then that terrible dispatch of it into your pocket? the quality of nothing hath not such need to hide itself. Let 's see: come, if it be nothing, I shall not need spectacles.

Edm. I beseech you, sir, pardon me: it is a letter from my brother, that I have not all o'er-read, and for so much as I have perused, I find it not fit for your o'er-looking.

Glou. Give me the letter, sir.

Edm. I shall offend, either to detain or give it. The contents, as in part I understand them, are to blame.

Glou. Let 's see, let 's see.

Edm. I hope, for my brother's justification, he wrote this but as an essay or taste of my virtue.

Glou. [*Reads*] 'This policy and reverence of age makes the world bitter to the best of our times; keeps our fortunes from us till our oldness cannot relish them. I begin to find an idle and fond bondage in the oppression of aged tyranny; who sways, not as it hath

49. *"and reverence";* omitted in Quartos.—I. G.

50. *"best of our times";* best part of our lives.—C. H. H.

power, but as it is suffered. Come to me, that of this I may speak more. If our father would sleep till I waked him, you should enjoy half his revenue for ever, and live the beloved of your brother, EDGAR.' Hum! Conspiracy!—'Sleep till I waked him, you should enjoy half his revenue!'— My son Edgar! Had he a hand to write this? a heart and brain to breed it in? When came this to you? who brought it?

Edm. It was not brought me, my lord; there 's the cunning of it; I found it thrown in at the casement of my closet.

Glou. You know the character to be your brother's?

Edm. If the matter were good, my lord, I durst swear it were his; but, in respect of that, I would fain think it were not.

Glou. It is his.

Edm. It is his hand, my lord; but I hope his heart is not in the contents.

Glou. Hath he never heretofore sounded you in this business?

Edm. Never, my lord: but I have heard him oft maintain it to be fit, that, sons at perfect age, and fathers declining, the father should be as ward to the son, and the son manage his revenue.

Glou. O villain, villain! His very opinion in the letter! Abhorred villain! Unnatural, detested, brutish villain! worse than brutish!

71. *"that," i. e.* the matter, contents.—I. G.

Go, sirrah, seek him; aye, apprehend him: abominable villain! Where is he?

Edm. I do not well know, my lord. If it shall please you to suspend your indignation against my brother till you can derive from him better testimony of his intent, you should run a certain course; where, if you violently proceed against him, mistaking his purpose, it would make a great gap in your own honor and shake in pieces the heart of his obedience. I dare pawn down my life for him that he hath wrote this to feel my affection to your honor and to no further pretense of danger.

Glou. Think you so?

Edm. If your honor judge it meet, I will place you where you shall hear us confer of this, and by an auricular assurance have your satisfaction, and that without any further delay than this very evening.

Glou. He cannot be such a monster—

Edm. Nor is not, sure.

Glou. To his father, that so tenderly and entirely loves him. Heaven and earth! Edmund, seek him out; wind me into him, I pray you: frame the business after your own wisdom. I would unstate myself, to be in a due resolution.

Edm. I will seek him, sir, presently, convey the

92. *"where"*; whereas.—C. H. H.
107–109. Omitted in Folios.—I. G.

business as I shall find means, and acquaint you withal.

Glou. These late eclipses in the sun and moon portend no good to us: though the wisdom of nature can reason it thus and thus, yet nature finds itself scourged by the sequent effects: love cools, friendship falls off, brothers divide: in cities, mutinies; in countries, discord; in palaces, treason; and the bond cracked 'twixt son and father. This villain of mine comes under the prediction; there 's son against father: the king falls from bias of nature; there 's father against child. We have seen the best of our time: machinations, hollowness, treachery and all ruinous disorders follow us disquietly to our graves. Find out this villain, Edmund; it shall lose thee nothing; do it carefully. And the noble and true-hearted Kent banished! his offense, honesty! 'Tis strange. [*Exit.*

Edm. This is the excellent foppery of the world, that when we are sick in fortune—often the surfeit of our own behavior—we make guilty of our disasters the sun, the moon and the stars: as if we were villains by necessity, fools by heavenly compulsion;

117. *"These late eclipses in the sun and moon portend no good"; v.* Preface.—I. G.

That is, though natural philosophy can give account of eclipses, yet we feel their consequences.—H. N. H.

124–131. Omitted in Quartos.—I. G.

137. *"surfeit";* so Q. 1; Qq. 2, 3, *"surfet";* Ff. 1, 2, 3; *"surfets";* F. 4, *"surfeits";* Collier conj. *"forfeit."*—I. G.

knaves, thieves and treachers, by spherical predominance; drunkards, liars and adulterers, by an enforced obedience of planetary influence; and all that we are evil in, by a divine thrusting on: an admirable evasion of whore-master man, to lay his goatish disposition to the charge of a star! My father compounded with my mother under the dragon's tail, and my nativity was under Ursa major; so that it follows I am rough and lecherous. Tut, I should have been that I am, had the maidenliest star in the firmament twinkled on my bastardizing, Edgar—

Enter Edgar.

And pat he comes like the catastrophe of the old comedy: my cue is villainous melancholy, with a sigh like Tom o' Bedlam. O, these eclipses do portend these divisions! fa, sol, la, mi.

151. *"Tut!"* is not in the folio.—Warburton thinks that the dotages of judicial astrology were meant to be satirized in this speech. Coleridge remarks upon Edmund's philosophizing as follows: "Thus scorn and misanthropy are often the anticipations and mouthpieces of wisdom in the detection of superstitions. Both individuals and nations may be free from such prejudices by being below them, as well as by rising above them."—H. N. H.

155. Perhaps this was intended to ridicule the awkward conclusions of the old comedies, where the persons of the scene make their entry inartificially, and just when the poet wants them on the stage.—In the folio, *Edgar—and,* at the beginning of this sentence, is wanting. The quartos also have *out* instead of *pat.*—H. N. H.

158. *"fa, sol, la, mi";* Shakespeare shows by the context that he was well acquainted with the property of these syllables in solmisation, which imply a series of sounds so unnatural that ancient musicians prohibited their use. The monkish writers on music say

Edg. How now, brother Edmund! what serious contemplation are you in?

Edm. I am thinking, brother, of a prediction I read this other day, what should follow these eclipses.

Edg. Do you busy yourself about that?

Edm. I promise you, the effects he writ of succeed unhappily; as of unnaturalness between the child and the parent; death, dearth, dissolutions of ancient amities; divisions in state, menaces and maledictions against king and nobles; needless diffidences, banishment of friends, dissipation of cohorts, nuptial breaches, and I know not what.

Edg. How long have you been a sectary astronomical?

Edm. Come, come; when saw you my father last?

Edg. Why, the night gone by.

mi contra fa, est diabolus: the interval *fa mi,* including a *tritonus* or sharp fourth, consisting of three tones without the intervention of a semi-tone, expressed in the modern scale by the letters F G A B, would form a musical phrase extremely disagreeable to the ear. Edmund, speaking of eclipses as portents, compares the dislocation of events, the *times being out of joint,* to the unnatural and offensive sounds *fa sol la mi* (Dr. Burney).—H. N. H.

167–175. *"as of unnaturalness . . . come";* omitted in Folios. —I. G.

172. *"cohorts";* so in all the old copies. Dr. Johnson suggested, plausibly, that *cohorts* might be a misprint for *courts.*—The whole of this speech after *unhappily,* as also the next, and the words, *come, come,* in the one following, are wanting in the folio.—H. N. H.

173. *"and I know not what";* "It is easy to remark that in this speech Edmund, with the common craft of fortunetellers, mingles the past and the future, and tells of the future only what he already foreknows by confederacy, or can attain by probable conjecture" (Johnson).—H. N. H.

Edm. Spake you with him?
Edg. Aye, two hours together.
Edm. Parted you in good terms? Found you no displeasure in him by word or countenance?
Edg. None at all.
Edm. Bethink yourself wherein you may have offended him: and at my entreaty forbear his presence till some little time hath qualified the heat of his displeasure, which at this instant so rageth in him that with the mischief of your person it would scarcely allay.
Edg. Some villain hath done me wrong.
Edm. That 's my fear. I pray you, have a continent forbearance till the speed of his rage goes slower, and, as I say, retire with me to my lodging, from whence I will fitly bring you to hear my lord speak: pray ye, go; there 's my key: if you do stir abroad, go armed.
Edg. Armed, brother!
Edm. Brother, I advise you to the best: go armed: I am no honest man if there be any good meaning towards you: I have told you what I have seen and heard; but faintly, nothing like the image and horror of it: pray you, away.
Edg. Shall I hear from you anon?
Edm. I do serve you in this business. [*Exit Edgar.*

192–199. *"That's my fear . . . Brother,"* so Ff.; Qq. read *"That's my feare brother,"* omitting rest of speech.—I. G.
198. *"go armed";* omitted in Folios.—I. G.

A credulous father, and a brother noble,
Whose nature is so far from doing harms
That he suspects none; on whose foolish honesty
My practices ride easy. I see the business. 211
Let me, if not by birth, have lands by wit:
All with me 's meet that I can fashion fit. [*Exit.*

Scene III

The Duke of Albany's palace.

Enter Goneril and Oswald, her steward.

Gon. Did my father strike my gentleman for
chiding of his fool?
Osw. Yes, madam.
Gon. By day and night he wrongs me; every hour
He flashes into one gross crime or other,
That sets us all at odds: I 'll not endure it:
His knights grow riotous, and himself upbraids
us
On every trifle. When he returns from hunting,
I will not speak with him; say I am sick:
If you come slack of former services,
You shall do well; the fault of it I 'll answer. 10
Osw. He 's coming, madam; I hear him.
[*Horns within.*

1. "The *Steward,*" says Coleridge, "should be placed in exact antithesis to Kent, as the only character of utter irredeemable baseness in Shakespeare. Even in this the judgment and invention of the Poet are very observable: for what else could the willing tool of a Goneril be? Not a vice but this of baseness was left open to him." —H. N. H.

Gon. Put on what weary negligence you please,
You and your fellows; I 'ld have it come to question:
If he distaste it, let him to our sister,
Whose mind and mine, I know, in that are one,
Not to be over-ruled. Idle old man,
That still would manage those authorities
That he hath given away! Now, by my life,
Old fools are babes again, and must be used
With checks as flatteries, when they are seen abused.
Remember what I tell you.
Osw. Very well, madam.
Gon. And let his knights have colder looks among you;
What grows of it, no matter; advise your fellows so:
I would breed from hence occasions, and I shall,
That I may speak: I 'll write straight to my sister,
To hold my very course. Prepare for dinner.
[*Exeunt.*

17–21; 24–25; omitted in Folios.—I. G.

20. *"With checks as flatteries, when they are seen abused";* Tyrwhitt's explanation seems the most plausible, "with checks, as well as flatterers, when they (*i. e.* flatterers) are seen to be abused." The emendators have been busy with the line without much success. —I. G.

23. This line and "That I may speak," of the next, are not in the folio.—H. N. H.

Scene IV

A hall in the same.

Enter Kent, disguised.

Kent. If but as well I other accents borrow,
That can my speech defuse, my good intent
May carry through itself to that full issue
For which I razed my likeness. Now, banish'd Kent,
If thou canst serve where thou dost stand condemn'd,
So may it come, thy master whom thou lovest
Shall find thee full of labors.

Horns within. Enter Lear, Knights, and Attendants.

Lear. Let me not stay a jot for dinner; go get it ready. [*Exit an Attendant.*] How now! what art thou?

Kent. A man, sir.

Lear. What dost thou profess? What wouldst thou with us?

Kent. I do profess to be no less than I seem; to serve him truly that will put me in trust; to

6. *"so may it come";* omitted in Quartos.—I. G.

8. In Lear old age is itself a character, its natural imperfections being increased by life-long habits of receiving prompt obedience. Any addition of individuality would have been unnecessary and painful; for the relations of others to him, of wondrous fidelity and of frightful ingratitude, alone sufficiently distinguish him. Thus Lear becomes the open and ample play-room of nature's passions (Coleridge).—H. N. H.

love him that is honest; to converse with him that is wise and says little; to fear judgment; to fight when I cannot choose, and to eat no fish.

Lear. What art thou?

Kent. A very honest-hearted fellow, and as poor as the king.

Lear. If thou be as poor for a subject as he is for a king, thou art poor enough. What wouldst thou?

Kent. Service.

Lear. Who wouldst thou serve?

Kent. You.

Lear. Dost thou know me, fellow?

Kent. No, sir; but you have that in your countenance which I would fain call master.

Lear. What 's that?

Kent. Authority.

Lear. What services canst thou do?

Kent. I can keep honest counsel, ride, run, mar a curious tale in telling it, and deliver a plain message bluntly: that which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualified in, and the best of me is diligence.

Lear. How old art thou?

Kent Not so young, sir, to love a woman for singing, nor so old to dote on her for any thing: I have years on my back forty eight.

Lear. Follow me; thou shalt serve me: if I like thee no worse after dinner, I will not part from thee yet. Dinner, ho, dinner!

Where 's my knave? my fool? Go you, and call my fool hither. [*Exit an Attendant.*

Enter Oswald.

You, you, sirrah, where 's my daughter?

Osw. So please you,— [*Exit.*

Lear. What says the fellow there? Call the clotpoll back. [*Exit a Knight.*] Where 's my fool, ho? I think the world 's asleep.

Re-enter Knight.

How now! where 's that mongrel?

Knight. He says, my lord, your daughter is not well.

Lear. Why came not the slave back to me when I called him?

Knight. Sir, he answered me in the roundest manner, he would not.

Lear. He would not!

Knight. My lord, I know not what the matter is; but, to my judgment, your highness is not entertained with that ceremonious affection as you were wont; there 's a great abatement of kindness appears as well in the general dependants as in the duke himself also and your daughter.

Lear. Ha! sayest thou so?

Knight. I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, if I be mistaken; for my duty cannot be silent when I think your highness wronged.

Lear. Thou but rememberest me of mine own conception: I have perceived a most faint

neglect of late; which I have rather blamed as mine own jealous curiosity than as a very pretense and purpose of unkindness: I will look further into 't. But where 's my fool? I have not seen him this two days.

Knight. Since my young lady's going into France, sir, the fool hath much pined away.

Lear. No more of that; I have noted it well. Go you, and tell my daughter I would speak with her. [*Exit an Attendant.*] Go you, call hither my fool. [*Exit an Attendant.*

Re-enter Oswald.

O, you sir, you, come you hither, sir: who am I, sir?

Osw. My lady's father.

Lear. My lady's father! my lord's knave: you whoreson dog! you slave! you cur!

Osw. I am none of these, my lord; I beseech your pardon.

Lear. Do you bandy looks with me, you rascal? [*Striking him.*

Osw. I 'll not be struck, my lord.

76. By *"jealous curiosity"* Lear appears to mean a *punctilious jealousy* resulting from a scrupulous watchfulness of his own dignity. A *"very pretense"* is an *absolute design.*—H. N. H.

81. The Fool is no comic buffoon to make the groundlings laugh; no forced condescension of Shakespeare's genius to the taste of his audience. Accordingly the Poet prepares for his introduction, which he never does with any of his common clowns and fools, by bringing him into living connection with the pathos of the play. He is as wonderful a creation as Caliban: his wild babblings and inspired idiocy articulate and gauge the horrors of the scene (Coleridge).—H. N. H.

Kent. Nor tripped neither, you base foot-ball player. [*Tripping up his heels.*

Lear. I thank thee, fellow; thou servest me, and I 'll love thee.

Kent. Come, sir, arise, away! I 'll teach you differences: away, away! If you will measure your lubber's length again, tarry: but away! go to; have you wisdom? so. [*Pushes Oswald out.*

Lear. Now, my friendly knave, I thank thee: there 's earnest of thy service. [*Giving Kent money.*

Enter Fool.

Fool. Let me hire him too: here 's my coxcomb. [*Offering Kent his cap.*

Lear. How now, my pretty knave! how dost thou?

Fool. Sirrah, you were best take my coxcomb.

Kent. Why, fool?

Fool. Why, for taking one's part that 's out of favor: nay, as thou canst not smile as the wind sits, thou 'lt catch cold shortly: there, take my coxcomb: why, this fellow hath banished two on 's daughters, and done the third a blessing against his will; if thou follow him, thou must needs wear my coxcomb.

105. *"coxcomb";* natural ideots and fools have, and still do accustome themselves to weare in their cappes cockes feathers, or a hat *with a necke and heade of a cocke on the top,* and a bell thereon (*Minshew's Dictionary,* 1617).—H. N. H.

110. *"Kent. Why, fool?";* the reading of Qq.; Ff. read *"Lear. Why my Boy?"*—I. G.

How now, nuncle! Would I had two coxcombs and two daughters!

Lear. Why, my boy?

Fool. If I gave them all my living, I 'ld keep my coxcombs myself. There 's mine; beg another of thy daughters.

Lear. Take heed, sirrah; the whip.

Fool. Truth 's a dog must to kennel; he must be whipped out, when Lady the brach may stand by the fire and stink.

Lear. A pestilent gall to me!

Fool. Sirrah, I 'll teach thee a speech.

Lear. Do.

Fool. Mark it, nuncle:

> Have more than thou showest,
> Speak less than thou knowest,
> Lend less than thou owest,
> Ride more than thou goest,
> Learn more than thou trowest,
> Set less than thou throwest;
> Leave thy drink and thy whore,
> And keep in-a-door,
> And thou shalt have more
> Than two tens to a score.

131. *"nuncle";* a familiar contraction of *mine uncle.* In Beaumont and Fletcher's *Pilgrim,* when Alinda assumes the character of a fool, she uses the same language. She meets Alphonso, and calls him *nuncle;* to which he replies by calling her *naunt.* In the Southern States it is customary for a family, especially the younger members of it, to call an old and faithful servant, *uncle* or *aunt,* from a mixed feeling of respect for his character, attachment to his person, dependence on his service, and authority over his actions.—H. N. H.

135. *"goest";* walkest.—C. H. H.

Kent. This is nothing, fool.

Fool. Then 'tis like the breath of an unfee'd lawyer, you gave me nothing for 't. Can you make no use of nothing, nuncle?

Lear. Why, no, boy; nothing can be made out of nothing.

Fool. [*To Kent*] Prithee, tell him, so much the rent of his land comes to: he will not believe a fool.

Lear. A bitter fool!

Fool. Dost thou know the difference, my boy, Between a bitter fool and a sweet fool?

Lear. No, lad; teach me.

Fool. That lord that counsel'd thee
To give away thy land,
Come place him here by me;
Do thou for him stand:
The sweet and bitter fool
Will presently appear;
The one in motley here,
The other found out there.

Lear. Dost thou call me fool, boy?

Fool. All thy other titles thou hast given away; that thou wast born with.

Kent. This is not altogether fool, my lord.

Fool. No, faith, lords and great men will not let me; if I had a monopoly out, they would have part on 't: and ladies too, they will not

155–171. Omitted in Folios.—I. G.

169. *"Ladies";* Capell's emendation; Qq., *"lodes";* Collier, *"loads."* —I. G.

For the sense of the passage, nothing could be better than *ladies;*

let me have all the fool to myself; they 'll be snatching. Give me an egg, nuncle, and I 'll give thee two crowns.

Lear. What two crowns shall they be?

Fool. Why, after I have cut the egg in the middle and eat up the meat, the two crowns of the egg. When thou clovest thy crown i' the middle and gavest away both parts, thou borest thine ass on thy back o'er the dirt: thou hadst little wit in thy bald crown when thou gavest thy golden one away. If I speak like myself in this, let him be whipped that first finds it so.

[*Singing*] Fools had ne'er less wit in a year;
For wise men are grown foppish,
And know not how their wits to wear,
Their manners are so apish.

Lear. When were you wont to be so full of songs, sirrah?

Fool. I have used it, nuncle, ever since thou madest thy daughters thy mother: for when thou gavest them the rod and puttest down thine own breeches,

nothing worse than *loads:* it has no more fitness to the place than *abracadabra.*—H. N. H.

183. "There never was a time when fools were less in favor; and the reason is, that they were never so little wanted, for wise men now supply their place."—H. N. H.

191–194. *"puttest"; i. e.* didst put.—C. H. H.

So in *The Rape of Lucrece,* by Thomas Heywood, 1608:

"When Tarquin first in court began.
And was approved king,
Some men *for sodden joy gan weep,*
And I for sorrow sing."—H. N. H.

Singing] Then they for sudden joy did weep,
And I for sorrow sung,
That such a king should play bo-peep,
And go the fools among.
Prithee, nuncle, keep a schoolmaster that can teach thy fool to lie: I would fain learn to lie.

Lear. An you lie, sirrah, we 'll have you whipped.

Fool. I marvel what kin thou and thy daughters are: they 'll have me whipped for speaking true, thou 'lt have me whipped for lying, and sometimes I am whipped for holding my peace. I had rather be any kind o' thing than a fool: and yet I would not be thee, nuncle; thou hast pared thy wit o' both sides and left nothing i' the middle. Here comes one o' the parings.

Enter Goneril.

Lear. How now, daughter! what makes that frontlet on? Methinks you are too much of late i' the frown.

Fool. Thou wast a pretty fellow when thou hadst no need to care for her frowning; now thou art an O without a figure: I am better than thou art now; I am a fool, thou art nothing. [*To Gon.*] Yes, forsooth, I will

211. The word *"methinks"* is wanting in the folio.—A *frontlet,* or forehead cloth, was worn by ladies of old to prevent wrinkles. So in *Zepheria,* a collection of Sonnets, 1594:

"But now, my sunne, it fits thou take thy set,
And vayle thy face with *frownes* as with a *frontlet.*"—H. N. H.

215. *"an O"*; that is, a cipher.—H. N. H.

hold my tongue; so your face bids me,
though you say nothing.
Mum, mum:
He that keeps nor crust nor crumb,
Weary of all, shall want some.
[*Pointing to Lear*] That 's a shealed peascod.

Gon. Not only, sir, this your all-licensed fool,
But other of your insolent retinue
Do hourly carp and quarrel, breaking forth
In rank and not to be endured riots. Sir,
I had thought, by making this well known unto you,
To have found a safe redress; but now grow fearful,
By what yourself too late have spoke and done,
That you protect this course and put it on
By your allowance; which if you should, the fault
Would not 'scape censure, nor the redresses sleep,
Which, in the tender of a wholesome weal,
Might in their working do you that offense
Which else were shame, that then necessity
Will call discreet proceeding.

Fool. For, you know, nuncle,
The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long,
That it had it head bit off by it young.

223. *"shealed peascod";* now a mere husk that contains nothing. The robing of Richard II's effigy in Westminster Abbey is wrought with *peascods open,* and the *peas out;* perhaps an allusion to his being once in full possession of sovereignty, but soon reduced to an empty title.—H. N. H.

So out went the candle, and we were left darkling.

Lear. Are you our daughter?

Gon. Come, sir,
I would you would make use of that good wisdom
Whereof I know you are fraught, and put away
These dispositions that of late transform you
From what you rightly are.

Fool. May not an ass know when the cart draws the horse? Whoop, Jug! I love thee. 249

Lear. Doth any here know me? This is not Lear:
Doth Lear walk thus? speak thus? Where are his eyes?
Either his notion weakens, his discernings
Are lethargied—Ha! waking? 'tis not so.
Who is it that can tell me who I am?

Fool. Lear's shadow.

Lear. I would learn that; for, by the marks of sovereignty, knowledge and reason, I should be false persuaded I had daughters.

Fool. Which they will make an obedient father.

243. Omitted in Folios.—I. G.

249. *"Whoop, Jug,"* etc. Intentional nonsense to cloak his plain speaking. "Jug" was a colloquial term for a mistress.—C. H. H.

253. *"Ha! waking?"*; Qq. read *"sleeping or waking; ha! sure."*—I. G.

254. This speech is greatly mutilated in the folio, being cast into very irregular verse, and reading thus: "Does any here know me? This is not Lear: does Lear walk thus? speak thus? Where are his eyes? Either his notion weakens, his discernings are lethargied. Ha! Waking? 'Tis not so. Who is it that can tell me who I am?" Knight, with singular infelicity, follows this reading.—H. N. H.

256–259. Omitted in Folios.—I. G.

259. Of course it must be understood, that in the speech beginning

Lear. Your name, fair gentlewoman?
Gon. This admiration, sir, is much o' the savor
Of other your new pranks. I do beseech you
To understand my purposes aright:
As you are old and reverend, you should be wise.
Here do you keep a hundred knights and squires;
Men so disorder'd, so debosh'd and bold,
That this our court, infected with their manners,
Shows like a riotous inn: epicurism and lust
Make it more like a tavern or a brothel
Than a graced palace. The shame itself doth speak
For instant remedy: be then desired
By her that else will take the thing she begs
A little to disquantity your train,
And the remainder that shall still depend,
To be such men as may besort your age,
Which know themselves and you.
Lear. Darkness and devils!
Saddle my horses; call my train together.
Degenerate bastard! I 'll not trouble thee:
Yet have I left a daughter.
Gon. You strike my people, and your disorder'd rabble
Make servants of their betters.

Enter Albany.

"I would learn that," Lear is continuing his former speech, and answering his own question, without heeding the Fool's interruption. So, again, in this speech the Fool continues his former one, *which* referring to *shadow*.—H. N. H.

261. *"savor"*; so in the folio; but commonly given *favor*.—In the quartos this speech, also, begins with, "Come, sir."—H. N. H.

Lear. Woe, that too late repents,— [*To Alb.*] O,
sir, are you come?
Is it your will? Speak, sir. Prepare my
horses.
Ingratitude, thou marble-hearted fiend,
More hideous when thou show'st thee in a child
Than the sea-monster!
Alb. Pray, sir, be patient.
Lear. [*To Gon.*] Detested kite! thou liest.
My train are men of choice and rarest parts,
That all particulars of duty know,
And in the most exact regard support
The worships of their name. O most small
fault,
How ugly didst thou in Cordelia show!
That, like an engine, wrench'd my frame of na-
ture
From the fix'd place, drew from my heart all
love
And added to the gall. O Lear, Lear, Lear!
Beat at this gate, that let thy folly in.
[*Striking his head.*
And thy dear judgment out! Go, go, my peo-
ple.
Alb. My lord, I am guiltless, as I am ignorant
Of what hath moved you.

282. The latter part of this line, *"O, sir! are you come,"* is not in the folio.—H. N. H.

286. The *"sea-monster"* is the hippopotamus, the hieroglyphical symbol of impiety and ingratitude. Sandys, in his *Travels,* says, "that he killeth his sire and ravisheth his own dam."—H. N. H.

288. *"choice and rarest";* (the superlative applies to both).—C. H. H.

299. Omitted in Quartos.—I. G.

Lear. It may be so, my lord.
Hear, nature, hear; dear goddess, hear!
Suspend thy purpose, if thou didst intend
To make this creature fruitful:
Into her womb convey sterility:
Dry up in her the organs of increase,
And from her derogate body never spring
A babe to honor her! If she must teem,
Create her child of spleen, that it may live
And be a thwart disnatured torment to her.
Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth;
With cadent tears fret channels in her cheeks;
Turn all her mother's pains and benefits
To laughter and contempt; that she may feel
How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child! Away, away!
[*Exit.*

Alb. Now, gods that we adore, whereof comes this?

Gon. Never afflict yourself to know the cause,
But let his disposition have that scope
That dotage gives it.

Re-enter Lear.

Lear. What, fifty of my followers at a clap!
Within a fortnight!

Alb. What 's the matter, sir?

Lear. I 'll tell thee. [*To Gon.*] Life and death! I am ashamed
That thou hast power to shake my manhood thus;

306. *"teem"*; give birth.—C. H. H.

That these hot tears, which break from me perforce,
Should make thee worth them. Blasts and fogs upon thee!
The untented woundings of a father's curse
Pierce every sense about thee! Old fond eyes,
Beweep this cause again, I 'll pluck ye out
And cast you with the waters that you lose
To temper clay. Yea, is it come to this?
Let it be so: yet have I left a daughter,
Who, I am sure, is kind and comfortable:
When she shall hear this of thee, with her nails
She 'll flay thy wolfish visage. Thou shalt find
That I 'll resume the shape which thou dost think
I have cast off for ever: thou shalt, I warrant thee.

[*Exeunt Lear, Kent, and Attendants.*

Gon. Do you mark that, my lord?

Alb. I cannot be so partial, Goneril,
To the great love I bear you,—

Gon. Pray you, content. What, Oswald, ho!
[*To the Fool*] You, sir, more knave than fool, after your master.

335. We must here quote from Coleridge's remarks on this scene: "The monster Goneril prepares what is necessary, while the character of Albany renders a still more maddening grievance possible, namely, Regan and Cornwall in perfect sympathy of monstrosity. Not a sentiment, not an image, which can give pleasure on its own account, is admitted: whenever these creatures are introduced, and they are brought forward as little as possible, pure horror reigns throughout. In this scene and in all the early speeches of Lear, the one general sentiment of filial ingratitude prevails as the main spring of the feelings; in this early stage the outward object causing the pressure on the mind, which is not yet sufficiently familiarized with the anguish for the imagination to work upon it."—H. N. H.

Fool. Nuncle Lear, Nuncle Lear, tarry; take
the fool with thee.
A fox, when one has caught her,
And such a daughter,
Should sure to the slaughter,
If my cap would buy a halter:
So the fool follows after. [*Exit.*
Gon. This man hath had good counsel: a hundred
knights!
'Tis politic and safe to let him keep
At point a hundred knights: yes, that on every
dream,
Each buzz, each fancy, each complaint, dislike,
He may enguard his dotage with their powers
And hold our lives in mercy. Oswald, I say!
Alb. Well, you may fear too far.
Gon. Safer than trust too far:
Let me still take away the harms I fear,
Not fear still to be taken: I know his heart.
What he hath utter'd I have writ my sister:
If she sustain him and his hundred knights,
When I have show'd the unfitness,—

Re-enter Oswald.

How, now, Oswald!
What, have you writ that letter to my sister?
Osw. Yes, madam.
Gon. Take you some company, and away to horse:
Inform her full of my particular fear,
And thereto add such reasons of your own
As may compact it more. Get you gone;

347–358. Omitted in Quartos.—I. G.

And hasten your return. [*Exit Oswald.*] No,
no, my lord,
This milky gentleness and course of yours
Though I condemn not, yet, under pardon,
You are much more attask'd for want of wisdom
Than praised for harmful mildness.

Alb. How far your eyes may pierce I cannot tell:
Striving to better, oft we mar what 's well. 371

Gon. Nay, then—

Alb. Well, well; the event. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V

Court before the same.

Enter Lear, Kent, and Fool.

Lear. Go you before to Gloucester with these letters. Acquaint my daughter no further with any thing you know than comes from

368. *"attack'd"*; in the folio, *at task.* The word *task* is frequently used by Shakespeare and his contemporaries in the sense of *tax.* So, in the common phrase of our time, "Taken to task."—H. N. H.

373. Observe the baffled endeavor of Goneril to act on the fears of Albany, and yet his passiveness, his *inertia:* he is not convinced, and yet he is afraid of looking into the thing. Such characters always yield to those who will take the trouble of governing them, or for them. Perhaps the influence of a princess, whose choice of him had royalized his state, may be some little excuse for Albany's weakness (Coleridge).—H. N. H.

1. The word *"there"* in this speech shows that when the king says, "Go you before to *Gloster,"* he means the town of Gloster, which Shakespeare chose to make the residence of the Duke of Cornwall, to increase the probability of their setting out late from thence on a visit to the Earl of Gloster. The old English earls usually

her demand out of the letter. If your diligence be not speedy, I shall be there afore you.

Kent. I will not sleep, my lord, till I have delivered your letter. [*Exit.*

Fool. If a man's brains were in 's heels, were 't not in danger of kibes?

Lear. Aye, boy.

Fool. Then, I prithee, be merry; thy wit shall ne'er go slip-shod.

Lear. Ha, ha, ha!

Fool. Shalt see thy other daughter will use thee kindly; for though she 's as like this as a crab 's like an apple, yet I can tell what I can tell.

Lear. Why, what canst thou tell, my boy?

Fool. She will taste as like this as a crab does to a crab. Thou canst tell why one 's nose stands i' the middle on 's face?

Lear. No.

Fool. Why, to keep one's eyes of either side 's nose, that what a man cannot smell out he may spy into.

Lear. I did her wrong—

Fool. Canst tell how an oyster makes his shell?

Lear. No.

resided in the counties from whence they took their titles. Lear, not finding his son-in-law and his wife at home, follows them to the Earl of Gloster's castle.—H. N. H.

16. *"kindly";* the Fool quibbles, using *kindly* in two senses; as it means *affectionately,* and like the rest of her *kind.*—H. N. H.

27. He is musing on Cordelia.—H. N. H.

This and Lear's subsequent ejaculations to himself are in verse; his distracted replies to the Fool in prose.—C. H. H.

Fool. Nor I neither; but I can tell why a snail has a house.

Lear. Why?

Fool. Why, to put 's head in; not to give it away to his daughters, and leave his horns without a case.

Lear. I will forget my nature.—So kind a father!—Be my horses ready?

Fool. Thy asses are gone about 'em. The reason why the seven stars are no more than seven is a pretty reason.

Lear. Because they are not eight?

Fool. Yes, indeed: thou wouldst make a good fool.

Lear. To tak 't again perforce! Monster ingratitude!

Fool. If thou wert my fool, nuncle, I 'ld have thee beaten for being old before thy time.

Lear. How 's that?

Fool. Thou shouldst not have been old till thou hadst been wise.

Lear. O, let me not be mad, not mad, sweet heaven! Keep me in temper: I would not be mad!

Enter Gentleman.

How now! are the horses ready?

46. Lear is meditating on what he has before threatened, namely, to "resume the shape which he has cast off."—H. N. H.

52. "The mind's own anticipation of madness! The deepest tragic notes are often struck by a half-sense of an impending blow. The Fool's conclusion of this Act by a grotesque prattling seems to indicate the dislocation of feeling that has begun and is to be continued" (Coleridge).—H. N. H.

Gent. Ready, my lord.
Lear. Come, boy.
Fool. She that 's a maid now and laughs at my departure
Shall not be a maid long, unless things be cut shorter. [*Exeunt.*

57, 58. Some good editors think this closing couplet to have been interpolated by the players. There is certainly strong reason for wishing this opinion to be true. Nor is it unlikely that such lines and phrases, technically called *tags,* and spoken on making an *exit,* were at first interpolated on the stage, and afterwards incorporated with the text in the prompter's book. It is with reference to this practice that Hamlet exhorts the players,—"Let those that play your clowns speak no more than is set down for them." And the severity with which the custom is there reproved looks as if the Poet had himself suffered in that way.—H. N. H.

ACT SECOND

Scene I

The Earl of Gloucester's castle.

Enter Edmund and Curan, meeting.

Edm. Save thee, Curan.

Cur. And you, sir. I have been with your father and given him notice that the Duke of Cornwall and Regan his duchess will be here with him this night.

Edm. How comes that?

Cur. Nay, I know not. You have heard of the news abroad, I mean the whispered ones, for they are yet but ear-kissing arguments?

Edm. Not I: pray you, what are they? 10

Cur. Have you heard of no likely wars toward, 'twixt the Dukes of Cornwall and Albany?

Edm. Not a word.

Cur. You may do then in time. Fare you well, sir. [*Exit.*

Edm. The duke be here to-night? The better! best!
This weaves itself perforce into my business.
My father hath set guard to take my brother;
And I have one thing, of a queasy question,

11–13. Omitted in Qq. 2, 3.—I. G.

Which I must act: briefness and fortune, work!
Brother, a word; descend: brother, I say!

Enter Edgar.

My father watches: O sir, fly this place;
Intelligence is given where you are hid;
You have now the good advantage of the night:
Have you not spoken 'gainst the Duke of Cornwall?
He 's coming hither, now, i' the night, i' the haste,
And Regan with him: have you nothing said
Upon his party 'gainst the Duke of Albany?
Advise yourself.

Edg. I am sure on 't, not a word.

Edm. I hear my father coming: pardon me:
In cunning I must draw my sword upon you:
Draw: seem to defend yourself: now quit you well.
Yield: come before my father. Light, ho, here!
Fly, brother. Torches, torches! So farewell.
[*Exit Edgar.*
Some blood drawn on me would beget opinion
[*Wounds his arm.*
Of my more fierce endeavor: I have seen drunkards

24. *"advantage";* opportunity.—C. H. H.

27, 28. *"have you nothing said . . ."*; have you said nothing upon the party formed by him against the Duke of Albany?—H. N. H.

36, 37. *"I have seen,"* etc. These drunken feats are mentioned in Marston's *Dutch Courtezan:* "Have I not been drunk for your health, eat glasses, drunk wine, *stabbed arms,* and done all offices of protested gallantry for your sake?"—H. N. H.

Do more than this in sport. Father, father!
Stop, stop! No help?

Enter Gloucester, and Servants with torches.

Glou. Now, Edmund, where 's the villain?
Edm. Here stood he in the dark, his sharp sword out,
Mumbling of wicked charms, conjuring the moon
To stand 's auspicious mistress.
Glou. But where is he?
Edm. Look, sir, I bleed.
Glou. Where is the villain, Edmund?
Edm. Fled this way, sir. When by no means he could—
Glou. Pursue him, ho!—Go after. [*Exeunt some Servants.*] 'By no means' what?
Edm. Persuade me to the murder of your lordship;
But that I told him the revenging gods
'Gainst parricides did all their thunders bend,
Spoke with how manifold and strong a bond
The child was bound to the father; sir, in fine,
Seeing how loathly opposite I stood
To his unnatural purpose, in fell motion
With his prepared sword he charges home
My unprovided body, lanced mine arm:
But when he saw my best alarum'd spirits

41, 42. Gloucester has already shown himself a believer in such astrological superstitions; so that Edmund here takes hold of him by just the right handle.—H. N. H.

42. *"'s"*; so Q. 1; Q. 2, *"his"*; Ff. omit.—C. H. H.

48. *"their thunders"*; so the Qq.; Ff., *"the thunder"*; Johnson, *"their thunder."*—I. G.

Bold in the quarrel's right, roused to the encounter,
Or whether gasted by the noise I made,
Full suddenly he fled.
Glou. Let him fly far:
Not in this land shall he remain uncaught:
And found—dispatch. The noble duke my master,
My worthy arch and patron, comes to-night.
By his authority I will proclaim it,
That he which finds him shall deserve our thanks,
Bringing the murderous caitiff to the stake;
He that conceals him, death.
Edm. When I dissuaded him from his intent
And found him pight to do it, with curst speech
I threaten'd to discover him: he replied,
'Thou unpossessing bastard! dost thou think,
If I would stand against thee, could the reposure
Of any trust, virtue, or worth, in thee
Make thy words faith'd? No: what I should deny—
As this I would; aye, though thou didst produce
My very character—I 'ld turn it all
To thy suggestion, plot, and damned practice:
And thou must make a dullard of the world,

60. *"dispatch"; i. e.* "dispatch him"; or perhaps, "dispatch is the word."—I. G.

72. *"what I should deny";* so Qq.; Ff., *"What should I deny";* Rowe, *"by what I should deny";* Hanmer, *"what I'd deny";* Warburton, *"when I should deny";* Schmidt, *"what, should I deny."*—I. G.

If they not thought the profits of my death
Were very pregnant and potential spurs
To make thee seek it.'

Glou. Strong and fasten'd villain!
Would he deny his letter? I never got him.
[*Tucket within.*
Hark, the duke's trumpets! I know not why he comes.
All ports I 'll bar; the villain shall not 'scape;
The duke must grant me that: besides, his picture
I will send far and near, that all the kingdom
May have due note of him; and of my land,
Loyal and natural boy, I 'll work the means
To make thee capable.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, and Attendants.

Corn. How now, my noble friend! since I came hither,
Which I can call but now, I have heard strange news.

Reg. If it be true, all vengeance comes too short
Which can pursue the offender. How dost, my lord?

Glou. O, madam, my old heart is crack'd, is crack'd!

Reg. What, did my father's godson seek your life?
He whom my father named? your Edgar?

78. *"potential spurs";* the folio reads, "potential *spirits.*"—H. N. H.

80. *"I never got him";* so Qq.; Ff., *"said he?"*—I. G.

86. The word *"natural"* is here used with exquisite art in the double sense of *illegitimate* and as opposed to *unnatural,* which latter epithet is implied upon Edgar.—H. N. H.

93, 94. There is a peculiar subtlety and intensity of virulent malice in these speeches of Regan. Coleridge justly observes that she makes

Glou. O, lady, lady, shame would have it hid!
Reg. Was he not companion with the riotous knights
That tend upon my father?
Glou. I know not, madam: 'tis too bad, too bad.
Edm. Yes, madam, he was of that consort.
Reg. No marvel then, though he were ill affected:
'Tis they have put him on the old man's death,
To have the waste and spoil of his revenues.
I have this present evening from my sister
Been well inform'd of them, and with such cautions
That if they come to sojourn at my house,
I 'll not be there.
Corn. Nor I, assure thee, Regan.
Edmund, I hear that you have shown your father
A child-like office.
Edm. 'Twas my duty, sir.
Glou. He did bewray his practice, and received
This hurt you see, striving to apprehend him.
Corn. Is he pursued?
Glou. Aye, my good lord.
Corn. If he be taken, he shall never more

"no reference to the guilt, but only to the accident, which she uses as an occasion for sneering at her father." And he adds,—"Regan is not, in fact, a greater monster than Goneril, but she has the power of casting more venom."—H. N. H.

99. *"of that consort";* so Ff.; omitted in Qq.—I. G.

102. *"the waste and spoil of his";* Q. 1, *"the wast and spoyle of his";* Qq. 2, 3, *"these—and waste of this his";* Q. 1 (Dev. and Cap.) *"these—and waste of this his";* F. 1, *"th' expence and wast of his";* Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"th' expence and wast of."*—I. G.

Be fear'd of doing harm: make your own purpose,
How in my strength you please. For you, Edmund,
Whose virtue and obedience doth this instant
So much commend itself, you shall be ours:
Natures of such deep trust we shall much need:
You we first seize on.

Edm. I shall serve you, sir,
Truly, however else.

Glou. For him I thank your grace.

Corn. You know not why we came to visit you,—

Reg. Thus out of season, threading dark-eyed night:
Occasions, noble Gloucester, of some poise,
Wherein we must have use of your advice:
Our father he hath writ, so hath our sister,
Of differences, which I least thought it fit
To answer from our home; the several messengers
From hence attend dispatch. Our good old friend,
Lay comforts to your bosom, and bestow
Your needful counsel to our business,
Which craves the instant use.

Glou. I serve you, madam:
Your graces are right welcome.

[*Flourish.* [*Exeunt.*

113. *"of"*; as to. "There will be no more harm to fear from him." —C. H. H.

126. *"from our home"*; that is, not at home, but at some other place.—H. N. H.

Scene II

Before Gloucester's castle.

Enter Kent and Oswald, severally.

Osw. Good dawning to thee, friend: art of this house?

Kent. Aye.

Osw. Where may we set our horses?

Kent. I' the mire.

Osw. Prithee, if thou lovest me, tell me.

Kent. I love thee not.

Osw. Why then I care not for thee.

Kent. If I had thee in Lipsbury pinfold, I would make thee care for me.

Osw. Why dost thou use me thus? I know thee not.

Kent. Fellow, I know thee.

Osw. What dost thou know me for?

Kent. A knave; a rascal; an eater of broken meats; a base, proud, shallow, beggarly, three-suited, hundred-pound, filthy, worsted-stocking knave; a lily-livered, action-taking knave; a whoreson, glass-gazing, superserviceable, finical rogue; one-trunk-inheriting

9. *"Lipsbury pinfold";* that is, *Lipsbury pound. Lipsbury pinfold* may, perhaps, like *Lob's pound,* be a coined name; but with what allusion does not appear.—H. N. H.

20. A *"one-trunk-inheriting slave"* may be a term for a fellow, the whole of whose possessions were confined to one coffer, and that too *inherited* from his father, who was no better provided, or had nothing more to bequeath.—H. N. H.

slave; one that wouldst be a bawd in way of good service, and art nothing but the composition of a knave, beggar, coward, pandar, and the son and heir of a mongrel bitch: one whom I will beat into clamorous whining, if thou deniest the least syllable of thy addition.

Osw. Why, what a monstrous fellow art thou, thus to rail on one that is neither known of thee nor knows thee!

Kent. What a brazen-faced varlet art thou, to deny thou knowest me! Is it two days ago since I tripped up thy heels and beat thee before the king? Draw, you rogue: for, though it be night, yet the moon shines; I 'll make a sop o' the moonshine of you: draw, you whoreson cullionly barber-monger, draw. [*Drawing his sword.*

Osw. Away! I have nothing to do with thee.

Kent. Draw, you rascal: you come with letters against the king, and take vanity the puppet's part against the royalty of her father: draw, you rogue, or I 'll so carbonado your shanks: draw, you rascal; come your ways.

Osw. Help, ho! murder! help!

Kent. Strike, you slave; stand, rogue; stand, you neat slave, strike. [*Beating him.*

Osw. Help, ho! murder! help!

40. *"vanity"*; called *vanity* by way of antithesis to *royalty*.—H. N. H.

46. *"neat slave"* may mean you base cowherd, or, as Steevens suggests, you *finical* rascal, you assemblage of *foppery and poverty*.—H. N. H.

Enter Edmund, with his rapier drawn, Cornwall, Regan, Gloucester, and Servants.

Edm. How now! What 's the matter? [*Parting them.*

Kent. With you, goodman boy, an you please: come, I 'll flesh you; come on, young master.

Glou. Weapons! arms! What 's the matter here?

Corn. Keep peace, upon your lives;
He dies that strikes again. What is the matter?

Reg. The messengers from our sister and the king.

Corn. What is your difference? speak.

Osw. I am scarce in breath, my lord.

Kent. No marvel, you have so bestirred your valor. You cowardly rascal, nature disclaims in thee: a tailor made thee.

Corn. Thou art a strange fellow: a tailor make a man?

Kent. Aye, a tailor, sir: a stone-cutter or a painter could not have made him so ill, though he had been but two hours at the trade.

Corn. Speak yet, how grew your quarrel?

Osw. This ancient ruffian, sir, whose life I have spared at suit of his gray beard,—

49. *"With you,"* etc. Kent pretends to understand "matter" as "ground of quarrel."—C. H. H.

60. To *"disclaim in,"* for *to disclaim* simply, was the phraseology of the Poet's age.—H. N. H.

64. The affirmative particle *"Aye"* is wanting in the folio. The sense seems to require it.—H. N. H.

66. *"hours"*; Ff., *"years."*—I. G.

Kent. Thou whoreson zed! thou unnecessary letter! My lord, if you will give me leave, I will tread this unbolted villain into mortar, and daub the walls of a jakes with him. Spare my gray beard, you wagtail?

Corn. Peace, sirrah!
You beastly knave, know you no reverence?

Kent. Yes, sir; but anger hath a privilege.

Corn. Why art thou angry?

Kent. That such a slave as this should wear a sword,
Who wears no honesty. Such smiling rogues as these,
Like rats, oft bite the holy cords a-twain
Which are too intrinse to unloose; smooth every passion
That in the natures of their lords rebel;
Bring oil to fire, snow to their colder moods;
Renege, affirm, and turn their halcyon beaks
With every gale and vary of their masters,
Knowing nought, like dogs, but following.
A plague upon your epileptic visage!

71. *"zed"* is here used as a term of contempt, because it is the last letter in the English alphabet: it is said to be an unnecessary letter, because its place may be supplied by S. Mulcaster says, "Z is much harder amongst us, and seldom seen. S is become its *lieutenant-general.*"—H. N. H.

73. *"unbolted"* mortar is mortar made of unsifted lime; and therefore to break the lumps it is necessary to tread it by men in wooden shoes.—H. N. H.

83. *"Which are too intrinse to unloose";* F. 1, *"are t' intrince";* Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"art t'intrince";* Qq., *"are to intrench";* Pope, *"Too intricate";* Theobald, *"Too 'intrinsecate";* Hanmer, *"too intrinsick": "to unloose";* Ff. *"t'unloose";* Qq., *"to inloose";* Seymour conj. *"to enloose."*—I. G.

Smile you my speeches, as I were a fool? 90
Goose, if I had you upon Sarum plain,
I 'ld drive ye cackling home to Camelot.

Corn. What, art thou mad, old fellow?

Glou. How fell you out? say that.

Kent. No contraries hold more antipathy
Than I and such a knave.

Corn. Why dost thou call him knave? What is his fault?

Kent. His countenance likes me not.

Corn. No more perchance does mine, nor his, nor hers.

Kent. Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plain: 100
I have seen better faces in my time
Than stands on any shoulder that I see
Before me at this instant.

Corn. This is some fellow,
Who, having been praised for bluntness, doth affect
A saucy roughness, and constrains the garb
Quite from his nature: he cannot flatter, he,—
An honest mind and plain,—he must speak truth!
An they will take it, so; if not, he 's plain.

103. Coleridge has a just remark upon this speech: "In thus placing these profound general truths in the mouths of such men as Cornwall, Edmund, Iago, &c., Shakespeare at once gives them utterance, and yet shows how indefinite their application is." We may add, that an inferior dramatist, instead of making his villains use any such vein of original and profound remark, would probably fill their mouths with something either shocking or absurd; which is just what real villains, if they have any wit, never do. For it is not so much by using falsehood, as by abusing truth, that wickedness works. —H. N. H.

These kind of knaves I know, which in this plainness
Harbor more craft and more corrupter ends
Than twenty silly ducking observants
That stretch their duties nicely.

Kent. Sir, in good faith, in sincere verity,
Under the allowance of your great aspect,
Whose influence, like the wreath of radiant fire
On flickering Phœbus' front,—

Corn. What mean'st by this?

Kent. To go out of my dialect, which you discommend so much. I know, sir, I am no flatterer: he that beguiled you in a plain accent was a plain knave; which, for my part, I will not be, though I should win your displeasure to entreat me to 't.

Corn. What was the offense you gave him?

Osw. I never gave him any:
It pleased the king his master very late
To strike at me, upon his misconstruction;
When he, conjunct, and flattering his displeasure,
Tripp'd me behind; being down, insulted, rail'd,
And put upon him such a deal of man,
That worthied him, got praises of the king
For him attempting who was self-subdued,
And in the fleshment of this dread exploit
Drew on me here again.

121. *"your displeasure"* seems to be here used as a title of address; like "your honor," or "your lordship."—H. N. H.

132. *"fleshment";* a soldier is said to *flesh* his sword the first time he draws blood with it. *"Fleshment,"* therefore, is here applied to the first act of service, which Kent, in his new capacity, had done

Kent. None of these rogues and cowards
But Ajax is their fool.
Corn. Fetch forth the stocks!
You stubborn ancient knave, you reverend braggart,
We 'll teach you—
Kent. Sir, I am too old to learn:
Call not your stocks for me: I serve the king,
On whose employment I was sent to you:
You shall do small respect, show too bold malice
Against the grace and person of my master,
Stocking his messenger.
Corn. Fetch forth the stocks! As I have life and honor,
There shall he sit till noon.
Reg. Till noon! till night, my lord, and all night too.
Kent. Why, madam, if I were your father's dog,
You should not use me so.
Reg. Sir, being his knave, I will.
Corn. This is a fellow of the self-same color
Our sister speaks of. Come, bring away the stocks! [*Stocks brought out.*
Glou. Let me beseech your grace not to do so:
His fault is much, and the good king his master

for his master; and at the same time, in a sarcastic sense, as though he esteemed it an heroic exploit to trip a man behind who was falling. By "him attempting who was self-subdued" the Steward means himself.—H. N. H.

134. *"But Ajax is their fool";* that is, Ajax is a fool to them. "These rogues and cowards talk in such a boasting strain that, if we were to credit their account of themselves, Ajax would appear a person of no prowess when compared to them."—H. N. H.

149–153. *"His fault . . . punish'd with";* omitted in Ff.—I. G.

Will check him for 't: your purposed low correction
Is such as basest and contemned'st wretches
For pilferings and most common trespasses
Are punish'd with: the king must take it ill,
That he, so slightly valued in his messenger,
Should have him thus restrain'd.

Corn. I 'll answer that.

Reg. My sister may receive it much more worse,
To have her gentleman abused, assaulted,
For following her affairs. Put in his legs.
[*Kent is put in the stocks.*
Come, my good lord, away.
[*Exeunt all but Gloucester and Kent.*

Glou. I am sorry for thee, friend; 'tis the duke's pleasure,
Whose disposition, all the world well knows,
Will not be rubb'd nor stopp'd: I 'll entreat for thee.

Kent. Pray, do not, sir: I have watch'd and travel'd hard;
Some time I shall sleep out, the rest I 'll whistle.
A good man's fortune may grow out at heels:
Give you good morrow!

Glou. The duke 's to blame in this; 'twill be ill taken. [*Exit.*

Kent. Good king, that must approve the common saw,
Thou out of heaven's benediction comest

154. *"the king must take it ill"*; Ff. read *"the King his Master, needs must take it ill."*—I. G.

159. Omitted in Ff.—I. G.

170, 171. *"out of heaven's benediction comest To the warm sun"*; *cp.*

To the warm sun!
Approach, thou beacon to this under globe,
That by thy comfortable beams I may
Peruse this letter! Nothing almost sees miracles
But misery: I know 'tis from Cordelia,
Who hath most fortunately been inform'd
Of my obscured course; and shall find time
From this enormous state, seeking to give
Losses their remedies. All weary and o'er-watch'd,
Take vantage, heavy eyes, not to behold 180
This shameful lodging.
Fortune, good night: smile once more; turn thy wheel! [*Sleeps.*

Heywood's *Dialogues on Proverbs; "In your rennyng from hym to me, ye runne out of God's blessing into the warm sunne"; i. e.* from good to worse. Professor Skeat suggests to me that the proverb refers to the haste of the congregation to leave the shelter of the church, immediately after the priest's benediction, running from God's blessing into the warm sun. This explanation seems by far the best that has been suggested.—I. G.

174. *"miracles";* so Ff.; Qq. 1, 2, 3, *"my wracke";* Q. 1 (Bodl.), *"my rackles."*—I. G.

177–179. *"and shall . . . remedies";* many emendations have been proposed to remove the obscurity of the lines, but none can be considered satisfactory. Kent, it must be remembered, is "all weary and o'er-watched." Jennens suggested that Kent is reading disjointed fragments of Cordelia's letter. *"From this enormous state"* seems to mean "in this abnormal state of affairs."—I. G.

The meaning of this passage, about which there has been much discussion, appears to be as follows: Kent addresses the sun, for whose rising he is impatient, that he may read Cordelia's letter. "I know," says he, *"this letter which I hold in my hand* is from Cordelia; who hath most fortunately been informed of my disgrace and wandering in disguise; and *who,* seeking it, shall find time out of this disordered, unnatural state of things, to give losses their remedies; to restore her father to his kingdom, herself to his love, and me to his favor."—H. N. H.

Scene III

A wood.

Enter Edgar.

Edg. I heard myself proclaim'd;
And by the happy hollow of a tree
Escaped the hunt. No port is free; no place,
That guard and most unusual vigilance
Does not attend my taking. Whiles I may 'scape
I will preserve myself: and am bethought
To take the basest and most poorest shape
That ever penury in contempt of man
Brought near to beast: my face I 'll grime with filth,
Blanket my loins, elf all my hair in knots,
And with presented nakedness out-face
The winds and persecutions of the sky.
The country gives me proof and precedent
Of Bedlam beggars, who with roaring voices

14. *"Bedlam beggars";* what these were, may be partly gathered from a passage in *The Bell-Man of London,* by Dekker, 1640: "He sweares he hath been in Bedlam, and will talke frantickely of purpose: you see *pinnes* stuck in sundry places of his naked flesh, especially in his *armes,* which paine he gladly puts himselfe to, only to make you believe he is out of his wits. He calls himselfe by the name of *Poore Tom,* and, coming near any body, cries out, *Poor Tom is a-cold.* Of these *Abraham-men* some be exceeding merry, and doe nothing but sing songs fashioned out of their own braines; some will dance, others will doe nothing but either laugh or weepe; others are dogged, and so sullen both in looke and speech, that spying but a small company in a house they boldly and bluntly enter, *compelling* the servants through feare to give them what they demand."—H. N. H.

Strike in their numb'd and mortified bare arms
Pins, wooden pricks, nails, sprigs of rosemary;
And with this horrible object, from low farms,
Poor pelting villages, sheep-cotes and mills,
Sometime with lunatic bans, sometime with prayers,
Enforce their charity. Poor Turlygod! poor Tom!
That 's something yet: Edgar I nothing am.
[*Exit.*

20. *"Turlygod";* upon this name Douce makes a very interesting note as follows: "Warburton would read Turlupin, and Hanmer Turlurn; but there is a better reason for rejecting both these terms than for preferring either; namely, that Turlygood is the corrupted word in our language. The Turlupins were a fanatical sect that overran France, Italy, and Germany, in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. They were first known by the names Beghards or Beghins, and brethren and sisters of the free spirit. Their manners and appearance exhibited the strongest indications of lunacy and distraction. The common people called them Turlupins; a name which, though it has excited much doubt and controversy, seems obviously connected with the wolvish howlings, which these people in all probability would make when influenced by their religious ravings. Their subsequent appellation of the fraternity of poor men might have been the cause why the wandering rogues called Bedlam beggars, and one of whom Edgar personates, assumed or obtained the title of Turlupins or Turlygoods, especially if their mode of asking alms was accompanied by the gesticulations of madmen. Turlupino and Turlurn are old Italian terms for a fool or madman; and the Flemings had a proverb, *as unfortunate as Turlupin and his children.*"—H. N. H.

Scene IV

Before Gloucester's castle. Kent in the stocks.

Enter Lear, Fool, and Gentlemen.

Lear. 'Tis strange that they should so depart from home,
And not send back my messenger.
Gent. As I learn'd,
The night before there was no purpose in them
Of this remove.
Kent. Hail to thee, noble master!
Lear. Ha!
Makest thou this shame thy pastime?
Kent. No, my lord.
Fool. Ha, ha! he wears cruel garters. Horses are tied by the heads, dogs and bears by the neck, monkeys by the loins, and men by the legs: when a man's over-lusty at legs, then he wears wooden nether-stocks.
Lear. What 's he that hath so much thy place mistook
To set thee here?
Kent. It is both he and she;
Your son and daughter.
Lear. No.
Kent. Yes.
Lear. No, I say.
Kent. I say, yea.
Lear. No, no, they would not.
Kent. Yes, they have.

19–20. Omitted in Ff.—I. G.

Lear. By Jupiter, I swear, no.
Kent. By Juno, I swear, aye.
Lear. They durst not do 't;
They could not, would not do 't; 'tis worse than murder,
To do upon respect such violent outrage:
Resolve me with all modest haste which way
Thou mightst deserve, or they impose, this usage,
Coming from us.
Kent. My lord, when at their home
I did commend your highness' letters to them,
Ere I was risen from the place that show'd
My duty kneeling, came there a reeking post,
Stew'd in his haste, half breathless, panting forth
From Goneril his mistress salutations;
Deliver'd letters, spite of intermission,
Which presently they read: on whose contents
They summon'd up their meiny, straight took horse;
Commanded me to follow and attend
The leisure of their answer; gave me cold looks:
And meeting here the other messenger,
Whose welcome, I perceived, had poison'd mine—
Being the very fellow that of late
Display'd so saucily against your highness—
Having more man than wit about me, drew:

33. *"spite of intermission";* Goneril's messenger delivered letters, which they read notwithstanding Lear's messenger was yet kneeling unanswered.—H. N. H.

42. The personal pronoun, which is found in the preceding line,

He raised the house with loud and coward cries.
Your son and daughter found this trespass worth
The shame which here it suffers.

Fool. Winter 's not gone yet, if the wild geese fly that way.
Fathers that wear rags
Do make their children blind;
But fathers that bear bags
Shall see their children kind.
Fortune, that arrant whore,
Ne'er turns the key to the poor.
But, for all this, thou shalt have as many dolors for thy daughters as thou canst tell in a year.

Lear. O, how this mother swells up toward my heart!

is understood before the word *having,* or before *drew.* The same license is taken by Shakespeare in other places.—H. N. H.

46, 47. If this be their behavior, the king's troubles are not yet at an end. This speech is not in the quartos.—H. N. H.

57. Lear affects to pass off the swelling of his heart, ready to burst with grief and indignation, for the disease called the *mother,* or *hysterica passio,* which, in the Poet's time, was not thought peculiar to women. It is probable that Shakespeare had this suggested to him by a passage in Harsnet's *Declaration of Popish Impostures,* which he may have consulted in order to furnish out his character of Tom of Bedlam with demoniacal gibberish. "Ma. Maynie had a spice of the *hysterica passio,* as seems, from his youth; he himself termes it the *moother.*" It seems the priests persuaded him it was from the possession of the devil. "The disease I spake of was a spice of the *mother,* wherewith I had been troubled before my going into France: whether I doe rightly term it the *mother* or no, I knowe not. A Scotish Doctor of Physick, then in Paris, called it, as I remember, *virtiginem capitis.* It riseth of a winde in the bottome of the belly, and proceeding with a great swelling, causeth a very painful collicke in the stomack, and an extraordinary giddines in the head."—H. N. H.

Hysterica passio, down, thou climbing sorrow,
Thy element 's below! Where is this daughter?

Kent. With the earl, sir, here within.

Lear. Follow me not; stay here. [*Exit.*

Gent. Made you no more offense but what you speak of?

Kent. None.
How chance the king comes with so small a train?

Fool. An thou hadst been set i' the stocks for that question, thou hadst well deserved it.

Kent. Why, fool?

Fool. We 'll set thee to school to an aunt, to teach thee there 's no laboring i' the winter. All that follow their noses are led by their eyes but blind men; and there 's not a nose among twenty but can smell him that 's stinking. Let go thy hold when a great wheel runs down a hill, lest it break thy neck with following it; but the great one that goes

68, 69. "Go to the ant, thou sluggard," says Solomon; "learn her ways, and be wise; which having no guide, overseer, or ruler, provideth her meat in the *summer,* and gathereth her food in harvest." If, says the Fool, you had been schooled by the ant, you would have known that the king's train, like that sagacious insect, prefer the summer of prosperity to the colder season of adversity, from which no profit can be derived.—H. N. H.

72. *"can smell him,"* etc.; all men, but blind men, though they follow their noses, are led by their eyes; and this class of mankind, seeing the king ruined, have all deserted him: with respect to the blind, who have nothing but their noses to guide them, they also fly equally from a king whose fortunes are declining; for of the noses of blind men there is not one in twenty but can smell him who, being "muddy'd in fortune's mood, smells somewhat strong of her displeasure."—H. N. H.

up the hill, let him draw thee after. When a wise man gives thee better counsel, give me mine again: I would have none but knaves follow it, since a fool gives it.

That sir which serves and seeks for gain,
And follows but for form,
Will pack when it begins to rain,
And leave thee in the storm.
But I will tarry; the fool will stay,
And let the wise man fly:
The knave turns fool that runs away;
The fool no knave, perdy.

Kent. Where learned you this, fool?

Fool. Not i' the stocks, fool.

Re-enter Lear, with Gloucester.

Lear. Deny to speak with me? They are sick? they are weary?
They have travel'd all the night? Mere fetches;
The images of revolt and flying off.
Fetch me a better answer.

Glou. My dear lord,
You know the fiery quality of the duke;
How unremovable and fix'd he is
In his own course.

Lear. Vengeance! plague! death! confusion!

76. *"up"*; so the quartos. The folio has *upward* instead of *up the hill*.—H. N. H.

86, 87. It is not easy to make any sense out of these last two lines, and perhaps it was not intended that any should be made out of them. Dr. Johnson proposed a slight transposition, which gives them a plenty of very shrewd sense, thus:

"The *fool* turns *knave* that runs away,
The *knave* no *fool*, perdy."—H. N. H.

Fiery? what quality? Why, Gloucester, Gloucester,
I 'ld speak with the Duke of Cornwall and his wife.

Glou. Well, my good lord, I have inform'd them so.

Lear. Inform'd them! Dost thou understand me, man?

Glou. Aye, my good lord.

Lear. The king would speak with Cornwall; the dear father
Would with his daughter speak, commands her service:
Are they inform'd of this? My breath and blood!
'Fiery'? 'the fiery duke'? Tell the hot duke that—
No, but not yet: may be he is not well:
Infirmity doth still neglect all office
Whereto our health is bound; we are not ourselves
When nature being oppress'd commands the mind
To suffer with the body; I 'll forbear;
And am fall'n out with my more headier will,
To take the indisposed and sickly fit
For the sound man. [*Looking on Kent*] Death on my state! wherefore

99–100; 142–147: Omitted in Qq.—I. G.

103. *"commands her service"*; so Qq.; Ff., *"commands, tends, service."*—I. G.

Knight retains this; we don't understand it.—H. N. H.

113. *"take"*; for taking.—C. H. H.

Should he sit here? This act persuades me
That this remotion of the duke and her
Is practice only. Give me my servant forth.
Go tell the duke and 's wife I 'ld speak with them,
Now, presently: bid them come forth and hear me,
Or at their chamber-door I 'll beat the drum
Till it cry sleep to death.

Glou. I would have all well betwixt you. [*Exit.*

Lear. O me, my heart, my rising heart! But down!

Fool. Cry to it, nuncle, as the cockney did to the eels when she put 'em i' the paste alive; she

124. *"cockney";* Bullokar, in his *Expositor,* 1616, under the word *Cockney,* says, "It is sometimes taken for a child that is tenderly or wantonly brought up; or for one that has been brought up in some great town, and knows nothing of the country fashion. It is used also for a Londoner, or one born in or near the city; as we say, within the sound of Bow bell." The etymology, says Mr. Nares, seems most probable, which derives it from *cookery. Le pays de cocagne,* or *coquaine,* in old French, means a country of good cheer. *Cocagna,* in Italian, has the same meaning. Both might be derived from *coquina.* This famous country, if it could be found, is described as a region "where the hills were made of sugar-candy, and the loaves ran down the hills, crying, *Come eat me.*" Some lines in Camden's *Remaines* seem to make *cokeney* a name for London as well as its inhabitants. This *Lubberland,* as Florio calls it, seems to have been proverbial for the simplicity or gullibility of its inhabitants. A *cockney* and a *ninny-hammer,* or *simpleton,* were convertible terms. Thus Chaucer, in *The Reve's Tale:* "I shall be holden a *daffe* or a *cockney.*" It may be observed that *cockney* is only a diminutive of *cock:* a wanton child was so called as a less circumlocutory way of saying, *my little cock,* or my *bra-cock.* Dekker, in his *Newes from Hell,* 1658, says, "'Tis not our fault; but our mothers, our *cockering* mothers, who for their labour made us to be called *cockneys.*" In the passages cited from the *Tournament of Tottenham and Heywood* it literally means a *little cock.*—H. N. H.

knapped 'em o' the coxcombs with a stick, and cried 'Down, wantons, down!' 'Twas her brother that, in pure kindness to his horse, buttered his hay.

Re-enter Gloucester with Cornwall, Regan, and Servants.

Lear. Good morrow to you both.
Corn. Hail to your grace! [*Kent is set at liberty.*
Reg. I am glad to see your highness.
Lear. Regan, I think you are; I know what reason
I have to think so: If thou shouldst not be glad,
I would divorce me from thy mother's tomb,
Sepulchring an adultress. [*To Kent*] O, are you free?
Some other time for that. Beloved Regan,
Thy sister 's naught: O Regan, she hath tied
Sharp-tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture, here: [*Points to his heart.*
I can scarce speak to thee; thou 'lt not believe
With how depraved a quality—O Regan!
Reg. I pray you, sir, take patience: I have hope
You less know how to value her desert
Than she to scant her duty.
Lear. Say, how is that?
Reg. I cannot think my sister in the least

141–143. This innocent passage has been worried and persecuted with a great deal of comment. The plain meaning of it is,—"You less know how to value Regan's merit, than she knows how to be wanting in duty."—H. N. H.

144. This and the preceding speeches are found only in the folio.—H. N. H.

Would fail her obligation: if, sir, perchance
She have restrain'd the riots of your followers,
'Tis on such ground and to such wholesome end
As clears her from all blame.

Lear. My curses on her!

Reg. O, sir, you are old;
Nature in you stands on the very verge
Of her confine: you should be ruled and led
By some discretion that discerns your state
Better than you yourself. Therefore I pray you
That to our sister you do make return;
Say you have wrong'd her, sir.

Lear. Ask her forgiveness?
Do you but mark how this becomes the house:
[*Kneeling*] 'Dear daughter, I confess that I am old;
Age is unnecessary: on my knees I beg
That you 'll vouchsafe me raiment, bed and food.'

Reg. Good sir, no more; these are unsightly tricks:
Return you to my sister.

Lear. [*Rising*] Never Regan:
She hath abated me of half my train;

155. *"Say you have wrong'd her, sir";* nothing is so heart-cutting as a cold unexpected defense or palliation of a cruelty passionately complained of, or so expressive of thorough hard-heartedness. And feel the excessive horror of Regan's "O, sir! you are old";—and then her drawing from that universal object of reverence and indulgence the very reason of her frightful conclusion: "Say, you have wrong'd her." All Lear's faults increase our pity for him. We refuse to know them otherwise than as means of his sufferings, and aggravations of his daughters' ingratitude (Coleridge).—H. N. H.

156. *"becomes the house";* that is, the order of families, duties of relation.—H. N. H.

158. *"unnecessary"* is here used in the sense of *necessitous; in want of necessaries and unable to procure them.*—H. N. H.

Look'd black upon me; struck me with her
tongue,
Most serpent-like, upon the very heart:
All the stored vengeances of heaven fall
On her ingrateful top! Strike her young
bones,
You taking airs, with lameness.

Corn. Fie, sir, fie!

Lear. You nimble lightnings, dart your blinding
flames
Into her scornful eyes. Infect her beauty,
You fen-suck'd fogs, drawn by the powerful
sun
To fall and blast her pride.

Reg. O the blest gods! so will you wish on me,
When the rash mood is on.

Lear. No, Regan, thou shalt never have my curse:
Thy tender-hefted nature shall not give
Thee o'er to harshness: her eyes are fierce, but
thine

166. *"young bones";* unborn child.—C. H. H.

171. *"and blast her pride";* so Qq.; Ff., *"and blister";* Collier MS. and S. Walker conj. *"and blast her";* Schmidt conj. *"and blister pride."*—I. G.

175. *"tender-hefted";* so Ff.; Qq. 2, *"tender hested";* Q. 1, *"tēder hested";* Q. 3, *"tender hasted";* Rowe (Ed. 2) and Pope, *"tender-hearted,"* &c.—I. G.

"tender-hefted" is the reading of the folio; the quartos read *tender-hested.* Editors have been somewhat in doubt which to prefer. The Poet uses *hests* in the sense of *behests:* he also has *hefts* in the sense of *heavings,* as in *The Winter's Tale,* Act ii. sc. 1: "He cracks his gorge, his sides, with violent *hefts.*" Mr. Collier's second folio changes the text to *tender-hearted,* and the same change is made in a copy of the second folio owned by Mr. Singer. *"Tender-hearted* nature" does not feel right to us. We have no doubt that *tender-hefted* was the Poet's word, as it gives the sense of a nature breathing or sighing tenderly or with tenderness.—H. N. H.

Do comfort and not burn. 'Tis not in thee
To grudge my pleasures, to cut off my train,
To bandy hasty words, to scant my sizes,
And in conclusion to oppose the bolt
Against my coming in: thou better know'st
The offices of nature, bond of childhood,
Effects of courtesy, dues of gratitude;
Thy half o' the kingdom hast thou not forgot,
Wherein I thee endow'd.

Reg. Good sir, to the purpose.

Lear. Who put my man i' the stocks?

[*Tucket within.*

Corn. What trumpet 's that?

Reg. I know't; my sister's: this approves her letter,
That she would soon be here.

Enter Oswald.

Is your lady come?

Lear. This is a slave whose easy-borrow'd pride
Dwells in the fickle grace of her he follows.
Out, varlet, from my sight!

Corn. What means your grace?

Lear. Who stock'd my servant? Regan, I have good hope
Thou didst not know on 't. Who comes here?

Enter Goneril.

O heavens,
If you do love old men, if your sweet sway
Allow obedience, if yourselves are old,
Make it your cause; send down, and take my part!

[*To Gon.*] Art not ashamed to look upon this beard?
O Regan, wilt thou take her by the hand?
Gon. Why not by the hand, sir? How have I offended?
All 's not offense that indiscretion finds
And dotage terms so.
Lear. O sides, you are too tough;
Will you yet hold? How came my man i' the stocks?
Corn. I set him there, sir: but his own disorders
Deserved much less advancement.
Lear. You! did you?
Reg. I pray you, father, being weak, seem so.
If, till the expiration of your month,
You will return and sojourn with my sister,
Dismissing half your train, come then to me:
I am now from home and out of that provision
Which shall be needful for your entertainment.
Lear. Return to her, and fifty men dismiss'd?
No, rather I abjure all roofs, and choose
To wage against the enmity o' the air,
To be a comrade with the wolf and owl,—
Necessity's sharp pinch! Return with her?
Why, the hot-blooded France, that dowerless took
Our youngest born, I could as well be brought
To knee his throne, and, squire-like, pension beg
To keep base life afoot. Return with her?

205. *Since* you are weak, be content to think yourself so.—H. N. H.

215. The words, *"necessity's sharp pinch!"* appear to be the reflection of Lear on the wretched sort of existence he had described in the preceding lines.—H. N. H.

Persuade me rather to be slave and sumpter
To this detested groom. [*Pointing at Oswald.*
Gon. At your choice, sir.
Lear. I prithee, daughter, do not make me mad:
I will not trouble thee, my child; farewell:
We 'll no more meet, no more see one another:
But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my daughter;
Or rather a disease that 's in my flesh,
Which I must needs call mine: thou art a boil,
A plague-sore, an embossed carbuncle,
In my corrupted blood. But I 'll not chide thee;
Let shame come when it will, I do not call it:
I do not bid the thunder-bearer shoot,
Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging Jove:
Mend when thou canst; be better at thy leisure:
I can be patient; I can stay with Regan,
I and my hundred knights.
Reg. Not altogether so:
I look'd not for you yet, nor am provided
For your fit welcome. Give ear, sir, to my sister;
For those that mingle reason with your passion
Must be content to think you old, and so—
But she knows what she does.
Lear. Is this well spoken?
Reg. I dare avouch it, sir: what, fifty followers?
Is it not well? What should you need of more?
Yea, or so many, sith that both charge and danger

Speak 'gainst so great a number? How in one house
Should many people under two commands
Hold amity? 'Tis hard, almost impossible.

Gon. Why might not you, my lord, receive attendance
From those that she calls servants or from mine?

Reg. Why not, my lord? If then they chanced to slack you,
We could control them. If you will come to me,
For now I spy a danger, I entreat you
To bring but five and twenty: to no more
Will I give place or notice.

Lear. I gave you all—

Reg. And in good time you gave it.

Lear. Made you my guardians, my depositaries,
But kept a reservation to be follow'd
With such a number. What, must I come to you

254. *"And in good time you gave it";* observe what a compact wolfishness of heart is expressed in these few cold and steady words! It is chiefly in this readiness of envenomed sarcasm that Regan is discriminated from Goneril: otherwise they seem almost too much like mere repetitions of each other to come fairly within the circle of nature, who never repeats herself. Yet their very agreement in temper and spirit only makes them the fitter for the work they do. For the sameness of treatment thence proceeding renders their course the more galling and unbearable, by causing it to appear the result of a set purpose, a conspiracy coolly formed and unrelentingly pursued. That they should lay on their father the blame of their own ingratitude, and stick their poisoned tongues into him under pretense of doing him good, is a further refinement of cruelty, not more natural to them than tormenting to him. On the whole, it is not easy to imagine how creatures could be framed more apt to drive mad anyone who had set his heart on receiving any comfort or kindness from them.—H. N. H.

With five and twenty, Regan? said you so?

Reg. And speak 't again, my lord; no more with me.

Lear. Those wicked creatures yet do look well-favor'd,
When others are more wicked; not being the worst
Stands in some rank of praise. [*To Gon.*] I 'll go with thee:
Thy fifty yet doth double five and twenty,
And thou art twice her love.

Gon. Hear me, my lord:
What need you five and twenty, ten, or five,
To follow in a house where twice so many
Have a command to tend you?

Reg. What need one?

Lear. O, reason not the need: our basest beggars
Are in the poorest thing superfluous:
Allow not nature more than nature needs,
Man's life 's as cheap as beast's: thou art a lady;
If only to go warm were gorgeous,
Why, nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'st,
Which scarcely keeps thee warm. But for true need,—
You heavens, give me that patience, patience I need!
You see me here, you gods, a poor old man,
As full of grief as age; wretched in both:

268. *"O, reason not the need";* observe, that the tranquillity which follows the first stunning of the blow permits Lear to reason (Coleridge).—H. N. H.

If it be you that stirs these daughters' hearts
Against their father, fool me not so much
To bear it tamely; touch me with noble anger,
And let not woman's weapons, water-drops,
Stain my man's cheeks! No, you unnatural hags,
I will have such revenges on you both
That all the world shall—I will do such things,—
What they are, yet I know not, but they shall be
The terrors of the earth. You think I 'll weep;
No, I 'll not weep:
I have full cause of weeping; but this heart
Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws,
Or ere I 'll weep. O fool, I shall go mad!

[*Exeunt Lear, Gloucester, Kent, and Fool.*

Corn. Let us withdraw; 'twill be a storm.

[*Storm and tempest.*

Reg. This house is little: the old man and his people
Cannot be well bestow'd.

Gon. 'Tis his own blame; hath put himself from rest,
And must needs taste his folly.

Reg. For his particular, I 'll receive him gladly,
But not one follower.

Gon. So am I purposed.
Where is my lord of Gloucester?

Corn. Follow'd the old man forth: he is return'd.

Re-enter Gloucester.

Glou. The king is in high rage.

Corn. Whither is he going?
Glou. He calls to horse; but will I know not whither.
Corn. 'Tis best to give him way; he leads himself.
Gon. My lord, entreat him by no means to stay.
Glou. Alack, the night comes on, and the bleak winds
Do sorely ruffle; for many miles about
There 's scarce a bush.
Reg. O, sir, to willful men
The injuries that they themselves procure
Must be their schoolmasters. Shut up your doors:
He is attended with a desperate train;
And what they may incense him to, being apt
To have his ear abused, wisdom bids fear.
Corn. Shut up your doors, my lord; 'tis a wild night:
My Regan counsels well: come out o' the storm.
[*Exeunt.*

300. *"whither is he going?"*; this question, and the words, *"He calls to horse,"* of Gloucester's reply, are found only in the folio.—H. N. H.

304. *"bleak"*; so Qq.; Ff., *"high."*—I. G.

305. *"Do sorely ruffle"*; thus the folio. The quartos read, "Do sorely *russel,*" that is, rustle. But *ruffle* is most probably the true reading.—H. N. H.

ACT THIRD

Scene I

A heath.

Storm still. Enter Kent and a Gentleman, meeting.

Kent. Who 's there, besides foul weather?
Gent. One minded like the weather, most unquietly.
Kent. I know you. Where 's the king?
Gent. Contending with the fretful elements;
Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea,
Or swell the curled waters 'bove the main,
That things might change or cease; tears his white hair,
Which the impetuous blasts, with eyeless rage,
Catch in their fury, and make nothing of;
Strives in his little world of man to out-scorn
The to-and-fro-conflicting wind and rain.
This night, wherein the cub-drawn bear would couch,
The lion and the belly-pinched wolf
Keep their fur dry, unbonneted he runs,
And bids what will take all.

6. The *"main"* seems to signify here the *main land,* the continent. So in Bacon's *Wars with Spain:* "In 1589 we turned challengers, and invaded the *main* of Spain." This interpretation sets the two objects of Lear's desire in proper opposition to each other. He wishes for the destruction of the world, either by the winds blowing the land into the water, or raising the waters so as to overwhelm the land.—H. N. H.

7–15; omitted in the Folios.—I. G.

Kent. But who is with him?
Gent. None but the fool; who labors to out-jest
His heart-struck injuries.
Kent. Sir, I do know you;
And dare, upon the warrant of my note,
Commend a dear thing to you. There is division,
Although as yet the face of it be cover'd
With mutual cunning, 'twixt Albany and Cornwall;
Who have—as who have not, that their great stars
Throned and set high?—servants, who seem no less,
Which are to France the spies and speculations

18. *"warrant of my note";* so in the folio; meaning, of course, my knowledge or observation of your character. The quartos read, "warrant of my *art";* which some editors prefer, explaining it "my skill to *find the mind's construction in the face.*" But it appears that Kent *"knows* his man," and therefore has no occasion to use the *art* or *skill* in question.—H. N. H.

22–29; ii. 80–97; iv. 17–18; *26–27*; 37–38; vi. 14–17; 93; omitted in the Quartos.—I. G.

22. This and seven following lines are not in the quartos. The lines lower down, from "But, true it is," to the end of the speech, are not in the folio. So that if the speech be read with omission of the former, it will stand according to the first edition; and if the former lines are read, and the latter omitted, it will then stand according to the second. The second edition is generally best, and was probably nearest to Shakespeare's last copy: but in this speech the first is preferable; for in the folio the messenger is sent, he knows not why, nor whither.—H. N. H.

24, 25. "which . . . state"; that is, "who seem the servants of Albany and Cornwall, but are really engaged in the service of France as spies, having knowledge of our state; of what hath been seen here," &c. The original has *speculations* instead of *speculators.* The change is confidently proposed by Mr. Singer, who found it written in his copy of the second folio. Of course, *speculator* is

Intelligent of our state; what hath been seen,
Either in snuffs and packings of the dukes,
Or the hard rain which both of them have borne
Against the old kind king, or something deeper,
Whereof perchance these are but furnishings,—
But true it is, from France there comes a power
Into this scatter'd kingdom; who already,
Wise in our negligence, have secret feet
In some of our best ports, and are at point
To show their open banner. Now to you:
If on my credit you dare build so far
To make your speed to Dover, you shall find
Some that will thank you, making just report
Of how unnatural and bemadding sorrow
The king hath cause to plain.
I am a gentleman of blood and breeding,
And from some knowledge and assurance offer
This office to you.

Gent. I will talk further with you.

Kent. No, do not.
For confirmation that I am much more
Than my out-wall, open this purse and take
What it contains. If you shall see Cordelia,—
As fear not but you shall,—show her this ring,
And she will tell you who your fellow is

used in the sense of an *observer,* one who has "*speculation* in his eyes."—H. N. H.

29. That is, whereof these things are but the trimmings or appendages; not the thing itself, but only the circumstances or *furniture* of the thing. The word is commonly explained as meaning a *sample* or *specimen;* which is contradicted by the use of *something deeper;* for the things in question could not well be a *sample* of *something deeper* than themselves. Mr. Collier's second folio changes furnishings to *flourishings.* No change is needed.—H. N. H.

That yet you do not know. Fie on this storm!
I will go seek the king.
Gent. Give me your hand:
Have you no more to say?
Kent. Few words, but, to effect, more than all yet;
That when we have found the king,—in which your pain
That way, I 'll this,—he that first lights on him
Holla the other. [*Exeunt severally.*

Scene II

Another part of the heath. Storm still.

Enter Lear and Fool.

Lear. Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks! rage! blow!
You cataracts and hurricanoes, spout
Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd the cocks!
You sulphurous and thought-executing fires,
Vaunt-couriers to oak-cleaving thunderbolts,
Singe my white head! And thou, all-shaking thunder,
Smite flat the thick rotundity o' the world!
Crack nature's molds, all germins spill at once
That make ingrateful man!

52. *"to"*; as to.—C. H. H.
7. *"smite"*; so Qq.; Ff., *"strike."*—I. G.
8. There is a parallel passage in *The Winter's Tale:* "Let nature crush the sides o'the earth together, and mar the *seeds* within." See *Macbeth*, Act iv. sc. 1.—H. N. H.
9. *"make"*; Ff., *"makes."*—I. G.

Fool. O nuncle, court holy-water in a dry house 10
is better than this rain-water out o' door.
Good nuncle, in, and ask thy daughters'
blessing: here 's a night pities neither wise
man nor fool.

Lear. Rumble thy bellyful! Spit, fire! spout,
rain.
Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters:
I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness;
I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children,
You owe me no subscription: then let fall
Your horrible pleasure; here I stand, your slave,
A poor, infirm, weak and despised old man: 21
But yet I call you servile ministers,

14. These speeches of Lear amid the tempest contain, we think, the grandest exhibition of creative power to be met with. They seem spun out of the very nerves and sinews of the storm. It is the instinct of strong passion to lay hold of whatever objects and occurrences lie nearest at hand, and twist itself a language out of them, incorporating itself with their substance, and reproducing them charged with its own life. To Lear, accordingly, and to us in his presence, the storm becomes all expressive of filial ingratitude; seems spitting its fire, and spouting its water, and hurling its blasts against him. Thus the terrific energies and hostilities of external nature take all their meaning from his mind; and we think of them only as the willing agents or instruments of his daughter's malice, leagued in sympathy with them, and so taking their part in the controversy. In this power of imagination, thus seizing and crushing the embattled elements into its service, there is a sublimity almost too vast for the thoughts. Observe, too, how the thread of association between moral and material nature conducts Lear to the strain of half-insane, half-inspired moralizing in his next speech but one, closing with the pathetic exception of himself from the list of those to whom the tempest speaks as a preacher of repentance and "judgment to come."—H. N. H.

22. *"have . . . join'd"*; the reading of Qq.; Ff. read *"will . . . join."*—I. G.

That have with two pernicious daughters join'd
Your high-engender'd battles 'gainst a head
So old and white as this. O! O! 'tis foul!

Fool. He that has a house to put 's head in has a good head-piece.

The cod-piece that will house
Before the head has any,
The head and he shall louse
So beggars marry many.
The man that makes his toe
What he his heart should make
Shall of a corn cry woe,
And turn his sleep to wake.

For there was never yet fair woman but she made mouths in a glass.

Lear. No, I will be the pattern of all patience; I will say nothing.

Enter Kent.

Kent. Who 's there?

Fool. Marry, here 's grace and a cod-piece; that 's a wise man and a fool.

Kent. Alas, sir, are you here? things that love night
Love not such nights as these; the wrathful skies
Gallow the very wanderers of the dark,
And make them keep their caves: since I was man,

37. *"No, I will be the pattern of all patience"; cp.* the description of Leir by Perillus in the old play:—*"But he, the myrrour of mild patience, Puts up all wrongs, and never gives reply."*—I. G.

41. *"grace and a cod-piece";* meaning the king himself. The king's *grace* was the usual expression in Shakespeare's time: perhaps the latter phrase alludes to the saying of a contemporary wit, that there is *no discretion below the girdle.*—H. N. H.

Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder,
Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never
Remember to have heard: man's nature cannot carry
The affliction nor the fear.

Lear. Let the great gods,
That keep this dreadful pother o'er our heads,
Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch,
That hast within the undivulged crimes,
Unwhipp'd of justice: hide thee, thou bloody hand;
Thou perjured, and thou simular man of virtue
That art incestuous: caitiff, to pieces shake,
That under covert and convenient seeming
Hast practised on man's life: close pent-up guilts,
Rive your concealing continents and cry
These dreadful summoners grace. I am a man
More sinn'd against than sinning.

Kent. Alack, bare-headed!
Gracious my lord, hard by here is a hovel;
Some friendship will it lend you 'gainst the tempest:
Repose you there; while I to this hard house—
More harder than the stones whereof 'tis raised;

59, 60. *"continent"* for that which *contains* or *encloses.* Thus in *Antony and Cleopatra:* "Heart, once be stronger than thy *continent.*" The quartos read, *concealed centers.*—*"Summoners"* are officers that summon offenders before a proper tribunal.—H. N. H.

65. *"More harder than the stones";* so Ff.; Qq., *"More hard then is the stone."*—I. G.

Which even but now, demanding after you,
Denied me to come in—return, and force
Their scanted courtesy.

Lear. My wits begin to turn.
Come on, my boy: how dost, my boy? art cold?
I am cold myself. Where is this straw, my fellow?
The art of our necessities is strange,
That can make vile things precious. Come, your hovel.
Poor fool and knave, I have one part in my heart
That 's sorry yet for thee.

Fool. [*Singing*]
He that has and a little tiny wit,—
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,—
Must make content with his fortunes fit,
For the rain it raineth every day.

Lear. True, my good boy. Come, bring us to this hovel. [*Exeunt Lear and Kent.*

Fool. This is a brave night to cool a courtezan.
I 'll speak a prophecy ere I go:

When priests are more in word than matter;
When brewers mar their malt with water;
When nobles are their tailors' tutors;
No heretics burn'd, but wenches' suitors;

74. *"That's sorry"*; so Ff.; Qq., *"That sorrowes."*—I. G.
75–78. *Cp.* Clown's song in *Twelfth Night,* V. i. 407.—I. G.
80–96. This is wanting in Qq., and probably spurious.—C. H. H.
82. A parody of the then familiar verses known as *"Chaucer's Prophesy."* Lines 92, 93 there appear as:—

Then shall the realm of Albion
Be brought to great confusion.—C. H. H.

When every case in law is right;
No squire in debt, nor no poor knight;
When slanders do not live in tongues,
Nor cutpurses come not to throngs;
When usurers tell their gold i' the field,
And bawds and whores do churches build.
Then shall the realm of Albion
Come to great confusion:
Then comes the time, who lives to see 't,
That going shall be used with feet.

This prophecy Merlin shall make; for I live before his time. [*Exit.*

Scene III

Gloucester's castle.

Enter Gloucester and Edmund.

Glou. Alack, alack, Edmund, I like not this unnatural dealing. When I desired their leave that I might pity him, they took from me the use of mine own house; charged me, on pain of their perpetual displeasure, neither to speak of him, entreat for him, nor any way sustain him.

Edm. Most savage and unnatural!

96. *"I live before his time";* according to the legend, Lear was contemporary with Joash, King of Judah. The whole prophecy, which does not occur in the Quartos, was probably an interpolation, tacked on by the actor who played the fool. The passage is an imitation of some lines formerly attributed to Chaucer, called *"Chaucer's Prophecy."*—I. G.

Glou. Go to; say you nothing. There 's a division betwixt the dukes, and a worse matter than that: I have received a letter this night; 'tis dangerous to be spoken; I have locked the letter in my closet: these injuries the king now bears will be revenged home; there is part of a power already footed; we must incline to the king. I will seek him and privily relieve him: go you, and maintain talk with the duke, that my charity be not of him perceived: if he ask for me, I am ill and gone to bed. Though I die for it, as no less is threatened me, the king my old master must be relieved. There is some strange thing toward, Edmund; pray you, be careful. [*Exit.*

Edm. This courtesy, forbid thee, shall the duke
Instantly know, and of that letter too:
This seems a fair deserving, and must draw me
That which my father loses; no less than all:
The younger rises when the old doth fall.
[*Exit.*

Scene IV.

The heath. Before a hovel.

Enter Lear, Kent, and Fool.

Kent. Here is the place, my lord: good my lord, enter:
The tyranny of the open night 's too rough

15. *"footed";* the quartos read, *landed.*—H. N. H.
16. *"seek";* so the quartos; the folio has *"look* him."—H. N. H.

For nature to endure. [*Storm still.*

Lear. Let me alone.

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

Lear. Wilt break my heart?

Kent. I had rather break mine own. Good my lord, enter.

Lear. Thou think 'st 'tis much that this contentious storm
Invades us to the skin: so 'tis to thee;
But where the greater malady is fix'd
The lesser is scarce felt. Thou 'ldst shun a bear,
But if thy flight lay toward the raging sea
Thou 'ldst meet the bear i' the mouth. When the mind 's free
The body 's delicate: the tempest in my mind
Doth from my senses take all feeling else
Save what beats there. Filial ingratitude!
Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand
For lifting food to 't? But I will punish home

6. *"contentious";* so Ff.; Q. 1 (some copies), *"tempestious";* Qq. 2, 3, and Q. 1 (some copies), *"crulentious."*—I. G.

10. *"raging";* so in two of the quartos; in the other quarto and the folio, *"roaring* sea."—We will here subjoin Coleridge's remarks on this scene: "O, what a world's convention of agonies is here! All external nature in a storm, all moral nature convulsed,—the real madness of Lear, the feigned madness of Edgar, the babbling of the Fool, the desperate fidelity of Kent,—surely such a scene was never conceived before or since! Take it but as a picture for the eye only, it is more terrific than any which a Michael Angelo, inspired by a Dante, could have conceived, and which none but a Michael Angelo could have executed. Or let it have been uttered to the blind, the howlings of nature would seem converted into the voice of conscious humanity. This scene ends with the first symptoms of positive derangement; and the intervention of the fifth scene is particularly judicious; the interruption allowing an interval for Lear to appear in full madness in the sixth scene."—H. N. H.

No, I will weep no more. In such a night
To shut me out! Pour on; I will endure.
In such a night as this! O Regan, Goneril!
Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave
you all,—
O, that way madness lies; let me shun that;
No more of that.

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

Lear. Prithee, go in thyself; seek thine own ease:
This tempest will not give me leave to ponder
On things would hurt me more. But I 'll go in.
[*To the Fool*] In, boy; go first. You houseless
poverty,—
Nay, get thee in. I 'll pray, and then I 'll sleep.
[*Fool goes in.*

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads and unfed sides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend
you
From seasons such as these? O, I have ta'en
Too little care of this! Take physic, pomp;
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,
That thou mayst shake the superflux to them
And show the heavens more just.

Edg. [*Within*] Fathom and half, fathom and half!
Poor Tom! [*The Fool runs out from the hovel.*

18. This line is not in the quartos.—H. N. H.
26. This line and the next are only in the folio.—H. N. H.
29. *"storm"*; so Qq.; Ff., *"night."*—I. G.
37. This speech of Edgar's is not in the quartos. He gives the sign used by those who are sounding the depth at sea.—H. N. H.

Fool. Come not in here, nuncle, here 's a spirit.
Help me, help me!

Kent. Give me thy hand. Who 's there?

Fool. A spirit, a spirit: he says his name 's poor Tom.

Kent. What art thou that dost grumble there i' the straw?
Come forth.

Enter Edgar disguised as a madman.

Edg. Away! the foul fiend follows me!
'Through the sharp hawthorn blows the cold wind.'
Hum! go to thy cold bed and warm thee.

Lear. Hast thou given all to thy two daughters? and art thou come to this?

Edg. Who gives any thing to poor Tom? whom the foul fiend hath led through fire and

46. *"Through the sharp hawthorn blows the cold wind,"* probably the burden of an old song.—I. G.

47. The folio omits the word *"cold,"* both in this and the preceding lines: *"Go to thy cold bed, and warm thee,"* occurs again in *The Taming of the Shrew.* In the next speech, also, the folio reads, *"Didst* thou give all to thy daughters?"—Coleridge remarks upon the matter of this scene as follows: "Edgar's assumed madness serves the great purpose of taking off part of the shock which would otherwise be caused by the true madness of Lear, and further displays the profound difference between the two. In every attempt at representing madness throughout the whole range of dramatic literature, with the single exception of Lear, it is mere light-headedness, especially in Otway. In Edgar's ravings Shakespeare all the while lets you see a fixed purpose, a practical end in view;—in Lear's, there is only the brooding of the one anguish, an eddy without progression."—H. N. H.

51. *"the foul fiend";* alluding to the *ignis fatuus,* supposed to be lights kindled by mischievous beings to lead travelers into destruction. —H. N. H.

through flame, through ford and whirlpool, o'er bog and quagmire; that hath laid knives under his pillow and halters in his pew; set ratsbane by his porridge; made him proud of heart, to ride on a bay trotting-horse over four-inched bridges, to course his own shadow for a traitor. Bless thy five wits! Tom 's a-cold. O, do de, do de, do de. Bless thee from whirlwinds, starblasting, and taking! Do poor Tom some charity, whom the foul fiend vexes. There could I have him now, and there, and there again, and there. [*Storm still.*

Lear. What, have his daughters brought him to this pass?
Couldst thou save nothing? Didst thou give them all?

Fool. Nay, he reserved a blanket, else we had been all shamed.

Lear. Now, all the plagues that in the pendulous air
Hang fated o'er men's faults light on thy daughters!

53–54. *"knives under his pillow and halters in his pew"* (to tempt him to suicide). Theobald pointed out that the allusion is to an incident mentioned in Harsnet's *Declaration.*—I. G.

58. *"five wits";* the five senses were formerly called the *five wits.*—H. N. H.

59. *"O, do, de";* these syllables are probably meant to represent the chattering of one who shivers with cold.—H. N. H.

61. *"taking";* to *take* is to strike with malignant influence. So in Act ii. sc. 4, of this play: "Strike her young bones, you *taking* airs, with lameness!" See, also, *The Merry Wives of Windsor,* Act iv. sc. 4.—H. N. H.

65. *"What!"* is wanting in the folio. And in the next line the folio has *would'st* instead of *"didst."*—H. N. H.

Kent. He hath no daughters, sir.
Lear. Death, traitor! nothing could have subdued nature
To such a lowness but his unkind daughters.
Is it the fashion that discarded fathers
Should have thus little mercy on their flesh?
Judicious punishment! 'twas this flesh begot
Those pelican daughters.
Edg. Pillicock sat on Pillicock-hill:
Halloo, halloo, loo, loo!
Fool. This cold night will turn us all to fools and madmen.
Edg. Take heed o' the foul fiend: obey thy parents; keep thy word justly; swear not; commit not with man's sworn spouse; set not thy sweet heart on proud array. Tom 's a-cold.
Lear. What hast thou been?
Edg. A serving-man, proud in heart and mind; that curled my hair; wore gloves in my cap; served the lust of my mistress' heart and did the act of darkness with her; swore as many oaths as I spake words and broke them in the sweet face of heaven: one that slept in the

77, 78. In illustration of this, Mr. Halliwell has pointed out the following couplet in Ritson's *Gammer Gurton's Garland:*

"Pillycock, Pillycock sat on a hill;
If he's not gone, he sits there still."

He adds, that the meaning of *Pillicock* is found in manuscripts of as early a date as the thirteenth century. Cotgrave interprets *"Mon Turelureau,* My Pillicock, my pretty knave." *Killico* is one of the devils mentioned in Harsnet's book.—H. N. H.

82. *"thy word justly";* Pope's emendation; Qq. read, *"thy words justly";* F. 1, *"thy words Iustice."*—I. G.

contriving of lust and waked to do it: wine loved I deeply, dice dearly, and in woman out-paramoured the Turk: false of heart, light of ear, bloody of hand; hog in sloth, fox in stealth, wolf in greediness, dog in madness, lion in prey. Let not the creaking of shoes nor the rustling of silks betray thy poor heart to woman: keep thy foot out of brothels, thy hand out of plackets, thy pen from lenders' books, and defy the foul fiend. 'Still through the hawthorn blows the cold wind.' Says suum, mun, ha, no, nonny.
Dolphin my boy, my boy, sessa! let him trot by.

[*Storm still.*

Lear. Why, thou wert better in thy grave than to answer with thy uncovered body this extremity of the skies. Is man no more than

95–98. *"false . . . prey";* "Shortly after they [the seven spirits] were all cast forth, and in such manner as Ma. Edmunds directed them, which was, that every devil should depart in some certaine forme, representing either a beast or some other creature that had the resemblance of that sinne whereof he was the chief author: whereupon the spirit of *Pride* departed in the forme of a *peacock;* the spirit of *Sloth* in the likeness of an *asse;* the spirit of *Envie* in the similitude of a *dog;* the spirit of *Gluttony* in the form of a *wolfe;* and the other devils had also in their departure their particular likenesses agreeable to their natures" (Harsnet's *Declaration*).—H. N. H.

101. A *placket* is a covering for the breast. See *The Winter's Tale,* Act iv. sc. 3.—H. N. H.

105. *"sessa";* Malone's emendation; F. 1, *"Sesey";* Q. 1, *"caese";* Q. 2, *"cease";* Capell, *"sesse,"* &c.—I. G.

"sessa" means *cease, be quiet;* so used by Sly in *The Taming of the Shrew,* Induction, sc. 1. The ballad represents that the French king, unwilling to put the *Dauphin's* courage to trial, keeps objecting to the champions that appear, and repeats every time the first of the lines quoted; and at last has a dead body propped up against a tree, for him to try his valor upon.—H. N. H.

this? Consider him well. Thou owest the worm no silk, the beast no hide, the sheep no wool, the cat no perfume. Ha! here 's three on 's are sophisticated. Thou art the thing itself: unaccommodated man is no more but such a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art. Off, off, you lendings! come, unbutton here. [*Tearing off his clothes.*

Fool. Prithee, nuncle, be contented; 'tis a naughty night to swim in. Now a little fire in a wild field were like an old lecher's heart, a small spark, all the rest on 's body cold. Look, here comes a walking fire.

Enter Gloucester, with a torch.

Edg. This is the foul fiend Flibbertigibbet: he begins at curfew and walks till the first cock; he gives the web and the pin, squints the eye

112. *"three on's";* meaning, probably, himself, Kent, and the Fool; and they three are sophisticated out of nature in wearing clothes. Therefore, to become unsophisticated, he will off with his "lendings," and be as Edgar is.—H. N. H.

118. *"naughty"* signifies *bad, unfit, improper.* This epithet, which, as it stands here, excites a smile, in the age of Shakespeare was employed on serious occasions.—H. N. H.

122. *"Flibbertigibbet";* the name of this fiend, and most of the fiends mentioned by Edgar were found in Bishop Harsnet's book, among those which the Jesuits, about the time of the Spanish invasion, pretended to cast out, for the purpose of making converts: *"Frateretto, Fliberdigibet, Hoberdidance, Tocobatto,* were four devils of the round or morrice. These four had forty assistants under them, as themselves doe confesse." Flebergibbe is used by Latimer for a sycophant. And Cotgrave explains Coquette by a *Flebergibet* or Titifill. It was an old tradition that spirits were relieved from confinement at the time of curfew, that is, at the close of the day, and were permitted to wander at large till the first cock-crowing. Hence, in *The Tempest,* they are said to "rejoice to hear the solemn curfew."—H. N. H.

and makes the hare-lip; mildews the white wheat and hurts the poor creature of earth.

Saint Withold footed thrice the 'old;
He met the night-mare and her nine-fold;
Bid her alight,
And her troth plight,
And aroint thee, witch, aroint thee!

Kent. How fares your grace?
Lear. What 's he?
Kent. Who 's there? What is 't you seek?
Glou. What are you there? Your names?
Edg. Poor Tom, that eats the swimming frog, the toad, the tadpole, the wall-newt and the water; that in the fury of his heart, when the foul fiend rages, eats cow-dung for sallets; swallows the old rat and the ditch-dog; drinks the green mantle of the standing pool; who is whipped from tithing to tithing,

127–131. In the old copies *"S. Withold"* is contracted into *Swithold.* In *2 Henry IV,* Act iii. sc. 2, we are told of "Will Squele a *Cotswold* man." Who *St. Withold* was, or was supposed to have been, is uncertain. *"Nine-fold"* is put for *nine foals,* to rhyme with *wold.* The *"troth-plight"* here referred to was meant as a charm against the *night-mare.*—There is some diversity of opinion as to the origin and meaning of *"aroint."* See *Macbeth,* Act i. sc. 3. *"Aroint* thee, witch," seems there to have been used as a charm against witchcraft; and the angry threatenings of the Witch at having it pronounced to her by the "rump-fed ronyon" looks as if she had been baffled by it. And we learn from Wilbraham's *Glossary of Cheshire* words, that *"rynt* thee" is used by milk-maids when the cows are supposed to be bewitched, and will not stand still. So that the more likely meaning seems to be, *stand off* or *begone;* something like the "get thee behind me," of Scripture.—H. N. H.

142. *"from tithing to tithing"* is from *parish* to *parish.* The severities inflicted on the wretched beings, one of whom Edgar is here personating, are set forth in Harrison's *Description of England,* published with Holinshed's *Chronicle:* "The rogue being appre-

and stock-punished, and imprisoned; who
hath had three suits to his back, six shirts to
his body, horse to ride and weapon to wear;

But mice and rats and such small deer
Have been Tom's food for seven long year.
Beware my follower. Peace, Smulkin; peace,
thou fiend!

Glou. What, hath your grace no better company?

Edg. The prince of darkness is a gentleman:
Modo he 's call'd, and Mahu.

Glou. Our flesh and blood is grown so vile, my lord,
That it doth hate what gets it.

Edg. Poor Tom 's a-cold.

Glou. Go in with me: my duty cannot suffer
To obey in all your daughters' hard commands:
Though their injunction be to bar my doors
And let this tyrannous night take hold upon you,
Yet have I ventured to come seek you out
And bring you where both fire and food is ready.

Lear. First let me talk with this philosopher.
What is the cause of thunder?

hended, committed to prison, and tried at the next assizes, if he be convicted for a vagabond, he is then adjudged to be grievously whipped, and burned through the gristle of the right ear with a hot iron, as a manifestation of his wicked life, and due punishment received for the same. If he be taken the second time, he shall then be whipped again," etc.—H. N. H.

146, 147. *Cp. The Romance of Sir Bevis of Hamptoun;—*

"Rattes and myce and suche small dere,
Was his meate that seuen yere."—I. G.

Kent. Good my lord, take his offer; go into the house.

Lear. I 'll talk a word with this same learned Theban.

What is your study?

Edg. How to prevent the fiend and to kill vermin.

Lear. Let me ask you one word in private.

Kent. Importune him once more to go, my lord;
His wits begin to unsettle.

Glou. Canst thou blame him? 170

[*Storm still.*

His daughters seek his death: ah, that good Kent!
He said it would be thus, poor banish'd man!
Thou say'st the king grows mad; I 'll tell thee, friend,
I am almost mad myself: I had a son,
Now outlaw'd from my blood; he sought my life,
But lately, very late: I loved him, friend,
No father his son dearer: truth to tell thee,

170. *"his wits begin to unsettle";* Lord Orford has the following in the postscript to his *Mysterious Mother:* "When Belvidera talks of *lutes, laurels, seas of milk, and ships of Amber,* she is not mad, but light-headed. When madness has taken possession of a person, such character ceases to be fit for the stage, or at least should appear there but for a short time; it being the business of the theatre to exhibit passions, not distempers. The finest picture ever drawn of a head discomposed by misfortune is that of King Lear. His thoughts dwell on the ingratitude of his daughters, and every sentence that falls from his wildness excites reflection and pity. Had frenzy entirely seized him, our compassion would abate; we should conclude that he no longer felt unhappiness. Shakespeare wrote as a philosopher, Otway as a poet."—H. N. H.

The grief hath crazed my wits. What a night 's this!
I do beseech your grace,—
Lear. O, cry you mercy, sir.
Noble philosopher, your company.
Edg. Tom 's a-cold.
Glou. In, fellow, there, into the hovel: keep thee warm.
Lear. Come, let 's in all.
Kent. This way, my lord.
Lear. With him;
I will keep still with my philosopher.
Kent. Good my lord, soothe him; let him take the fellow.
Glou. Take him you on.
Kent. Sirrah, come on; go along with us.
Lear. Come, good Athenian.
Glou. No words, no words: hush.
Edg. Child Rowland to the dark tower came:

190–192. *"Child Rowland to the dark tower came,"* &c. Jamieson, in his *Illustrations of Northern Antiquities* (1814) has preserved the story as told him by a tailor in his youth; this Scottish Version has since been reprinted and studied (*Cp.* Childs' *English and Scottish Ballads,* and Jacob's *English Fairy Tales*).—I. G.

In the second part of *Jack and the Giants,* which, if not older than the play, may have been compiled from something that was so, are the following, spoken by a giant:

"Fee, faw, fum,
I smell the blood of an Englishman:
Be he alive, or be he dead,
I'll grind his bones to make my bread."

Child Rowland, it appears, was the youngest son of King Arthur. Capell thinks a line has been lost, "which spoke of some giant, the inhabitant of that tower, and the smeller-out of Child Rowland, who comes to encounter him"; and he proposes to fill up the passage thus:

His word was still 'Fie, foh, and fum,
I smell the blood of a British man.'

[*Exeunt.*

Scene V

Gloucester's castle.

Enter Cornwall and Edmund.

Corn. I will have my revenge ere I depart his house.

Edm. How, my lord, I may be censured, that nature thus gives way to loyalty, something fears me to think of.

Corn. I now perceive, it was not altogether your brother's evil disposition made him seek his death, but a provoking merit, set a-work by a reprovable badness in himself.

Edm. How malicious is my fortune, that I must repent to be just! This is the letter he spoke of, which approves him an intelligent party to the advantages of France.

"Child Rowland to the dark tower came;
The giant roar'd, and out he ran:
His word was still,—Fie, foh, and fum,
I smell the blood of a British man."—H. N. H.

191. *"His word was still"* refers, of course, to the giant, and not to Childe Rowland. The same story (with the refrain *Fee fo fum, Here is the Englishman*) is alluded to in Peele's *Old Wives Tale,* and it is just possible that it may be the ultimate original of the plot of Milton's *Comus* (*v.* Preface, on *British* for *English*).—I. G.

8. *"a provoking merit";* Cornwall seems to mean the merit of Edmund; which, being noticed by Gloster, provoked or instigated Edgar to seek his father's death.—H. N. H.

O heavens! that this treason were not, or not I the detector!

Corn. Go with me to the duchess.

Edm. If the matter of this paper be certain, you have mighty business in hand.

Corn. True or false, it hath made thee earl of Gloucester. Seek out where thy father is, that he may be ready for our apprehension.

Edm. [*Aside*] If I find him comforting the king, it will stuff his suspicion more fully.—I will persever in my course of loyalty, though the conflict be sore between that and my blood.

Corn. I will lay trust upon thee, and thou shalt find a dearer father in my love. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VI

A chamber in a farmhouse adjoining the castle.

Enter Gloucester, Lear, Kent, Fool and Edgar.

Glou. Here is better than the open air; take it thankfully. I will piece out the comfort with what addition I can: I will not be long from you.

Kent. All the power of his wits have given way to his impatience: the gods reward your kindness! [*Exit Gloucester.*

27, 28. So the quartos; the folio has *dear* instead of *dearer*.—H. N. H.

Edg. Frateretto calls me, and tells me Nero is an angler in the lake of darkness. Pray, innocent, and beware the foul fiend.

Fool. Prithee, nuncle, tell me whether a madman be a gentleman or a yeoman.

Lear. A king, a king!

Fool. No, he 's a yeoman that has a gentleman to his son, for he 's a mad yeoman that sees his son a gentleman before him.

Lear. To have a thousand with red burning spits
Come hissing in upon 'em,—

Edg. The foul fiend bites my back.

Fool. He 's mad that trusts in the tameness of a wolf, a horse's health, a boy's love, or a whore's oath.

Lear. It shall be done; I will arraign them straight.
[*To Edgar*] Come, sit thou here, most learned justicer;
[*To the Fool*] Thou, sapient sir, sit here.
Now, you she foxes!

8. *"Nero is an angler";* Rabelais says that Nero was a fiddler in hell, and Trajan an angler. The history of Garagantua had appeared in English before 1575, being mentioned in Laneham's *Letter from Killingworth,* printed in that year.—H. N. H.

19–60. Omitted in the Folios.—I. G.

21. *"a horse's health";* so in all the old copies. Several commentators are very positive it should be "a horse's *heels,*" there being an old proverb in Ray's *Collection,*—"Trust not a horse's heels, nor a dog's tooth." But men that way skilled know it is about as unsafe to trust in the soundness of a horse, as in the other things mentioned by the Fool.—H. N. H.

24. *"justicer"* is the older and better word for what we now call a justice. See *Cymbeline,* Act v. sc. 5. The old copies have *justice* here; but the change is warranted by "false *justicer,*" a little after. —H. N. H.

Edg. Look, where he stands and glares!
Wantest thou eyes at trial, madam?
Come o'er the bourn, Bessy, to me.
Fool. Her boat hath a leak,
And she must not speak
Why she dares not come over to thee.
Edg. The foul fiend haunts poor Tom in the voice of a nightingale. Hopdance cries in Tom's belly for two white herring. Croak not, black angel; I have no food for thee.
Kent. How do you, sir? Stand you not so amazed:
Will you lie down and rest upon the cushions?
Lear. I 'll see their trial first. Bring in the evidence.
[*To Edgar*] Thou robed man of justice, take thy place;
[*To the Fool*] And thou, his yoke-fellow of equity,
Bench by his side. [*To Kent*] You are o' the commission;
Sit you too.

26, 27. When Edgar says, "Look, where he stands and glares!" he seems to be speaking in the character of a madman, who thinks he sees the fiend. "Wantest thou eyes at trial, madam?" is a question addressed to some visionary spectator, and may mean no more than "Do you want eyes when you should use them most, that you cannot see his specter?"—H. N. H.

28. *"Come o'er the bourn, Bessy, to me."* Mr. Chappell (*Popular Music of the Olden Time,* p. 305, note) says, "The allusion is to an English ballad by William Birch, entitled, 'A Songe betwene the Quene's Majestie and England,' a copy of which is in the library of the Society of Antiquaries. England commences the dialogue, inviting Queen Elizabeth in the following words:—

"Come over the born, Bessy, come over the born, Bessy,
Swete Bessy, come over to me."

The date of Birch's song is 1558, and it is printed in full in the *Harleian Miscellany,* X. 260.—I. G.

Edg. Let us deal justly.
Sleepest or wakest thou, jolly shepherd:
Thy sheep be in the corn;
And for one blast of thy minikin mouth,
Thy sheep shall take no harm.
Pur! the cat is gray.
Lear. Arraign her first; 'tis Goneril. I here take my oath before this honorable assembly, she kicked the poor king her father.
Fool. Come hither, mistress. Is your name Goneril?
Lear. She cannot deny it.
Fool. Cry you mercy, I took you for a joint-stool.
Lear. And here 's another, whose warp'd looks proclaim
What store her heart is made on. Stop her there!
Arms, arms, sword, fire! Corruption in the place!
False justicer, why hast thou let her 'scape?
Edg. Bless thy five wits!
Kent. O pity! Sir, where is the patience now,
That you so oft have boasted to retain?
Edg. [*Aside*] My tears begin to take his part so much,
They 'll mar my counterfeiting.
Lear. The little dogs and all,

44–47. Put into verse by Theobald. Steevens quotes a line from an old song,

"Sleepeyst thou, wakyst thou, Jeffery Coke,"

found in *The Interlude of the Four Elements* (1519).—I. G.

Tray, Blanch, and Sweet-heart, see, they bark at me.

Edg. Tom will throw his head at them. Avaunt, you curs!

Be thy mouth or black or white,
Tooth that poisons if it bite;
Mastiff, greyhound, mongrel grim,
Hound or spaniel, brach or lym,
Or bobtail tike or trundle-tail,
Tom will make them weep and wail:
For, with throwing thus my head,
Dogs leap the hatch, and all are fled.

Do de, de, de. Sessa! Come, march to wakes and fairs and market-towns. Poor Tom, thy horn is dry.

Lear. Then let them anatomize Regan; see what breeds about her heart. Is there any cause in nature that makes these hard hearts? [*To Edgar*] You, sir, I entertain for one of my hundred; only I do not like the fashion of your garments. You will say they are Persian attire; but let them be changed.

Kent. Now, good my lord, lie here and rest awhile.

Lear. Make no noise, make no noise; draw the curtains: so, so, so. We 'll go to supper i' the morning. So, so, so.

80. *"Thy horn is dry."* "A horn was usually carried about by every Tom of Bedlam, to receive such drink as the charitable might afford him, with whatever scraps of food they might give him" (Malone), &c.—I. G.

Fool. And I 'll go to bed at noon.

Re-enter Gloucester.

Glou. Come hither, friend: where is the king my master?

Kent. Here, sir; but trouble him not: his wits are gone.

Glou. Good friend, I prithee, take him in thy arms;
I have o'erheard a plot of death upon him:
There is a litter ready; lay him in 't,
And drive toward Dover, friend, where thou shalt meet
Both welcome and protection. Take up thy master:
If thou shouldst dally half an hour, his life,
With thine and all that offer to defend him,
Stand in assured loss. Take up, take up,
And follow me, that will to some provision
Give thee quick conduct.

Kent. Oppressed nature sleeps.

93. These words, found only in the folio, are the last we have from the precious Fool. They are probably meant as a characteristic notice that the poor dear fellow's heart is breaking. He has been pining away ever "since my young lady's going into France," and now a still deeper sorrow has fallen upon him: his beloved master's wits are all shattered in pieces, so that he has no longer anything to live for; he feels that he cannot survive to see the evening of the terrible day that has overtaken him; and even this feeling must play out in a witticism. Well may Ulrici call his humor "the sublime of Comic."—H. N. H.

98–111. "Every editor from Theobald downwards," as the Cambridge Editors observe, "except Hanmer, has reprinted this speech from the Quartos. In deference to this consensus of authority we have retained it, though, as it seems to us, internal evidence is conclusive against the supposition that the lines were written by Shakespeare."—I. G.

105–109. *"oppressed . . . behind";* omitted in the Folios.—I. G.

This rest might yet have balm'd thy broken sinews,
Which, if convenience will not allow,
Stand in hard cure. [*To the Fool*] Come, help to bear thy master;
Thou must not stay behind.

Glou. Come, come, away.

[*Exeunt all but Edgar.*

Edg. When we our betters see bearing our woes,
We scarcely think our miseries our foes.
Who alone suffers suffers most i' the mind,
Leaving free things and happy shows behind:
But then the mind much sufferance doth o'erskip,
When grief hath mates, and bearing fellowship.
How light and portable my pain seems now,
When that which makes me bend makes the king bow,
He childed as I father'd! Tom, away!
Mark the high noises, and thyself bewray
When false opinion, whose wrong thought defiles thee,
In thy just proof repeals and reconciles thee.
What will hap more to-night, safe 'scape the king!
Lurk, lurk. [*Exit.*

110–123. *"When . . . lurk"*; omitted in Ff.—I. G.

119. *"high noises"*; the great events that are approaching.—H. N. H.

Scene VII

Gloucester's castle.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, Goneril, Edmund, and Servants.

Corn. Post speedily to my lord your husband; show him this letter: the army of France is landed. Seek out the traitor Gloucester.

[*Exeunt some of the Servants.*

Reg. Hang him instantly.

Gon. Pluck out his eyes.

Corn. Leave him to my displeasure. Edmund, keep you our sister company: the revenges we are bound to take upon your traitorous father are not fit for your beholding Advise the duke, where you are going, to a most festinate preparation: we are bound to the like. Our posts shall be swift and intelligent betwixt us. Farewell, dear sister: farewell, my lord of Gloucester.

Enter Oswald.

How now! where 's the king?

Osw. My lord of Gloucester hath convey'd him hence:
Some five or six and thirty of his knights,
Hot questrists after him, met him at gate;

3. *"traitor";* the quartos have *villain* instead of *traitor.*—H. N. H.

14. *"my lord of Gloucester";* meaning Edmund invested with his father's titles. The Steward, speaking immediately after, mentions the old earl by the same title.—H. N. H.

Who, with some other of the lords dependants,
Are gone with him toward Dover; where they boast
To have well-armed friends.

Corn. Get horses for your mistress.

Gon. Farewell, sweet lord, and sister.

Corn. Edmund, farewell.

[*Exeunt Goneril, Edmund, and Oswald.*

Go seek the traitor Gloucester.
Pinion him like a thief, bring him before us.

[*Exeunt other Servants.*

Though well we may not pass upon his life
Without the form of justice, yet our power
Shall do a courtesy to our wrath, which men
May blame but not control. Who 's there? the traitor?

Enter Gloucester, brought in by two or three.

Reg. Ingrateful fox! 'tis he.

Corn. Bind fast his corky arms.

Glou. What mean your graces? Good my friends, consider
You are my guests: do me no foul play, friends.

Corn. Bind him, I say. [*Servants bind him.*

Reg. Hard, hard. O filthy traitor!

Glou. Unmerciful lady as you are, I 'm none.

Corn. To this chair bind him. Villain, thou shalt find— [*Regan plucks his beard.*

Glou. By the kind gods, 'tis most ignobly done
To pluck me by the beard.

Reg. So white, and such a traitor!

Glou. Naughty lady,

These hairs which thou dost ravish from my chin
Will quicken and accuse thee: I am your host:
With robbers' hands my hospitable favors
You should not ruffle thus. What will you do?

Corn. Come, sir, what letters had you late from France?

Reg. Be simple answerer, for we know the truth.

Corn. And what confederacy have you with the traitors
Late footed in the kingdom?

Reg. To whose hands have you sent the lunatic king?
Speak.

Glou. I have a letter guessingly set down,
Which came from one that 's of a neutral heart,
And not from one opposed.

Corn. Cunning.

Reg. And false.

Corn. Where hast thou sent the king?

Glou. To Dover.

Reg. Wherefore to Dover? Wast thou not charged at peril—

Corn. Wherefore to Dover? Let him first answer that.

Glou. I am tied to the stake, and I must stand the course.

Reg. Wherefore to Dover, sir?

Glou. Because I would not see thy cruel nails
Pluck out his poor old eyes, nor thy fierce sister
In his anointed flesh stick boarish fangs.

59. *"stick,"* the reading of Ff.; Qq., *"rash."*—I. G.
In what follows, the quartos have *"lov'd* head" for *"bare* head,"

The sea, with such a storm as his bare head
In hell-black night endured, would have buoy'd up,
And quench'd the stelled fires:
Yet, poor old heart, he holp the heavens to rain.
If wolves had at thy gate howl'd that stern time,
Thou shouldst have said, 'Good porter, turn the key,'
All cruels else subscribed: but I shall see
The winged vengeance overtake such children.

Corn. See 't shalt thou never. Fellows, hold the chair.
Upon these eyes of thine I 'll set my foot.

Glou. He that will think to live till he be old,
Give me some help! O cruel! O you gods!

Reg. One side will mock another; the other too.

Corn. If you see vengeance—

"lay'd up" for *"buoy'd* up," *"steeled* fires" for *"stelled* fires," *rage* for *rain,* and *dearn* for *stern.*—H. N. H.

64. *"howl'd that stern"*; Qq., *"heard that dearne"*; Capell, *"howl'd that dearn"*; ("dearn"= obscure, dark, gloomy).—I. G.

65. *"shouldst"*; wouldst.—C. H. H.

66. *"All cruels else subscribed"*; so Qq.; Ff. *"subscribe."* The passage has been variously interpreted; the weight of authority favoring the Folio reading, Schmidt's explanation being perhaps the most plausible:—"Everything which is at other times cruel, shows feeling or regard; you alone have not done so." Furness makes the words part of the speech addressed to the porter, "acknowledge the claims of all creatures, however cruel they may be at other times," or "give up all cruel things else; *i. e.,* forget that they are cruel." This approximates to the interpretation given by Mr. Wright to the reading in the text, "all their other cruelties being yielded or forgiven."—I. G.

But this makes Gloster shift his ground rather awkwardly. He has just urged that even Cornwall would pity wolves (though not men); he would now argue: Cornwall alone among cruel men has no pity.—C. H. H.

First Serv. Hold your hand, my lord:
I have served you ever since I was a child;
But better service have I never done you
Than now to bid you hold.
Reg. How now, you dog!
First Serv. If you did wear a beard upon your chin,
I 'ld shake it on this quarrel. What do you mean?
Corn. My villain! [*They draw and fight.*
First Serv. Nay, then, come on, and take the chance of anger. 80
Reg. Give me thy sword. A peasant stand up thus!
[*Takes a sword and runs at him behind.*
First Serv. O, I am slain! My lord, you have one eye left
To see some mischief on him. O! [*Dies.*
Corn. Lest it see more, prevent it. Out, vile jelly!
Where is thy luster now?
Glou. All dark and comfortless. Where 's my son Edmund?
Edmund, enkindle all the sparks of nature,
To quit this horrid act.

84. This scene, horrid enough at the best, is rendered much more so in modern editions until Knight's by the stage-directions which are unwarrantably thrust into it, representing everything to be done in the full view of the audience. Coleridge says,—"I will not disguise my conviction that, in this one point, the tragic in this play has been urged beyond the outermost mark and *ne plus ultra* of the dramatic." And again: "What shall I say to this scene? There is my reluctance to think Shakespeare wrong, and yet—" Tieck argues that the tearing out of Gloster's eyes did not take place on the stage proper.—H. N. H.

Reg. Out, treacherous villain!
Thou call'st on him that hates thee: it was he
That made the overture of thy treasons to us;
Who is too good to pity thee.
Glou. O my follies! Then Edgar was abused.
Kind gods, forgive me that, and prosper him!
Reg. Go thrust him out at gates, and let him smell
His way to Dover. [*Exit one with Gloucester.*]
How is 't, my lord? how look you?
Corn. I have received a hurt: follow me, lady.
Turn out that eyeless villain: throw this slave
Upon the dunghill. Regan, I bleed apace:
Untimely comes this hurt: give me your arm.
[*Exit Cornwall, led by Regan.*
Sec. Serv. I 'll never care what wickedness I do,
If this man come to good.
Third Serv. If she live long,
And in the end meet the old course of death,
Women will all turn monsters.
Sec. Serv. Let 's follow the old earl, and get the Bedlam
To lead him where he would: his roguish madness
Allows itself to any thing.
Third Serv. Go thou: I 'll fetch some flax and whites of eggs
To apply to his bleeding face. Now, heaven help him! [*Exeunt severally.*

100–107. Omitted in the Folios.—I. G.

ACT FOURTH

Scene I

The heath.

Enter Edgar.

Edg. Yet better thus, and known to be contemn'd,
Than still contemn'd and flatter'd. To be worst,
The lowest and most dejected thing of fortune,
Stands still in esperance, lives not in fear:
The lamentable change is from the best;
The worst returns to laughter. Welcome then,
Thou unsubstantial air that I embrace!
The wretch that thou hast blown unto the worst
Owes nothing to thy blasts. But who comes here?

Enter Gloucester, led by an Old Man.

My father, poorly led? World, world, O world!
But that thy strange mutations make us hate thee,
Life would not yield to age.

6–9. "*Welcome . . . blasts*"; vi. 169–174 ("*Plate . . . lips*"); vii. 61; omitted in the Quartos.—I. G.

12. "*Life would not yield to age*," *i. e.* life would not gladly lapse into old age and death.—I. G.

Old Man. O, my good lord, I have been your
tenant, and your father's tenant, these four-
score years.
Glou. Away, get thee away; good friend, be gone:
Thy comforts can do me no good at all;
Thee they may hurt.
Old Man. Alack, sir, you cannot see your way.
Glou. I have no way and therefore want no eyes;
I stumbled when I saw: full oft 'tis seen,
Our means secure us, and our mere defects
Prove our commodities. Ah, dear son Edgar,
The food of thy abused father's wrath!
Might I but live to see thee in my touch,
I 'ld say I had eyes again.
Old Man. How now! Who 's there?
Edg. [*Aside*] O gods! Who is 't can say 'I am at
the worst'?
I am worse than e'er I was.
Old Man. 'Tis poor mad Tom.
Edg. [*Aside*] And worse I may be yet: the worst
is not
So long as we can say 'This is the worst.'
Old Man. Fellow, where goest?
Glou. Is it a beggar-man?
Old Man. Madman and beggar too.
Glou. He has some reason, else he could not beg.
I' the last night's storm I such a fellow saw,
Which made me think a man a worm: my son
Came then into my mind, and yet my mind
Was then scarce friends with him: I have heard
more since.

19. The words, *"Alack, sir!"* are omitted in the folio.—H. N. H.

As flies to wanton boys, are we to the gods;
They kill us for their sport.

Edg. [*Aside*] How should this be?
Bad is the trade that must play fool to sorrow,
Angering itself and others. Bless thee, master! 41

Glou. Is that the naked fellow?

Old Man. Aye, my lord.

Glou. Then, prithee, get thee gone: if for my sake
Thou wilt o'ertake us hence a mile or twain
I' the way toward Dover, do it for ancient love;
And bring some covering for this naked soul,
Who I 'll entreat to lead me.

Old Man. Alack, sir, he is mad.

Glou. 'Tis the times' plague, when madmen lead the blind.
Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleasure;
Above the rest, be gone. 50

Old Man. I 'll bring him the best 'parel that I have,
Come on 't what will. [*Exit.*

Glou. Sirrah, naked fellow,—

Edg. Poor Tom 's a-cold. [*Aside*] I cannot daub it further.

Glou. Come hither, fellow.

Edg. [*Aside*] And yet I must.—Bless thy sweet eyes, they bleed.

Glou. Know'st thou the way to Dover?

Edg. Both stile and gate, horse-way and foot-

39. *"Kill"*; Q. 1, *"bitt"*; Qq. 2, 3, *"bit"*; (probably an error for *hit*).—I. G.

43. So the quartos. Instead of *"Then, prithee, get thee gone,"* the folio has only "Get thee away."—H. N. H.

path. Poor Tom hath been scared out of his good wits. Bless thee, good man's son, from the foul fiend! Five fiends have been in poor Tom at once; of lust, as Obidicut; Hobbididence, prince of dumbness; Mahu, of stealing; Modo, of murder; Flibbertigibbet, of mopping and mowing; who since possesses chambermaids and waiting-women. So, bless thee, master!

Glou. Here, take this purse, thou whom the heavens' plagues
Have humble to all strokes: that I am wretched
Makes thee the happier. Heavens, deal so still!
Let the superfluous and lust-dieted man,
That slaves your ordinance, that will not see
Because he doth not feel, feel your power quickly;
So distribution should undo excess
And each man have enough. Dost thou know Dover?

Edg. Aye, master.

Glou. There is a cliff whose high and bending head
Looks fearfully in the confined deep:
Bring me but to the very brim of it,

60. So the folio: the quartos read, "bless the good man from the foul fiend!"—H. N. H.

61–67. *"Five fiends . . . master";* omitted in the Folios.—I. G.

65. *"mopping and mowing";* "If she have a little helpe of the mother, epilepsie, or cramp, to teach her role her eyes, wrie her mouth, gnash her teeth, starte with her body, hold her armes and handes stiffe, make antike faces, grinne, *mow and mop* like an ape, then no doubt the young girle is owle-blasted, and *possessed*" (Harsnet).—H. N. H.

And I 'll repair the misery thou dost bear
With something rich about me: from that place
I shall no leading need.
Edg. Give me thy arm:
Poor Tom shall lead thee. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II

Before the Duke of Albany's palace.

Enter Goneril and Edmund.

Gon. Welcome, my lord: I marvel our mild husband
Not met us on the way.

Enter Oswald.

Now, where 's your master?
Osw. Madam, within; but never man so changed.
I told him of the army that was landed;
He smiled at it: I told him you were coming;
His answer was, 'The worse:' of Gloucester's treachery
And of the loyal service of his son
When I inform'd him, then he call'd me sot
And told me I had turn'd the wrong side out:
What most he should dislike seems pleasant to him;
What like, offensive.
Gon. [*To Edm.*] Then shall you go no further.
It is the cowish terror of his spirit,

That dares not undertake: he'll not feel wrongs,
Which tie him to an answer. Our wishes on the way
May prove effects. Back, Edmund, to my brother;
Hasten his musters and conduct his powers:
I must change arms at home and give the distaff
Into my husband's hands. This trusty servant
Shall pass between us: ere long you are like to hear,
If you dare venture in your own behalf, 20
A mistress's command. Wear this; spare speech; [*Giving a favor.*
Decline your head: this kiss, if it durst speak,
Would stretch thy spirits up into the air:
Conceive, and fare thee well.

Edm. Yours in the ranks of death.

Gon. My most dear Gloucester! [*Exit Edmund.*
O, the difference of man and man!
To thee a woman's services are due:
My fool usurps my body.

Osw. Madam, here comes my lord. [*Exit.*

Enter Albany

22. She bids him decline his head, that she might give him a kiss (the Steward being present) and that might appear only to him as a whisper.—H. N. H.

28. *"My fool usurps my body";* so Ff.; Q. 1, *"A foole usurps my bed"; Q. 2, "My foote usurps my head";* Malone, *"My fool usurps my bed."*—I. G.

Gon. I have been worth the whistle.
Alb. O Goneril! 29
You are not worth the dust which the rude wind
Blows in your face. I fear your disposition:
That nature which contemns its origin
Cannot be border'd certain in itself;
She that herself will sliver and disbranch
From her material sap, perforce must wither
And come to deadly use.
Gon. No more; the text is foolish.
Alb. Wisdom and goodness to the vile seem vile:
Filths savor but themselves. What have you done?
Tigers, not daughters, what have you perform'd? 40
A father, and a gracious aged man,
Whose reverence even the head-lugg'd bear would lick,
Most barbarous, most degenerate! have you madded.
Could my good brother suffer you to do it?

29. Alluding to the proverb, "It is a poor dog that is not *worth the whistling.*"—H. N. H.

31–50. Omitted in the Folios.—I. G.

33. The meaning, as Heath thinks, is, that that nature, which has reached such a pitch of unnaturalness as to contemn its origin, cannot be restrained within any certain bounds. Albany's reasoning is, that if she will take her father's life, whose life will she spare? therefore he "feares her disposition."—H. N. H.

35. *"must wither,"* etc.; alluding to the use that witches and enchanters are said to make of *withered branches* in their charms. A fine insinuation in the speaker, that she was ready for the most unnatural mischief, and a preparative of the Poet to her plotting with Edmund against her husband's life (Warburton).—H. N. H.

42. *"head-lugg'd bear"* probably means a bear made savage by having his head *plucked* or *torn*.—H. N. H.

A man, a prince, by him so benefited!
If that the heavens do not their visible spirits
Send quickly down to tame these vile offenses,
It will come,
Humanity must perforce prey on itself,
Like monsters of the deep.

Gon. Milk-liver'd man!
That bear'st a cheek for blows, a head for wrongs;
Who hast not in thy brows an eye discerning
Thine honor from thy suffering; that not know'st
Fools do those villains pity who are punish'd
Ere they have done their mischief. Where 's thy drum?
France spreads his banners in our noiseless land,
With plumed helm thy state begins to threat,
Whiles thou, a moral fool, sit'st still and criest
'Alack, why does he so?'

Alb. See thyself, devil!
Proper deformity seems not in the fiend
So horrid as in woman.

Gon. O vain fool!

Alb. Thou changed and self-cover'd thing, for shame,

47. *"tame these vile offenses";* Schmidt conj. *"take the vild offenders";* Heath conj. *"these vile";* Q. 1, *"this vild";* Pope, *"the vile."*—I. G.

53–59. Omitted in the Folios.—I. G.

57. *"thy state begins to threat";* Jennens conj.; Q. 1, *"thy state begins thereat";* Qq. 2, 3, *"thy slaier begins threats";* Theobald, *"thy slayer begins his threats,"* &c.—I. G.

62. *"changed and self-cover'd";* the meaning appears to be, thou that hast *hid* the woman under the fiend; thou that hast disguised

Be-monster not thy feature. Were 't my fitness
To let these hands obey my blood,
They are apt enough to dislocate and tear
Thy flesh and bones: howe'er thou art a fiend,
A woman's shape doth shield thee.

Gon. Marry, your manhood! mew!

Enter a Messenger.

Alb. What news?

Mess. O, my good lord, the Duke of Cornwall 's dead,
Slain by his servant, going to put out
The other eye of Gloucester.

Alb. Gloucester's eyes!

Mess. A servant that he bred, thrill'd with remorse,
Opposed against the act, bending his sword
To his great master; who thereat enraged
Flew on him and amongst them fell'd him dead,
But not without that harmful stroke which since
Hath pluck'd him after.

Alb. This shows you are above,
You justicers, that these our nether crimes
So speedily can venge. But, O poor Gloucester!

nature by wickedness. Some would read, "chang'd and *self-converted* thing."—H. N. H.

62–68. Omitted in the Folios.—I. G.

65. *"apt"*; ready.—C. H. H.

68. *"your manhood! mew!"*; some copies of Q. 1 read *"manhood mew"*; others *"manhood now"*; so the later Qq.; according to the present reading *"mew"* is evidently a cat-like interjection of contempt.—I. G.

suppress it.—C. H. H.

Lost he his other eye?

Mess. Both, both, my lord.
This letter, madam, craves a speedy answer;
'Tis from your sister.

Gon. [*Aside*] One way I like this well;
But being widow, and my Gloucester with her,
May all the building in my fancy pluck
Upon my hateful life: another way,
The news is not so tart.—I 'll read, and answer.
[*Exit.*

Alb. Where was his son when they did take his eyes?

Mess. Come with my lady hither.

Alb. He is not here.

Mess. No, my good lord; I met him back again.

Alb. Knows he the wickedness?

Mess. Aye, my good lord; 'twas he inform'd against him,
And quit the house on purpose, that their punishment
Might have the freer course.

Alb. Gloucester, I live
To thank thee for the love thou show'dst the king,
And to revenge thine eyes. Come hither, friend:
Tell me what more thou know'st. [*Exeunt.*

83. *"One way I like this well";* Goneril's plan was to poison her sister, to marry Edmund, to murder Albany, and to get possession of the whole kingdom. As the death of Cornwall facilitated the last part of her scheme, she was pleased at it; but disliked it, as it put it in the power of her sister to marry Edmund.—H. N. H.

Scene III

The French camp near Dover.

Enter Kent and a Gentleman.

Kent. Why the King of France is so suddenly gone back know you the reason?

Gent. Something he left imperfect in the state which since his coming forth is thought of, which imports to the kingdom so much fear and danger that his personal return was most required and necessary.

Kent. Who hath he left behind him general?

Gent. The Marshal of France, Monsieur La Far.

Kent. Did your letters pierce the queen to any demonstration of grief?

Gent. Aye, sir; she took them, read them in my presence,
And now and then an ample tear trill'd down

Scene III; the whole scene omitted in the Folios.—I. G.

1. The *"gentleman"* whom he sent in the foregoing act with letters to Cordelia.—H. N. H.

2, 3. The king of France being no longer a necessary personage, it was fit that some pretext for getting rid of him should be formed before the play was too near advanced towards a conclusion. It is difficult to say what use could have been made of him, had he appeared at the head of his own armament, and survived the murder of his queen. His conjugal concern on the occasion might have weakened the effect of Lear's paternal sorrow; and being an object of respect as well as pity, he would naturally have divided the spectator's attention, and thereby diminished the consequence of Albany, Edgar, and Kent, whose exemplary virtues deserved to be ultimately placed in the most conspicuous point of view (Steevens).—H. N. H.

Her delicate cheek: it seem'd she was a queen
Over her passion, who most rebel-like
Sought to be king o'er her.

Kent. O, then it moved her.

Gent. Not to a rage: patience and sorrow strove
Who should express her goodliest. You have seen
Sunshine and rain at once: her smiles and tears
Were like a better way: those happy smilets
That play'd on her ripe lip seem'd not to know
What guests were in her eyes; which parted thence
As pearls from diamonds dropp'd. In brief,
Sorrow would be a rarity most beloved,
If all could so become it.

Kent. Made she no verbal question?

Gent. Faith, once or twice she heaved the name of 'father'

21. *"like a better way";* so Qq.; the passage seems to mean that her smiles and tears resembled sunshine and rain, but in a more beautiful manner; many emendations have been proposed—*"like a wetter May"* (Warburton); *"like a better May"* (Malone); *"like;—a better way"* (Boaden), &c.—I. G.

That the point of comparison was neither a "better day," nor a "wetter May," is proved by the following passages, cited by Steevens and Malone: "Her tears came dropping down like rain in sunshine" (Sidney's *Arcadia*). Again: "And with that she prettily *smiled,* which mingled with her tears, one could not tell whether it were a mourning pleasure, or a delightful sorrow; but like when a few *April* drops are scattered by a gentle zephyrus among fine-coloured flowers."—H. N. H.

24. *"dropp'd";* Steevens would read *dropping,* but *as* must be understood to signify *as if.* A similar beautiful thought in Middleton's *Game of Chess* has caught the eye of Milton:

"The holy dew lies like a pearl
Dropt from the *opening eyelids of the morn*
Upon the bashful rose."—H. N. H.

Pantingly forth, as if it press'd her heart;
Cried 'Sisters! sisters! Shame of ladies! sisters!
Kent! father! sisters! What, i' the storm! i' the night?
Let pity not be believed!' There she shook
The holy water from her heavenly eyes,
And clamor moisten'd: then away she started
To deal with grief alone.

Kent. It is the stars,
The stars above us, govern our conditions;
Else one self mate and mate could not beget
Such different issues. You spoke not with her since?

Gent. No.

Kent. Was this before the king return'd?

Gent. No, since.

Kent. Well, sir, the poor distress'd Lear 's i' the town:
Who sometime in his better tune remembers
What we are come about, and by no means
Will yield to see his daughter.

Gent. Why, good sir?

Kent. A sovereign shame so elbows him: his own unkindness

26. *"verbal question"*; that is, discourse, conversation.—H. N. H.

31. *"Let pity not be believed"*; Pope, *"Let pity ne'er believe it"*; Capell, *"Let it not be believed"* (but *"believed"*= believed to exist). —I. G.

That is, let not pity be supposed to exist.—H. N. H.

33. *"clamor moisten'd"*; Capell's reading; Qq., *"And clamour moistened her"*; Theobald, *"And, clamour-motion'd"*; Grant White, *"And, clamour-moisten'd,"* &c.—I. G.

That is, her outcries were accompanied with tears.—H. N. H.

That stripp'd her from his benediction, turn'd her
To foreign casualties, gave her dear rights
To his dog-hearted daughters: these things sting
His mind so venomously that burning shame
Detains him from Cordelia.

Gent. Alack, poor gentleman!

Kent. Of Albany's and Cornwall's powers you heard not? 50

Gent. 'Tis so; they are afoot.

Kent. Well, sir, I 'll bring you to our Master Lear,
And leave you to attend him: some dear cause
Will in concealment wrap me up awhile;
When I am known aright, you shall not grieve
Lending me this acquaintance. I pray you, go
Along with me. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV

The same. A tent.

Enter, with drum and colors, Cordelia, Doctor, and Soldiers.

Cor. Alack, 'tis he: why, he was met even now
As mad as the vex'd sea; singing aloud;
Crown'd with rank fumiter and furrow-weeds,
With bur-docks, hemlock, nettles, cuckoo-flowers,
Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow

46. *"foreign casualties";* the hazards of life abroad.—C. H. H.

In our sustaining corn. A century send forth;
Search every acre in the high-grown field,
And bring him to our eye. [*Exit an officer.*]
What can man's wisdom
In the restoring his bereaved sense?
He that helps him take all my outward worth.

Doct. There is means, madam:
Our foster-nurse of nature is repose,
The which he lacks: that to provoke in him,
Are many simples operative, whose power
Will close the eye of anguish.

Cor. All blest secrets,
All you unpublish'd virtues of the earth,
Spring with my tears! be aidant and remediate
In the good man's distress! Seek, seek for him;
Lest his ungovern'd rage dissolve the life
That wants the means to lead it.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. News, madam;
The British powers are marching hitherward.

Cor. 'Tis known before; our preparation stands
In expectation of them. O dear father,
It is thy business that I go about;
Therefore great France
My mourning and important tears hath pitied.
No blown ambition doth our arms incite,
But love, dear love, and our aged father's right:
Soon may I hear and see him! [*Exeunt.*

Scene V.

Gloucester's castle.

Enter Regan and Oswald.

Reg. But are my brother's powers set forth?
Osw. Aye, madam.
Reg. Himself in person there?
Osw. Madam, with much ado:
Your sister is the better soldier.
Reg. Lord Edmund spake not with your lord at home?
Osw. No, madam.
Reg. What might import my sister's letter to him?
Osw. I know not, lady.
Reg. Faith, he is posted hence on serious matter.
It was great ignorance, Gloucester's eyes being out,
To let him live: where he arrives he moves
All hearts against us: Edmund, I think, is gone,
In pity of his misery, to dispatch
His nighted life; moreover, to descry
The strength o' the enemy.
Osw. I must needs after him, madam, with my letter.
Reg. Our troops set forth to-morrow: stay with us;
The ways are dangerous.
Osw. I may not, madam:

4. *"lord"*; so Ff.; Qq. read *"lady."*—I. G.

My lady charged my duty in this business.
Reg. Why should she write to Edmund? Might not you
Transport her purposes by word? Belike,
Something—I know not what: I 'll love thee much,
Let me unseal the letter.
Osw. Madam, I had rather—
Reg. I know your lady does not love her husband;
I am sure of that: and at her late being here
She gave strange œillades and most speaking looks
To noble Edmund. I know you are of her bosom.
Osw. I, madam?
Reg. I speak in understanding: you are, I know 't:
Therefore I do advise you, take this note:
My lord is dead; Edmund and I have talk'd;
And more convenient is he for my hand
Than for your lady's: you may gather more.
If you do find him, pray you, give him this;
And when your mistress hears thus much from you,
I pray, desire her call her wisdom to her.
So, fare you well.
If you do chance to hear of that blind traitor,
Preferment falls on him that cuts him off.

25. *"œillades";* it cannot be decided whether Shakespeare wrote the French word or some anglicized form of it.—C. H. H.

32. *"gather";* you may infer more than I have directly told you.—H. N. H.

33. *"give him this";* perhaps a *ring,* or some *token.*—H. N. H.

Osw. Would I could meet him, madam! I should show
What party I do follow.
Reg. Fare thee well. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VI

Fields near Dover.

Enter Gloucester, and Edgar dressed like a peasant.

Glou. When shall we come to the top of that same hill?
Edg. You do climb up it now: look, how we labor.
Glou. Methinks the ground is even.
Edg. Horrible steep.
Hark, do you hear the sea?
Glou. No, truly.
Edg. Why then your other senses grow imperfect
By your eyes' anguish.
Glou. So may it be indeed:
Methinks thy voice is alter'd, and thou speak'st
In better phrase and matter than thou didst.
Edg. You 're much deceived: in nothing am I changed
But in my garments.
Glou. Methinks you 're better spoken.
Edg. Come on, sir; here 's the place: stand still. How fearful
And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low!

The crows and choughs that wing the midway air
Show scarce so gross as beetles: half way down
Hangs one that gathers samphire, dreadful trade!
Methinks he seems no bigger than his head:
The fishermen that walk upon the beach
Appear like mice; and yond tall anchoring bark
Diminish'd to her cock; her cock, a buoy
Almost too small for sight: the murmuring surge
That on the unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes
Cannot be heard so high. I 'll look no more,
Lest my brain turn and the deficient sight
Topple down headlong.

Glou. Set me where you stand.

Edg. Give me your hand: you are now within a foot
Of the extreme verge: for all beneath the moon
Would I not leap upright.

Glou. Let go my hand.
Here, friend, 's another purse; in it a jewel
Well worth a poor man's taking: fairies and gods

15. *"samphire";* in Shakespeare's time the cliffs of Dover, as the neighboring parts of the coast are still, were celebrated for the production of this article. It is thus spoken of in Smith's *History of Waterford,* 1774: "Samphire grows in great plenty on most of the seacliffs in this country. It is terrible to see how people gather it, *hanging by a rope* several fathom from the top of the impending rocks, as it were in the air." It was made into a pickle and eaten as a relish; which, we are told, is still done in some parts of England.—H. N. H.

The current Elizabethan spellings were "sampire" (so Ff., Q. 1, Q. 2), "sampier."—C. H. H.

Prosper it with thee! Go thou further off;
Bid me farewell, and let me hear thee going.
Edg. Now fare you well, good sir.
Glou. With all my heart.
Edg. Why I do trifle thus with his despair
Is done to cure it.
Glou. [*Kneeling*] O you mighty gods!
This world I do renounce, and in your sights
Shake patiently my great affliction off:
If I could bear it longer and not fall
To quarrel with your great opposeless wills,
My snuff and loathed part of nature should
Burn itself out. If Edgar live, O bless him!
Now, fellow, fare thee well. [*He falls forward.*
Edg. Gone, sir: farewell.
And yet I know not how conceit may rob
The treasury of life, when life itself
Yields to the theft: had he been where he thought,
By this had thought been past. Alive or dead?
Ho, you sir! friend! Hear you, sir! speak!
Thus might he pass indeed: yet he revives.
What are you, sir?
Glou. Away, and let me die.
Edg. Hadst thou been aught but gossamer, feathers, air,

41. *"Gone, sir"*; that is, *"I am* gone, sir." As commonly printed, the stage-direction, *"He leaps, and falls along,"* comes in before Edgar speaks, and then he is made to ask a question, whether Gloster is gone, thus: "Gone, sir? farewell."—H. N. H.

44. *"yields to the theft"*; that is, when life is willing to be destroyed.—H. N. H.

49. *"gossamer"*; "The substance called *gossamer* is formed of the collected webs of flying spiders, and during calm weather in autumn

So many fathom down precipitating,
Thou'dst shiver'd like an egg: but thou dost breathe;
Hast heavy substance; bleed'st not; speak'st; art sound.
Ten masts at each make not the altitude
Which thou hast perpendicularly fell:
Thy life 's a miracle. Speak yet again.

Glou. But have I fall'n, or no?

Edg. From the dread summit of this chalky bourn.
Look up a-height; the shrill-gorged lark so far
Cannot be seen or heard: do but look up.

Glou. Alack, I have no eyes.
Is wretchedness deprived that benefit,
To end itself by death? 'Twas yet some comfort,
When misery could beguile the tyrant's rage
And frustrate his proud will.

Edg. Give me your arm:
Up: so. How is 't? Feel you your legs? You stand.

Glou. Too well, too well.

sometimes fall in amazing quantities" (Holt White). Some think it the down of plants; others the vapor arising from boggy or marshy ground in warm weather. The etymon of this word, which has puzzled the lexicographers, is said to be *summer goose* or *summer gauze,* hence "gauze o'the summer," its well known name in the north.—H. N. H.

53. *"ten masts at each";* so read all the old copies, probably meaning, *drawn out* in length, or *added* one to another. Pope changed *"at each"* to *attacht;* Johnson proposes *on end;* Steevens would read *at reach.* The old reading, however, has been vindicated by going to the original of *each,* which is from the Anglo-Saxon *eacan,* to *add,* to *augment,* or *lengthen. Eke,* sometimes spelled *eche* is from the same source.—H. N. H.

Edg. This is above all strangeness.
Upon the crown o' the cliff, what thing was that
Which parted from you?
Glou. A poor unfortunate beggar.
Edg. As I stood here below, methought his eyes
Were two full moons; he had a thousand noses,
Horns whelk'd and waved like the enridged sea:
It was some fiend; therefore, thou happy father,
Think that the clearest gods, who make them honors
Of men's impossibilities, have preserved thee.
Glou. I do remember now: henceforth I 'll bear
Affliction till it do cry out itself
'Enough, enough,' and die. That thing you speak of,
I took it for a man; often 'twould say
'The fiend, the fiend:' he led me to that place.
Edg. Bear free and patient thoughts. But who comes here?

Enter Lear, fantastically dressed with wild flowers.

The safer sense will ne'er accommodate
His master thus.

71. *"enridged"* is from the quartos, the folio reading *enraged.* Of course the sea is *enridged* when blown into *waves.*—H. N. H.

74. *"men's impossibilities";* the incident of Gloster being made to believe himself ascending, and leaping from, the chalky cliff has always struck us as a very notable case of inherent improbability overcome in effect by opulence of description. Great as is the miracle of the eyeless old man's belief, it is authenticated to our *feelings,* though not to our reason perhaps, by the array of vivid and truthful imagery that induces it. Thus does the Poet, when occasion bids, enhance the beauty of his representation so as to atone for its want of verisimilitude.—H. N. H.

82. *"his";* we have often seen that in the Poet's time *his* was con-

Lear. No, they cannot touch me for coining; I am the king himself.

Edg. O thou side-piercing sight!

Lear. Nature 's above art in that respect. There 's your press-money. That fellow handles his bow like a crow-keeper; draw me a clothier's yard. Look, look, a mouse! Peace, peace; this piece of toasted cheese will do 't. There 's my gauntlet; I 'll prove it on a giant. Bring up the brown bills. O, well flown, bird! i' the clout, i' the clout: hewgh! Give the word.

Edg. Sweet marjoram.

Lear. Pass.

Glou. I know that voice.

Lear. Ha! Goneril, with a white beard! They flattered me like a dog, and told me I had white hairs in my beard ere the black ones were there. To say 'aye' and 'no' to every thing that I said! 'Aye' and 'no' too was no good divinity. When the rain came to wet me once and the wind to make me chatter;

stantly used where we should use *its*. *His* here evidently refers to *sense*. Edgar is speaking of Lear's fantastical dressing, and judges from this that he is not in his *safer-sense;* that is, in his *senses*. This need not be said, but that some have thought *safer sense* to mean *eyesight, his* to refer to Gloster, and *master,* to Lear; the meaning thus being, that Lear's *eyesight* will never serve him so well as Gloster will be served by "free and patient thoughts."—H. N. H.

86. In what follows Lear imagines himself first collecting recruits, then testing them at archery; then from the "crow-keeper" fancy wanders to mouse-catching, back to battle ("Bring up the brown bills"), falconry, and archery again.—C. H. H.

99, 100. *"I had white hairs in my beard ere the black ones were there," i. e.,* "I had the wisdom of age before I had attained to that of youth" (Capell).—I. G.

when the thunder would not peace at my bidding; there I found 'em, there I smelt 'em out. Go to, they are not men o' their words: they told me I was every thing; 'tis a lie, I am not ague-proof.

Glou. The trick of that voice I do well remember:
Is 't not the king?

Lear. Aye, every inch a king:
When I do stare, see how the subject quakes.
I pardon that man's life. What was thy cause?
Adultery?
Thou shalt not die: die for adultery! No:
The wren goes to 't, and the small gilded fly
Does lecher in my sight.
Let copulation thrive; for Gloucester's bastard son
Was kinder to his father than my daughters
Got 'tween the lawful sheets.
To 't, luxury, pell-mell! for I lack soldiers.
Behold yond simpering dame,
Whose face between her forks presages snow,
That minces virtue and does shake the head
To hear of pleasure's name;
The fitchew, nor the soiled horse, goes to 't
With a more riotous appetite.
Down from the waist they are Centaurs,
Though women all above:
But to the girdle do the gods inherit,
Beneath is all the fiends';
There 's hell, there 's darkness, there 's the sulphurous pit,
Burning, scalding, stench, consumption; fie,

fie, fie! pah, pah! Give me an ounce of civit, good apothecary, to sweeten my imagination: there 's money for thee.

Glou. O, let me kiss that hand!

Lear. Let me wipe it first; it smells of mortality.

Glou. O ruin'd piece of nature! This great world Shall so wear out to nought. Dost thou know me?

Lear. I remember thine eyes well enough. Dost thou squiny at me? No, do thy worst, blind Cupid; I 'll not love. Read thou this challenge; mark but the penning on 't.

Glou. Were all the letters suns, I could not see one.

Edg. I would not take this from report: it is, And my heart breaks at it.

Lear. Read.

Glou. What, with the case of eyes?

Lear. O, ho, are you there with me? No eyes in your head, nor no money in your purse? Your eyes are in a heavy case, your purse in a light: yet you see how this world goes.

Glou. I see it feelingly.

Lear. What, art mad? A man may see how this world goes with no eyes. Look with thine ears: see how yond justice rails upon yond simple thief. Hark, in thine ear: change places, and, handy-dandy, which is the justice, which is the thief? Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar?

Glou. Aye, sir.

159. *"handy-dandy";* a sleight of hand, by which a thing is imperceptibly changed from one hand to the other.—C. H. H.

Lear. And the creature run from the cur?
There thou mightst behold the great image
of authority: a dog 's obeyed in office.
Thou rascal beadle, hold thy bloody hand!
Why dost thou lash that whore? Strip thine
own back;
Thou hotly lust'st to use her in that kind
For which thou whip'st her. The usurer hangs
the cozener.
Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear;
Robes and furr'd gowns hide all. Plate sin
with gold,
And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks;
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw does pierce it.
None does offend, none, I say, none; I 'll able
'em:
Take that of me, my friend, who have the power
To seal the accuser's lips. Get thee glass eyes,
And, like a scurvy politician, seem
To see the things thou dost not.
Now, now, now, now: pull off my boots:
harder, harder: so.

Edg. O, matter and impertinency mix'd!
Reason in madness!

Lear. If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take my eyes.
I know thee well enough; thy name is Glou-
cester:
Thou must me patient; we came crying hither:

171. *"Plate sin";* what follows down to *"accuser's lips"* is not in the quartos. The folio has *Place sins* instead of *Plate sin.* Pope made the correction. *"I'll able 'em,"* third line below, is, "I'll *sustain, uphold* them."—H. N. H.

Thou know'st, the first time that we smell the air,
We wawl and cry. I will preach to thee: mark.

Glou. Alack, alack the day!

Lear. When we are born, we cry that we are come
To this great stage of fools. This 's a good block.
It were a delicate stratagem, to shoe
A troop of horse with felt: I 'll put 't in proof;
And when I have stol'n upon these sons-in-law,
Then, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill!

Enter a Gentleman, with Attendants.

Gent. O, here he is: lay hand upon him. Sir,
Your most dear daughter—

Lear. No rescue? What, a prisoner? I am even
The natural fool of fortune. Use me well;
You shall have ransom. Let me have a surgeon;
I am cut to the brains.

192. *"with felt";* we learn from Lord Herbert's *Life of King Henry VIII* that such a thing was actually done at the tournament held at Lisle in 1513: the horses, to prevent their slipping on a black stone pavement, *were shod with felt or flocks.* So, too, in Fenton's *Tragical Discourses,* 1567: "He attyreth himself for the purpose in a night-gowne girt to hym, with a payre of *shoes of felte,* leaste the noyse of his feete might discover his goinge."—We should understand, probably, that when Lear goes to preaching he takes off his hat and holds it in his hand, as preachers were wont to do in the Poet's time. "This a good *block?"* doubtless refers to the *shape* or *form* of the *hat.* As he is holding it in his hand, or perhaps molding it into some new shape, the thought strikes him what the hat is made of, and he starts off upon the stratagem of shoeing a troop of horses with *felt.*—H. N. H.

194. This was the cry formerly in the English army when an onset was made on the enemy.—H. N. H.

Gent. You shall have any thing.
Lear. No seconds? all myself?
Why, this would make a man a man of salt,
To use his eyes for garden water-pots,
Aye, and laying autumn's dust.
Gent. Good sir,—
Lear. I will die bravely, like a smug bridegroom.
What!
I will be jovial: come, come! I am a king,
My masters, know you that.
Gent. You are a royal one, and we obey you.
Lear. Then there 's life in 't. Nay, an you get it, you shall get it by running. Sa, sa, sa, sa.
[*Exit running; Attendants follow.*
Gent. A sight most pitiful in the meanest wretch,
Past speaking of in a king! Thou hast one daughter,
Who redeems nature from the general curse
Which twain have brought her to.
Edg. Hail, gentle sir.
Gent. Sir, speed you: what 's your will?
Edg. Do you hear aught, sir, of a battle toward?
Gent. Most sure and vulgar: every one hears that,
Which can distinguish sound.
Edg. But, by your favor,
How near 's the other army?
Gent. Near and on speedy foot; the main descry

204. This line and *"good sir"* following are not in the folio.—H. N. H.

210. *"there's life in 't"*; the case is not yet desperate. In what follows, the folio has *"Come"* instead of *"Nay."*—H. N. H.

221–222. *"the main descry . . . thought"*; the main body is expected to be descried every hour.—H. N. H.

Stands on the hourly thought.
Edg. I thank you, sir: that 's all.
Gent. Though that the queen on special cause is here,
Her army is moved on.
Edg. I thank you, sir. [*Exit Gent.*
Glou. You ever-gentle gods, take my breath from me;
Let not my worser spirit tempt me again
To die before you please!
Edg. Well pray you, father.
Glou. Now, good sir, what are you?
Edg. A most poor man, made tame to fortune's blows;
Who, by the art of known and feeling sorrows,
Am pregnant to good pity. Give me your hand,
I 'll lead you to some biding.
Glou. Hearty thanks;
The bounty and the benison of heaven
To boot, and boot!

Enter Oswald.

Osw. A proclaim'd prize! Most happy!
That eyeless head of thine was first framed flesh
To raise my fortunes. Thou old unhappy traitor,
Briefly thyself remember: the sword is out
That must destroy thee.

229. *"tame to,"* so Ff.; Qq., *"lame by."*—I. G.

237. *"Briefly thyself remember";* that is, quickly recollect the past offenses of thy life, and repent.—H. N. H.

Glou. Now let thy friendly hand
Put strength enough to 't. [*Edgar interposes.*
Osw. Wherefore, bold peasant,
Darest thou support a publish'd traitor?
Hence!
Lest that the infection of his fortune take
Like hold on thee. Let go his arm.
Edg. Chill not let go, zir, without vurther 'casion.
Osw. Let go, slave, or thou diest!
Edg. Good gentleman, go your gait, and let poor volk pass. An chud ha' been zwaggered out of my life, 'twould not ha' been zo long as 'tis by a vortnight. Nay, come not near th' old man; keep out, che vor ye, or I 'se try whether your costard or my ballow be the harder: chill be plain with you.
Osw. Out, dunghill! [*They fight.*
Edg. Chill pick your teeth, zir: come; no matter vor your foins. [*Oswald falls.*
Osw. Slave, thou hast slain me. Villain, take my purse:
If ever thou wilt thrive, bury my body;
And give the letters which thou find'st about me
To Edmund earl of Gloucester; seek him out
Upon the British party. O, untimely death!
Death! [*Dies.*
Edg. I know thee well: a serviceable villain,
As duteous to the vices of thy mistress

260. *"British party";* so the quartos; the folio, *"English* party."—H. N. H.

As badness would desire.
Glou. What, is he dead?
Edg. Sit you down, father; rest you.
Let 's see these pockets: the letters that he speaks of
May be my friends. He 's dead; I am only sorry
He had no other deathsman. Let us see:
Leave, gentle wax; and, manners, blame us not:
To know our enemies' minds, we 'ld rip their hearts;
Their papers, is more lawful.
[*Reads*] 'Let our reciprocal vows be remembered. You have many opportunities to cut him off: if your will want not, time and place will be fruitfully offered. There is nothing done, if he return the conqueror: then am I the prisoner, and his bed my jail; from the loathed warmth whereof deliver me, and supply the place for your labor.
'Your—wife, so I would say—
'affectionate servant,
'GONERIL.'

O undistinguish'd space of woman's will!
A plot upon her virtuous husband's life;

283. Such is the reading of the folio. The meaning probably is, that woman's will has no distinguishable bounds, or no assignable limits; there is no telling what she will do, or where she will stop. The quartos have *wit* instead of *will*. Mr. Collier finds great fault with the old text, and thinks it should certainly be, "O, *unextinguish'd blaze* of woman's will!" which is found in his second folio. Pshaw!—H. N. H.

And the exchange my brother! Here, in the sands,
Thee I 'll rake up, the most unsanctified
Of murderous lechers; and in the mature time
With this ungracious paper strike the sight
Of the death-practiced duke: for him 'tis well
That of thy death and business I can tell. 290

Glou. The king is mad: how stiff is my vile sense,
That I stand up, and have ingenious feeling
Of my huge sorrows! Better I were distract:
So should my thoughts be sever'd from my griefs,
And woes by wrong imaginations lose
The knowledge of themselves. [*Drum afar off.*

Edg. Give me your hand:
Far off, methinks, I hear the beaten drum:
Come, father, I 'll bestow you with a friend.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene VII

A tent in the French camp. Lear on a bed asleep, soft music playing; Gentlemen, and others attending. Enter Cordelia, Kent, and Doctor.

Cor. O thou good Kent, how shall I live and work,
To match thy goodness? My life will be too short,
And every measure fail me.

290. Modern editions until Collier's insert a stage-direction here, "*Exit* Edgar, *dragging out the Body*"; and another at the close of Glouster's speech, "*Re-enter* Edgar." There is nothing of the sort in the old copies; nor should there be.—H. N. H.

Kent. To be acknowledged, madam, is o'erpaid.
All my reports go with the modest truth,
Nor more nor clipp'd, but so.
Cor. Be better suited:
These weeds are memories of those worser hours:
I prithee, put them off.
Kent. Pardon me, dear madam;
Yet to be known shortens my made intent:
My boon I make it, that you know me not
Till time and I think meet.
Cor. Then be 't so, my good lord. [*To the Doctor*] How does the king?
Doct. Madam, sleeps still.
Cor. O you kind gods,
Cure this great breach in his abused nature!
The untuned and jarring senses, O, wind up
Of this child-changed father!
Doct. So please your majesty
That we may wake the king: he hath slept long.
Cor. Be govern'd by your knowledge, and proceed
I' the sway of your own will. Is he array'd?
Gent. Aye, madam; in the heaviness of his sleep
We put fresh garments on him.
Doct. Be by, good madam, when we do awake him;
I doubt not of his temperance.
Cor. Very well.
Doct. Please you, draw near. Louder the music there!

9. A *"made intent"* is an intent formed.—H. N. H.
24–25. Omitted in the Folios.—I. G.
25. *"Please you, draw near";* Shakespeare considered *soft music*

Cord. "O my dear father, restoration hang
Thy medicine on my lips; and let this kiss
Repair those violent harms that my two sisters
Have in thy reverence made!"

King Lear. Act 4, Scene 7.

Cor. O my dear father! Restoration hang
Thy medicine on my lips, and let this kiss
Repair those violent harms that my two sisters
Have in thy reverence made!
Kent. Kind and dear princess!
Cor. Had you not been their father, these white flakes
Had challenged pity of them. Was this a face
To be opposed against the warring winds?
To stand against the deep dread-bolted thunder?
In the most terrible and nimble stroke
Of quick, cross lightning? to watch—poor perdu!—
With this thin helm? Mine enemy's dog,

as favorable to sleep. Lear, we may suppose, had been thus composed to rest; and now the Physician desires *louder* music to be played, for the purpose of waking him.—H. N. H.

32. *"opposed against the warring winds";* Qq., *"Exposed";* Ff., *"jarring."*—I. G.

33–36. Omitted in the Folios.—I. G.

36. *"thin helm";* that is, this thin *helmet* of "white flakes," or *gray hair.* The allusion is to the forlorn hope of an army, called in French *enfans Perdus;* who, among other desperate services, often engage in night-watches. So in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Little French Lawyer:* "I am set here like a *perdu,* to *watch* a fellow that has wrong'd my mistress."—This and the three foregoing lines are not in the folio. The folio also has *"jarring* winds."—H. N. H.

"Mine enemy's"; Ff., *"Mine Enemies";* Qq. 1, *2, "Mine iniurious";* Q. *2, "Mine injurious";* Theobald, *"My very enemy's,"* &c.—I. G.

"Mine enemy's dog," etc.; Mr. Verplanck tells us that Jarvis, the American painter-artist, used often to quote this passage as accumulating in the shortest compass the greatest causes of dislike, to be overcome by good-natured pity. "It is not merely the personal enemy, for whom there might be human sympathy, that is admitted to the family fireside, but his dog, and that a dog that had inflicted his own share of personal injury, and that, too, upon a gentle being from whom it was not possible that he could have received any provocation."—H. N. H.

Though he had bit me, should have stood that night
Against my fire; and wast thou fain, poor father,
To hovel thee with swine and rogues forlorn,
In short and musty straw? Alack, alack!
'Tis wonder that thy life and wits at once
Had not concluded all. He wakes; speak to him.

Doct. Madam, do you; 'tis fittest.

Cor. How does my royal lord? How fares your majesty?

Lear. You do me wrong to take me out o' the grave:
Thou art a soul in bliss; but I am bound
Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears
Do scald like molten lead.

Cor. Sir, do you know me?

Lear. You are a spirit, I know: when did you die?

Cor. Still, still, far wide!

Doct. He 's scarce awake: let him alone awhile.

Lear. Where have I been? Where am I? Fair daylight?
I am mightily abused. I should e'en die with pity,
To see another thus. I know not what to say.
I will not swear these are my hands: let 's see;
I feel this pin prick. Would I were assured
Of my condition!

Cor. O, look upon me, sir,
And hold your hands in benediction o'er me.
No, sir, you must not kneel.

Lear. Pray, do not mock me:
I am a very foolish fond old man,
Fourscore and upward, not an hour more nor less;
And, to deal plainly,
I fear I am not in my perfect mind.
Methinks I should know you and know this man;
Yet I am doubtful; for I am mainly ignorant
What place this is, and all the skill I have
Remembers not these garments, nor I know not
Where I did lodge last night. Do not laugh at me;
For, as I am a man, I think this lady
To be my child Cordelia.
Cor. And so I am, I am.
Lear. Be your tears wet? yes, faith. I pray, weep not:
If you have poison for me, I will drink it.
I know you do not love me; for your sisters
Have, as I do remember, done me wrong:
You have some cause, they have not.

61. So reads the folio: the words, "not an hour more nor less," are not in the quartos. Those words have been unceremoniously cast out by divers editors, as having no business in the text. We quote, and cordially endorse, Knight's remarks on the subject: Malone says, 'The folio *absurdly* adds, *not an hour more nor less;* that is, not an hour more nor less than an indeterminate number, for such is *fourscore and upwards.*' Why, who is speaking? One who speaks logically and collectedly? No! one who immediately after says, 'I fear I am not in my perfect mind.' It was the half-consciousness of the 'foolish fond old man' which Shakespeare meant to express by the mixture of a determinate and an indeterminate idea; a depth of poetical truth which Steevens and Ritson call 'the interpolation of some foolish player.'"—H. N. H.

Cor. No cause, no cause.
Lear. Am I in France?
Kent. In your own kingdom, sir,
Lear. Do not abuse me.
Doct. Be comforted, good madam: the great rage,
You see, is kill'd in him: and yet it is danger
To make him even o'er the time he has lost.
Desire him to go in; trouble him no more
Till further settling.
Cor. Will 't please your highness walk?
Lear. You must bear with me.
Pray you now, forget and forgive: I am old and foolish.
[*Exeunt all but Kent and Gentleman.*
Gent. Holds it true, sir, that the Duke of Cornwall was so slain?
Kent. Most certain, sir.
Gent. Who is conductor of his people?
Kent. As 'tis said, the bastard son of Gloucester.
Gent. They say Edgar, his banished son, is with the Earl of Kent in Germany.
Kent. Report is changeable. 'Tis time to look

79. *"kill'd"*; so Ff.; Qq., *"cured"*; Collier conj. *"quell'd."*—I. G.

79–80. Omitted in the Folios.—I. G.

80. Mrs. Jameson has the following not more beautiful than just remark of this wonderful scene: "The subdued pathos and simplicity of Cordelia's character, her quiet but intense feeling, the misery and humiliation of the bewildered old man, are brought before us in so few words, and sustained with such a deep intuitive knowledge of the innermost working of the human heart, that as there is nothing surpassing this scene in Shakespeare himself, so there is nothing that can be compared with it in any other writer."—H. N. H.

85–98. Omitted in the Folios.—I. G.

about; the powers of the kingdom approach apace.

Gent. The arbitrement is like to be bloody. Fare you well, sir. [*Exit.*

Kent. My point and period will be thoroughly wrought,
Or well or ill, as this day's battle 's fought.
Exit.

ACT FIFTH

Scene I

The British camp near Dover.

Enter, with drum and colors, Edmund, Regan, Gentlemen, and Soldiers.

Edm. Know of the duke if his last purpose hold,
Or whether since he is advised by aught
To change the course; he 's full of alteration
And self-reproving: bring his constant pleasure.
[*To a Gentleman, who goes out.*

Reg. Our sister's man is certainly miscarried.

Edm. 'Tis to be doubted, madam.

Reg. Now, sweet lord,
You know the goodness I intend upon you:
Tell me, but truly, but then speak the truth,
Do you not love my sister?

Edm. In honor'd love.

Reg. But have you never found my brother's way
To the forfended place?

Edm. That thought abuses you.

Reg. I am doubtful that you have been conjunct
And bosom'd with her, as far as we call hers.

11–13, omitted in the Folios.—I. G.
13. *"bosom'd"*; taken into her confidence.—C. H. H.

Edm. No, by mine honor, madam.
Reg. I never shall endure her: dear my lord,
Be not familiar with her.
Edm. Fear me not.—
She and the duke her husband!

Enter, with drum and colors, Albany, Goneril, and Soldiers.

Gon. [*Aside*] I had rather lose the battle than that sister
Should loosen him and me.
Alb. Our very loving sister, well be-met. 20
Sir, this I hear; the king is come to his daughter,
With others whom the rigor of our state
Forced to cry out. Where I could not be honest,
I never yet was valiant: for this business,
It toucheth us, as France invades our land,
Not bolds the king, with others, whom, I fear,
Most just and heavy causes make oppose.
Edm. Sir, you speak nobly.
Reg. Why is this reason'd?
Gon. Combine together 'gainst the enemy;

17. That is, *"here* she *comes,* and the duke her husband." The speech is commonly pointed as if interrupted and left incomplete, thus: "She, and the duke her husband,—"—H. N. H.

18–19, 23–28, omitted in the Folios.—I. G.

25–26. Mason's conj. *"Not the old king"* for *"not bolds the king"* is worthy of mention. Albany's point is that the invading enemy is France and not the wronged king, together with others whom heavy causes compel to fight against them; otherwise *"not bolds the king"* ="not as it emboldens the king"; an awkward and harsh construction.—I. G.

For these domestic and particular broils
Are not the question here.
Alb. Let 's then determine
With the ancient of war on our proceedings.
Edm. I shall attend you presently at your tent.
Reg. Sister, you 'll go with us?
Gon. No.
Reg. 'Tis most convenient; pray you, go with us.
Gon. [*Aside*] O, ho, I know the riddle.—I will go.

As they are going out, enter Edgar disguised.

Edg. If e'er your grace had speech with man so poor,
Hear me one word.
Alb. I 'll overtake you. Speak.
[*Exeunt all but Albany and Edgar.*
Edg. Before you fight the battle, ope this letter.
If you have victory, let the trumpet sound
For him that brought it: wretched though I seem,
I can produce a champion that will prove
What is avouched there. If you miscarry,
Your business of the world hath so an end,
And machination ceases. Fortune love you!
Alb. Stay till I have read the letter.
Edg. I was forbid it.
When time shall serve, let but the herald cry,
And I 'll appear again.

33. Omitted in the Folios.—I. G.

46. *"and . . . ceases"*; iii. 76, 90, 144, 282, omitted in the Quartos.—I. G.

That is, all designs against your life will have an end.—H. N. H.

Alb. Why, fare thee well: I will o'erlook thy paper.

[*Exit Edgar.*

Re-enter Edmund.

Edm. The enemy 's in view: draw up your powers.
Here is the guess of their true strength and forces
By diligent discovery; but your haste
Is now urged on you.
Alb. We will greet the time. [*Exit.*
Edm. To both these sisters have I sworn my love;
Each jealous of the other, as the stung
Are of the adder. Which of them shall I take?
Both? one? or neither? Neither can be enjoy'd,
If both remain alive: to take the widow
Exasperates, makes mad her sister Goneril;
And hardly shall I carry out my side,
Her husband being alive. Now then we 'll use
His countenance for the battle; which being done,
Let her who would be rid of him devise
His speedy taking off. As for the mercy
Which he intends to Lear and to Cordelia,
The battle done, and they within our power,
Shall never see his pardon; for my state
Stands on me to defend, not to debate.

[*Exit.*

Scene II

A field between the two camps.

Alarum within. Enter, with drum and colors, Lear, Cordelia, and Soldiers, over the stage; and exeunt.

Enter Edgar and Gloucester.

Edg. Here, father, take the shadow of this tree
For your good host; pray that the right may thrive:
If ever I return to you again,
I 'll bring you comfort.
Glou. Grace go with you, sir!
[*Exit Edgar.*

Alarum and retreat within. Re-enter Edgar.

Edg. Away, old man; give me thy hand; away!
King Lear hath lost, he and his daughter ta'en:
Give me thy hand; come on.
Glou. No further, sir; a man may rot even here.
Edg. What, in ill thoughts again? Men must endure
Their going hence, even as their coming hither:
Ripeness is all: come on.
Glou. And that 's true too. 11
[*Exeunt.*

5. Mr. Spedding (*New Shak. Soc. Trans.*, Part I.) plausibly suggested that the Fifth Act really begins here, and that the battle takes place between Edgar's exit and re-entrance, the imagination having leisure to fill with anxiety for the issue.—I. G.

Scene III

The British camp near Dover.

Enter, in conquest, with drum and colors, Edmund; Lear and Cordelia, as prisoners; Captain, Soldiers, &c.

Edm. Some officers take them away: good guard,
Until their greater pleasures first be known
That are to censure them.

Cor. We are not the first
Who with best meaning have incurr'd the worst.
For thee, oppressed king, am I cast down;
Myself could else out-frown false fortune's frown.
Shall we not see these daughters and these sisters?

Lear. No, no, no, no! Come, let 's away to prison:
We two alone will sing like birds i' the cage:
When thou dost ask me blessing, I 'll kneel down
And ask of thee forgiveness: so we 'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
Talk of court news; and we 'll talk with them too,
Who loses and who wins, who 's in, who 's out;
And take upon 's the mystery of things,
As if we were God's spies: and we 'll wear out,
In a wall'd prison, packs and sects of great ones
That ebb and flow by the moon.

Edm. Take them away.
Lear. Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia,
The gods themselves throw incense. Have I caught thee?
He that parts us shall bring a brand from heaven,
And fire us hence like foxes. Wipe thine eyes;
The good-years shall devour them, flesh and fell,
Ere they shall make us weep: we 'll see 'em starve first.
Come. [*Exeunt Lear and Cordelia, guarded.*
Edm. Come hither, captain; hark.
Take thou this note: go follow them to prison:
One step I have advanced thee; if thou dost
As this instructs thee, thou dost make thy way
To noble fortunes: know thou this, that men
Are as the time is: to be tender-minded
Does not become a sword: thy great employment
Will not bear question; either say thou 'lt do 't,
Or thrive by other means.
Capt. I 'll do 't, my lord.
Edm. About it; and write happy when thou hast done.
Mark; I say, instantly, and carry it so
As I have set it down.
Capt. I cannot draw a cart, nor eat dried oats;
If it be man's work, I 'll do 't. [*Exit.*

27. *"this note";* this is a warrant signed by Edmund and Goneril, for the execution of Lear and Cordelia, referred to afterwards.—H. N. H.

38–39, 47, 54–59, omitted in the Folios.—I. G.

Flourish. Enter Albany, Goneril, Regan, another Captain, and Soldiers.

Alb. Sir, you have shown to-day your valiant strain,
And fortune led you well: you have the captives
That were the opposites of this day's strife:
We do require them of you, so to use them
As we shall find their merits and our safety
May equally determine.

Edm. Sir, I thought it fit
To send the old and miserable king
To some retention and appointed guard;
Whose age has charms in it, whose title more,
To pluck the common bosom on his side,
And turn our impress'd lances in our eyes
Which do command them. With him I sent the queen:
My reason all the same; and they are ready
To-morrow or at further space to appear
Where you shall hold your session. At this time
We sweat and bleed: the friend hath lost his friend;
And the best quarrels, in the heat, are cursed
By those that feel their sharpness.
The question of Cordelia and her father
Requires a fitter place.

Alb. Sir, by your patience,
I hold you but a subject of this war,
Not as a brother.

Reg. That 's as we list to grace him.
Methinks our pleasure might have been demanded,
Ere you had spoke so far. He led our powers,
Bore the commission of my place and person:
The which immediacy may well stand up
And call itself your brother.
Gon. Not so hot:
In his own grace he doth exalt himself
More than in your addition.
Reg. In my rights,
By me invested, he compeers the best.
Gon. That were the most, if he should husband you.
Reg. Jesters do oft prove prophets.
Gon. Holla, holla!
That eye that told you so look'd but a-squint.
Reg. Lady, I am not well; else I should answer
From a full-flowing stomach. General,
Take thou my soldiers, prisoners, patrimony;
Dispose of them, of me; the walls are thine:
Witness the world, that I create thee here

65. *"immediacy";* this apt and forcible word is probably of the Poet's own coinage. Nares says that "the word, so far as is known, is peculiar to this passage." Of course the meaning is, that Edmund has his commission *directly* from her, and not *through* anyone else; that is, he is *her lieutenant,* not Albany's. So in *Hamlet* we have "the most *immediate* to the throne." In the next speech, the quartos have *advancement* instead of *addition.*—H. N. H.

72. Alluding to the proverb, "Love being jealous makes a good eye look *a-squint.*" So in Milton's *Comus:* "And gladly banish *squint suspicion.*"—H. N. H.

76. *"the walls are thine";* Theobald conj. *"they all are thine";* (but perhaps the castle-walls are referred to).—I. G.

A metaphor taken from the camp, and signifying to *surrender at discretion.* This line is not in the quartos.—H. N. H.

My lord and master.
Gon. Mean you to enjoy him?
Alb. The let-alone lies not in your good will.
Edm. Nor in thine, lord.
Alb. Half-blooded fellow, yes.
Reg. [*To Edmund*] Let the drum strike, and prove my title thine.
Alb. Stay yet; hear reason. Edmund, I arrest thee
On capital treason; and in thine attaint
This gilded serpent [*pointing to Gon.*]. For your claim, fair sister,
I bar it in the interest of my wife;
'Tis she is sub-contracted to this lord,
And I, her husband, contradict your bans.
If you will marry, make your loves to me;
My lady is bespoke.
Gon. An interlude!
Alb. Thou art arm'd, Gloucester: let the trumpet sound:
If none appear to prove upon thy person
Thy heinous, manifest, and many treasons,
There is my pledge [*throwing down a glove*]: I 'll prove it on thy heart,
Ere I taste bread, thou art in nothing less
Than I have here proclaim'd thee.
Reg. Sick, O, sick!
Gon. [*Aside*] If not, I 'll ne'er trust medicine.

79. To obstruct their union lies not in your power.—H. N. H.
93. *"prove it";* so Qq.; Ff., *"make it";* Anon. conj. *"mark it";* Collier MS., *"make good."*—I. G.
96. *"medicine,"* Ff.; Qq., *"poyson."*—I. G.

Edm. [*Throwing down a glove*] There's my exchange: what in the world he is
That names me traitor, villain-like he lies:
Call by thy trumpet: he that dares approach,
On him, on you,—who not?—I will maintain
My truth and honor firmly.
Alb. A herald, ho!
Edm. A herald, ho, a herald!
Alb. Trust to thy single virtue; for thy soldiers,
All levied in my name, have in my name
Took their discharge.
Reg. My sickness grows upon me.
Alb. She is not well; convey her to my tent.
[*Exit Regan, led.*

Enter a Herald.

Come hither, herald,—Let the trumpet sound,—
And read out this.
Capt. Sound, trumpet! [*A trumpet sounds.*
Her. [*Reads*] 'If any man of quality or degree within the lists of the army will maintain upon Edmund, supposed Earl of Gloucester, that he is a manifold traitor, let him appear by the third sound of the trumpet: he is bold in his defense,'
Edm. Sound! [*First trumpet.*
Her. Again! [*Second trumpet.*
Her. Again! [*Third trumpet.*
[*Trumpet answers within.*

Enter Edgar, at the third sound, armed, with a trumpet before him.

102, 109, omitted in the Folios.—I. G.

Alb. Ask him his purposes, why he appears
Upon this call o' the trumpet.
Her. What are you?
Your name, your quality? and why you answer
This present summons?
Edg. Know, my name is lost;
By treason's tooth bare-gnawn and canker-bit:
Yet am I noble as the adversary
I come to cope.
Alb. Which is that adversary?
Edg. What 's he that speaks for Edmund, Earl of Gloucester?
Edm. Himself: what say'st thou to him?
Edg. Draw thy sword,
That if my speech offend a noble heart,
Thy arm may do thee justice: here is mine.
Behold, it is the privilege of mine honors,
My oath, and my profession: I protest,
Maugre thy strength, youth, place and eminence,
Despite thy victor sword and fire-new fortune,
Thy valor and thy heart, thou art a traitor,
False to thy gods, thy brother and thy father,
Conspirant 'gainst this high illustrious prince,
And from the extremest upward of thy head

119, 120. This is according to the ceremonials of the trial by combat in cases criminal. "The appellant and his procurator first come to the gate. The constable and marshall demand by voice of herald, what he is, and why he comes so arrayed" (Selden's *Duello*).—H. N. H.

130, 131. *"the privilege of mine honors";* Pope's reading; Qq. reads *"the priuiledge of my tongue";* Ff., *"my priuiledge, The priuiledge of mine Honours."* Edgar refers to *"the right of bringing the charge"* as the privilege of his profession as knight.—I. G.

To the descent and dust below thy foot,
A most toad-spotted traitor. Say thou 'No,'
This sword, this arm and my best spirits are bent
To prove upon thy heart, whereto I speak,
Thou liest.

Edm. In wisdom I should ask thy name,
But since thy outside looks so fair and warlike
And that thy tongue some say of breeding breathes,
What safe and nicely I might well delay
By rule of knighthood, I disdain and spurn:
Back do I toss these treasons to thy head;
With the hell-hated lie o'erwhelm thy heart;
Which for they yet glance by and scarcely bruise,
This sword of mine shall give them instant way,
Where they shall rest for ever. Trumpets, speak!

[*Alarums. They fight. Edmund falls.*

Alb. Save him, save him!

Gon. This is practice, Gloucester:
By the law of arms thou wast not bound to answer
An unknown opposite; thou art not vanquish'd,
But cozen'd and beguiled.

Alb. Shut your mouth, dame,

143. Because, if his adversary was not of equal rank, Edmund might have declined the combat.—H. N. H.

146. *"safe and nicely";* with perfect technical justification.—C. H. H.

148. Omitted in Q. 2; Q. 1 reads *"Heere do I tosse those treasons to thy head."*—I. G.

152. *"where they shall rest"; to that place* where they shall rest forever; that is, thy heart.—H. N. H.

Or with this paper shall I stop it. Hold, sir;
Thou worse than any name, read thine own evil.
No tearing, lady; I perceive you know it.

Gon. Say, if I do, the laws are mine, not thine:
Who can arraign me for 't?

Alb. Most monstrous!
Know'st thou this paper?

Gon. Ask me not what I know.
[*Exit.*

Alb. Go after her: she 's desperate; govern her.

Edm. What you have charged me with, that have I done;
And more, much more; the time will bring it out:
'Tis past, and so am I. But what art thou
That hast this fortune on me? If thou 'rt noble,
I do forgive thee.

Edg. Let 's exchange charity.
I am no less in blood than thou art, Edmund;

158. *"name"*; Qq. read *"thing."*—I. G.

161. *"Most monstrous! know'st"*; Steevens' emendation; Q. 1 reads *"Most monstrous knowst"*; Qq. 2, 3, *"Monster, knowst"*; Ff., *"Most monstrous! O know'st"*; Capell, *"Most monsterous! know'st"*; Edd. Globe Ed., *"Most monstrous! Oh! know'st."*—I. G.

162. *"Know'st thou this paper?"*; in the quartos, this speech is addressed to Goneril, whose *exit* does not occur till after the next speech, which is assigned to her. In this point, all the modern editions that we know of, except Knight's, follow the quartos. But Albany has already said to Goneril, "I perceive *you know it.*" He might well ask Edmund, "know'st thou this paper?" for, in fact, Goneril's letter did not reach Edmund; he had not seen it. Edmund, with some spirit of manhood, refuses to make any answers that will criminate or blacken a woman by whom he is beloved; and then proceeds, consistently, to answer *Edgar's* charges.—H. N. H.

"Ask me not what I know"; the Ff. give this line to Edmund; the Qq. to Goneril.—I. G.

If more, the more thou hast wrong'd me.
My name is Edgar, and thy father's son.
The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to plague us:
The dark and vicious place where thee he got
Cost him his eyes.

Ed. Thou hast spoken right, 'tis true;
The wheel is come full circle; I am here.

Alb. Methought thy very gait did prophesy
A royal nobleness: I must embrace thee:
Let sorrow split my heart, if ever I
Did hate thee or thy father!

Edg. Worthy prince, I know 't.

Alb. Where have you hid yourself?
How have you known the miseries of your father?

Edg. By nursing them, my lord. List a brief tale;
And when 'tis told, O, that my heart would burst!
The bloody proclamation to escape
That follow'd me so near,—O, our lives' sweetness:
That we the pain of death would hourly die
Rather than die at once!—taught me to shift
Into a madman's rags, to assume a semblance
That very dogs disdain'd: and in this habit

172–173. *"vices . . . plague us"*; so Ff.; Qq. read *"vertues . . . scourge us"*; Hanmer, *"vices . . . plague and punish us"*; Keightley, *"vices . . . plague us in their time"*; Anon. conj. *"vices . . . scourge us and to plague us"*; *cp.* "Wherewith a man sinneth, by the same also shall he be punished" (*Wisdom* xi. 16).—I. G.

Met I my father with his bleeding rings,
Their precious stones new lost; became his guide,
Led him, begg'd for him, saved him from despair;
Never—O fault!—reveal'd myself unto him,
Until some half-hour past, when I was arm'd;
Not sure, though hoping, of this good success,
I ask'd his blessing, and from first to last
Told him my pilgrimage: but his flaw'd heart,—
Alack, too weak the conflict to support!— 199
'Twixt two extremes of passion, joy and grief,
Burst smilingly.

Edm. This speech of yours hath moved me,
And shall perchance do good: but speak you on;
You look as you had something more to say.

Alb. If there be more, more woeful, hold it in;
For I am almost ready to dissolve,
Hearing of this.

Edg. This would have seem'd a period
To such as love not sorrow; but another,
To amplify too much, would make much more,
And top extremity.

206–223. Omitted in the Folios.—I. G.

207. *"but another,"* &c., *i. e.* "one more such circumstance only, by amplifying what is already too much, would add to it, and so exceed what seemed to be the limit of sorrow" (Wright).—I. G.

209. *"and top extremity";* this passage is probably corrupt. The quartos are shockingly printed, and we have not the folio here to help us. The most likely meaning seems to be, "but another *man,* or another *sort of men,* to amplify what is already too much, would make the tale much worse, and so pass beyond the extreme of suffering. This, at all events, is the best we can do with it. Divers explanations have been offered, and no editor seems satisfied with his own, much less with another's.—H. N. H.

Whilst I was big in clamor, came there in a man,
Who, having seen me in my worst estate,
Shunn'd my abhorr'd society; but then, finding
Who 'twas that so endured, with his strong arms
He fasten'd on my neck, and bellow'd out
As he 'ld burst heaven; threw him on my father;
Told the most piteous tale of Lear and him
That ever ear received; which in recounting
His grief grew puissant, and the strings of life
Began to crack: twice then the trumpet sounded,
And there I left him tranced.

Alb. But who was this?

Edg. Kent, sir, the banish'd Kent; who in disguise
Follow'd his enemy king, and did him service
Improper for a slave.

Enter a Gentleman, with a bloody knife.

Gent. Help, help, O, help!

Edg. What kind of help?

Alb. Speak, man.

Edg. What means this bloody knife?

Gent. 'Tis hot, it smokes;
It came even from the heart of—O, she 's dead!

Alb. Who dead? speak, man.

215. *"threw him on my father";* the old copies read "threw *me* on my father." Steevens thus defends the present reading: "There is a tragic propriety in Kent's throwing himself on the body of a deceased friend; but this propriety is lost in the act of clumsily tumbling a son over the lifeless remains of his father."—H. N. H.

Gent. Your lady, sir, your lady: and her sister
By her is poisoned; she hath confess'd it.
Edm. I was contracted to them both: all three
Now marry in an instant.
Edg. Here comes Kent.
Alb. Produce the bodies, be they alive or dead.
[*Exit Gentleman.*
This judgment of the heavens, that makes us tremble,
Touches us not with pity.

Enter Kent.

O, is this he?
The time will not allow the compliment
Which very manners urges.
Kent. I am come
To bid my king and master aye good night:
Is he not here?
Alb. Great thing of us forgot!
Speak, Edmund, where 's the king? and where 's Cordelia?
See'st thou this object, Kent?
[*The bodies of Goneril and Regan are brought in.*
Kent. Alack, why thus?
Edm. Yet Edmund was beloved:
The one the other poison'd for my sake,
And after slew herself.
Alb. Even so. Cover their faces.
Edm. I pant for life: some good I mean to do,

229. *"she hath confess'd it";* thus the quarto. The folio reads "she *confesses* it."—H. N. H.

Despite of mine own nature. Quickly send,
Be brief in it, to the castle; for my writ
Is on the life of Lear and on Cordelia:
Nay, send in time.

Alb. Run, run, O, run!

Edg. To who, my lord? Who hath the office? send
Thy token of reprieve.

Edm. Well thought on: take my sword,
Give it the captain.

Alb. Haste thee, for thy life.

[*Exit Edgar.*

Edm. He hath commission from thy wife and me
To hang Cordelia in the prison, and
To lay the blame upon her own despair,
That she fordid herself.

Alb. The gods defend her! Bear him hence awhile.

[*Edmund is borne off.*

Re-enter Lear, with Cordelia dead in his arms; Edgar, Captain, and others following.

Lear. Howl, howl, howl, howl! O, you are men of stones:
Had I your tongues and eyes, I 'ld use them so
That heaven's vault should crack. She 's gone for ever!
I know when one is dead and when one lives;
She 's dead as earth. Lend me a looking-glass;
If that her breath will mist or stain the stone,
Why, then she lives.

245. "*pant*"; gasp for life.—C. H. H.

Kent. Is this the promised end?
Edg. Or image of that horror?
Alb. Fall and cease.
Lear. This feather stirs; she lives. If it be so,
It is a chance which does redeem all sorrows
That ever I have felt.
Kent. [*Kneeling*]O my good master!
Lear. Prithee, away.
Edg. 'Tis noble Kent, your friend.
Lear. A plague upon you, murderers, traitors all!
I might have saved her; now she 's gone for ever!
Cordelia, Cordelia! stay a little. Ha!
What is 't thou say'st? Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle and low, an excellent thing in woman.
I kill'd the slave that was a-hanging thee.
Capt. 'Tis true, my lords, he did.
Lear. Did I not, fellow?
I have seen the day, with my good biting falchion
I would have made them skip: I am old now,

265. *"Is this the promised end?";* Kent, in contemplating the unexampled scene of affliction which was then before him, and the unnatural attempt of Goneril and Regan against their father's life, recollects those passages of St. Mark's Gospel in which Christ foretells to his disciples *the end of the world,* and hence his question, "Is this the end of all things, which has been foretold to us?" To which Edgar adds, "Or only a representation or resemblance of that horror?" (Mason).—H. N. H.

266. To *"cease"* is to *die.* Albany is looking with attention on the pains employed by Lear to recover his child, and knows to what miseries he must survive, when he finds them to be ineffectual. Having these images present to his eyes and imagination, he cries out, "Rather fall, and cease to be at once, than continue in existence only to be wretched."—H. N. H.

And these same crosses spoil me. Who are you?
Mine eyes are not o' the best, I 'll tell you straight.

Kent. If fortune brag of two she loved and hated,
One of them we behold.

Lear. This is a dull sight. Are you not Kent?

Kent. The same,
Your servant Kent. Where is your servant Caius?

Lear. He 's a good fellow, I can tell you that;
He 'll strike, and quickly too: he 's dead and rotten.

Kent. No, my good lord; I am the very man—

Lear. I 'll see that straight.

Kent. That from your first of difference and decay
Have follow'd your sad steps.

Lear. You are welcome hither.

Kent. Nor no man else: all 's cheerless, dark and deadly.
Your eldest daughters have fordone themselves,
And desperately are dead.

Lear. Aye, so I think.

Alb. He knows not what he says, and vain is it
That we present us to him.

Edg. Very bootless.

283. *"One of them we behold," i. e.* each beholding the other sees one of fortune's two notable objects of love and hate; (? for *"we"* read *"ye,"* as has been suggested).—I. G.

Referring, no doubt, to Lear's reverses. He has been both loved and hated by fortune; has felt her best and her worst.—H. N. H.

293. *"fordone";* so reads the folio; the quartos have *foredoom'd* instead of *fordone.*—H. N. H.

Enter a Captain.

Capt. Edmund is dead, my lord.
Alb. That 's but a trifle here.
You lords and noble friends, know our intent.
What comfort to this great decay may come
Shall be applied: for us, we will resign,
During the life of this old majesty,
To him our absolute power: [*To Edgar and Kent*] you, to your rights;
With boot, and such addition as your honors
Have more than merited. All friends shall taste
The wages of their virtue, and all foes
The cup of their deservings. O, see, see!
Lear. And my poor fool is hang'd! No, no, no life!

295. In this speech the quartos have *sees* instead of *says*. It is not quite certain which is the better reading; and either may be right; *says* agreeing better with what precedes, and *sees* with what follows. And the latter may have some countenance from what Lear says a little before, "This is a dull sight," if, as some have thought, we should there understand him as referring to his *eye-sight,* which was dying out with the breaking of his heart. Nevertheless, on the whole, the folio reading seems the better.—H. N. H.

299. *"This great decay"* is Lear. Shakespeare means the same as if he had said, "this piece of decayed royalty." Gloster calls him in a preceding scene "ruin'd piece of nature."—H. N. H.

303. *"boot";* enhancement.—C. H. H.

307. *"my poor fool";* this is an expression of tenderness for his dead Cordelia, (not his Fool, as some have thought,) on whose lips he is still intent, and dies while he is searching there for indications of life. *Poor fool,* in the age of Shakespeare, was an expression of endearment. The Fool of Lear was long ago forgotten: having filled the space allotted to him in the arrangement of the play, he appears to have been slightly withdrawn in the sixth scene of the third act. Besides this, Cordelia was recently hanged; but we know not that the Fool had suffered in the same manner, nor can imagine why he should. There is an ingenious note by Sir Joshua

Why should a dog, a horse, a rat, have life,
And thou no breath at all? Thou 'lt come no more,
Never, never, never, never, never!
Pray you, undo this button: thank you, sir.
Do you see this? Look on her, look, her lips,
Look there, look there! [*Dies.*

Edg. He faints. My lord, my lord!

Kent. Break, heart; I prithee, break!

Edg. Look up, my lord.

Kent. Vex not his ghost: O, let him pass! he hates him
That would upon the rack of this tough world
Stretch him out longer.

Edg. He is gone indeed.

Kent. The wonder is he hath endured so long:
He but usurp'd his life.

Alb. Bear them from hence. Our present business
Is general woe. [*To Kent and Edgar*]
Friends of my soul, you twain
Rule in this realm and the gored state sustain.

Kent. I have a journey, sir, shortly to go;
My master calls me, I must not say no.

Reynolds in the variorum Shakespeare, sustaining a contrary opinion; but, as Malone observes, "Lear from the time of his entrance in this scene to his uttering these words, and from thence to his death, is wholly occupied by the loss of his daughter. He is now in the agony of death, and surely at such a time, when his heart was just breaking, it would be highly unnatural that he should think of his Fool."—H. N. H.

312. *"Look on her, look, her lips";* Johnson's emendation; F. 1 reads *"Looke her lips";* Ff., *"looke* (or *look*) *on her lips."*—I. G.

315. *"he hates him";* "he" is the subject of "that would"; "him" is Lear.—C. H. H.

Alb. The weight of this sad time we must obey,
Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say.
The oldest hath borne most: we that are young
Shall never see so much, nor live so long.
[*Exeunt, with a dead march.*

325. This speech is given in the Ff. to Edgar, and probably it was so intended by the poet. It has been suggested that the first two lines should be given to Edgar, the last two to Albany.—I. G.

GLOSSARY

By Israel Gollancz, M.A.

Abated, diminished, deprived; II. iv. 162.

Able, uphold, answer for; IV. vi. 174.

Abused, deceived; IV. i. 24.

Action-taking, "resenting an injury by a law-suit, instead of fighting it out like a man of honor" (Schmidt); II. ii. 18.

Addition, distinction, title; II. ii. 26; V. iii. 301. "Your a.", the title you have given him; V. iii. 68.

Additions, outward honor, titles; I. i. 140.

Address, address ourselves; I. i. 195.

Admiration, amazement, astonishment; I. iv. 261.

Advise yourself, consider; II. i. 29.

Affected; "had more a.", had better liked, been more partial to; I. i. 1.

After, afterwards; V. iii. 243.

A-height, aloft, to the height; IV. vi. 58.

Aidant, helpful; IV. iv. 17.

Ajax, taken as a typical boaster; (according to some, a plain, blunt, brave fellow); II. ii. 134.

Alarum'd; "best a. spirits," spirits thoroughly aroused to the combat; II. i. 55.

All, altogether; I. i. 104.

Allay, be allayed; I. ii. 190.

Allow, approve of; II. iv. 195.

Allowance, countenance, permission; I. iv. 232.

Alms; "at fortune's a.", as an alms of Fortune; I. i. 283.

Amity, friendship; II. iv. 246.

An, if; I. iv. 199.

Ancient of war, experienced officers; V. i. 32.

Answer; "a. my life," let my life answer for; I. i. 155.

Apollo; "by Apollo," an oath; I. i. 164.

Appear; "wilt a.", dost wish to seem; I. i. 185.

Approve, prove; II. ii. 169.

Approves, confirms; II. iv. 187.

——, proves; III. v. 12.

Arbitrement, contest, decision; IV. vii. 95.

Arch, chief; II. i. 61.

Argument, subject; I. i. 220.

Aroint thee, make room, away with thee; (Qq., *"arint thee"*); III. iv. 131.

As, as if; III. iv. 15.

Assured loss, certainty of loss; III. vi. 103.

Attaint, impeachment; V. iii. 83.

Attask'd for, blamed for; (Ff. 1, 2, 3, *"at task for"*; some copies of Q. 1, *"attaskt for"*; Qq. 2, 3, *"alapt"*); I. iv. 368.

Attend, await; II. i. 127.
——, watch, wait; II. iii. 5.
Auricular, got by hearing; (Qq., *"aurigular"*); I. ii. 103.
Avert, turn; I. i. 216.
Avouch, own, acknowledge; II. iv. 241.
Avouched, asserted; V. i. 44.

Back, on his way back; IV. ii. 90.
Ballow, cudgel; (Q. 2, *"bat"*); IV. vi. 251.
Balm'd, cured, healed; III. vi. 106.
Bandy, beat to and fro (a term in tennis); I. iv. 93.
Bans, curses; II. iii. 19.
Bar, shut; II. i. 82.
——, debar, exclude; V. iii. 85.
Barber-monger, frequenter of barbers' shops, fop; II. ii. 36.
Bearing, suffering; III. vi. 115.
Becomes, suits, agrees with; II. iv. 156.
Bedlam, lunatic; III. vii. 104.
Bedlam beggars, mad beggars; II. iii. 14.
Beguiled, deceived; II. ii. 119.
Belike, it may be, perhaps; IV. v. 20.
Bemadding, maddening; III. i. 38.
Be-met, met; V. i. 20.
Bench, sit on the judgment-seat; III. vi. 41.
Bending, directing, raising; IV. ii. 74.
Benison, blessing; I. i. 270.
Besort, become; I. iv. 275.
Best; "were b.", had better; I. iv. 109.
Bethought; "am b.", have decided; II. iii. 6.
Bestow, place, lodge; IV. vi. 298.
Bestow'd, housed, lodged; II. iv. 293.
Betwixt, between; I. i. 143.
Bewray, betray, reveal; (Qq., *"betray"*); II. i. 109.
Bias of nature, natural direction, tendency; I. ii. 127.
Bide, bear; III. iv. 29.
Biding, abiding place; IV. vi. 232.
Big, loud; V. iii. 210.
Blame, fault; II. iv. 294.
Blank, the white mark in the center of the butt at which the arrow is aimed; I. i. 163.
Block, fashion of a hat; IV. vi. 190.
Blood, nature; III. v. 26.
——, impulse, passion; (Theobald, *"boiling blood"*); IV. ii. 64.
Blown, ambitious, inflated; IV. iv. 27.
Boil, inflamed tumor; (Qq., Ff., *"bile," "byle"*); II. iv. 227.
Bolds, encourages; V. i. 26.
Bond, duty, obligation; I. i. 97.
Bones; "young b.", *i. e.* unborn infant; II. iv. 166.
Boot; "to b., and b.", for your reward (? "over and above my thanks"); IV. vi. 234.
Bootless, useless; V. iii. 294.
Border'd, limited, confined; IV. ii. 33.
Bosom; "of her b.", in her confidence; IV. v. 26.
——, "common b.", affection of the people; V. iii. 49.
Bosom'd, in her confidence; V. i. 13.
Bound, ready; III. vii. 11.
Bourn, brook; III. vi. 27.
——, limit, boundary; IV. vi. 57.
Brach, a female hound; (Ff., *"the Lady Brach"*; Qq., *"Lady*

oth'e brach"; A. Smith, *"Lye the brach"*); I. iv. 126.

Brazed, brazened, hardened; I. i. 11.

Brief; "be b. in it," be quick about it; V. iii. 247.

British, (Ff. *"English"*); IV. vi. 260.

Brow of youth, youthful brow; I. iv. 309.

Brown bills, browned halberds used by foot-soldiers; IV. vi. 92.

Buoy'd, lifted itself; (Q. 1, Mus. per. and Bodl. 2, *"bod"*; Q. 1, Cap. Dev. Mus. imp. and Bodl. 1, *"layd"*; Qq. 2, 3, *"laid"*); III. vii. 61.

Bur-docks, the plant *Arctrum Lappa;* (Hanmer's emendation; Qq., *"hordocks"*; Ff. 1, 2, *"Hardokes"*; Ff. 3, 4, *"Hardocks"*; Farmer conj. 1778, *"harlocks"*; Collier Steevens conj. *"hoar-docks"*); IV. iv. 4.

But, only; IV. vi. 130.

Buzz, whisper; I. iv. 350.

By, from; (Ff. *"on"*); I. ii. 139.

Cadent, falling; (Qq. 1, 2, *"accent"*; Q. 3, *"accient"*); I. iv. 310.

Caitiff, wretch; (Ff., *"coward"*); II. i. 64.

Camelot, "I'd drive ye cackling home to C."; probably a proverb not yet satisfactorily explained; it is said that near Cadbury in Somersetshire, the supposed site of Camelot, there are large pools, upon which many geese are bred; II. ii. 92.

Can, can do; IV. iv. 8.

Canker-bit, canker-bitten; V. iii. 123.

Capable, capable of inheriting; II. i. 87.

Carbonado, cut across like a piece of meat for broiling or grilling; II. ii. 42.

Carry, bear; III. ii. 49.

——, carry out, contrive; V. iii. 36.

Carry out my side, "be a winner in the game" (Schmidt); V. i. 61.

Case, empty socket; IV. vi. 149.

Cat, civet cat; III. iv. 111.

Cataracts, water-spouts; (Q. 1, *"caterickes"*); III. ii. 2.

Censure, judge, pass sentence upon; V. iii. 3.

Centaurs, fabulous monsters, half man, half horse; IV. vi. 128.

Century, troop of a hundred men; IV. iv. 6.

Challenge, claim as due; I. i. 56.

Challenged, claimed; IV. vii. 31.

Champains, plains, open country; I. i. 67.

Chance, chances it; II. iv. 64.

Character, handwriting; I. ii. 68.

Charge, expense, cost; II. iv. 243.

Check, censure, rebuke; II. ii. 151.

Che vor ye, I warn you; IV. vi. 250.

Child-changed, changed by children's conduct; IV. vii. 17.

Child rowland, (*v.* Note); III. iv. 190.

Chill, I will; (Somerset or south-country dialect); IV. vi. 243.

Chud, I should, or I would (*cp. "chill"*); IV. vi. 247.

Clearest, most pure, most glorious; IV. vi. 73.

Clipp'd, curtailed; IV. vii. 6.
Closet, room, chamber; I. ii. 67.
Clothier's yard, cloth-yard-shaft, arrow; IV. vi. 89.
Clotpoll, blockhead; (Ff., *"Clot-pole"*; Qq., *"clat-pole"*); I. iv. 52.
Clout, the white mark in the center of the target; IV vi. 93.
Cock, cockcrow; III. iv. 123.
——, cockboat; IV. vi. 19.
Cockney, a cook's assistant; (originally a person connected with the Kitchen; later, a pampered child); II. iv. 124.
Cocks, weathercocks; III. ii. 3.
Cod-piece, a part of the male attire; III. ii. 28.
Cold; "catch c.", be turned out of doors; I. iv. 113.
Color, kind; (Qq., *"nature"*); II. ii. 147.
Comfortable, able to comfort; I. iv. 331.
——, comforting; II. ii. 173.
Comforting, "giving aid and comfort to"; (used in a technical legal sense); III. v. 22.
Commend, deliver; II. iv. 28.
Commission, warrant to act as representative; V. iii. 64.
Commodities, advantages; IV. i. 23.
Compact, put together; I. ii. 7.
——, give consistency to; I. iv. 364.
Compeers, is equal with; V. iii. 69.
Conceit, imagination; IV. vi. 42.
Conceive, understand; IV. ii. 24.
Concluded; "had not c. all," had not come to an end altogether; IV. vii. 42.
Condition, character, habit; I. i. 303.
Conditions, character, temper; IV. iii. 35.
Confine, limit, boundary; II. iv. 151.
Confined, restricted, limited; I. ii. 25.
Conjunct, in concert with; (F., *"compact"*); II. ii. 127.
——, closely united; V. i. 12.
Conjuring, employing incantations; II. i. 41.
Consort, company; II. i. 99.
Conspirant, conspirator; V. iii. 136.
Constant pleasure, fixed resolve; V. i. 4.
Constrains, forces; II. ii. 105.
Contemned'st, most despised; (Qq. *"temnest"*; Pope, *"the meanest"*); II. ii. 152.
Continent, restraining; I. ii. 193.
Continents, that which contains or encloses; III. ii. 59.
Convenient, proper; V. i. 36.
Converse, associate, have intercourse; I. iv. 16.
Convey, manage with secrecy; I. ii. 114.
Cope, cope with; V. iii. 125.
Corky, withered, dry; III. vii. 30.
Coronet, crown; I. i. 143.
Costard, head; IV. vi. 251.
Couch, lie close and hidden; III. i. 12.
Course, way of life; II. ii. 177.
——, "my very c.", the same course as I do; (Ff., *"my course"*); I. iii. 26.
——, "gentleness and c. of yours," gentleness of your course; I. iv. 366.
——, "the old c. of death," a natural death; III. vii. 102.
Court holy-water, flattery; ("Ray, among his proverbial

phrases, mentions *court holy-water* meaning *fair words.* The French have the same phrase: *Eau benite de Cour,"* Steevens); III. ii. 10.

COURTESY; "do a c. to"; yield, give way to; III. vii. 27.

COVER, hide; I. i. 286.

COWISH, "cowish terror," cowardly terror; [Q. 1 (some copies), *"cowish curre"*; Wright conj. *"currish terror"*]; IV. ii. 12.

COXCOMB, fool's cap; I. iv. 105.

COXCOMBS, heads; II. iv. 127.

COZEN'D, cheated, deceived; V. iii. 156.

COZENER, cheater; IV. vi. 169.

CRAB, crab-apple; I. v. 20.

CRAVES, demands; II. i. 130.

CROW-KEEPER, one who scares crows away from a field; IV. vi. 88.

CRUEL, a play upon crewel worsted, of which garters were made; (Qq. 1, 2, *"crewell"*; Q. 3, *"crewill"*; Ff. 3, 4, *"crewel"*); II. iv. 7.

CRUELS; "all c. else," "all their other cruelties" (*v.* Note); III. vii. 66.

CRY; "till it c. sleep to death," till its clamor murders sleep; II. iv. 121.

CRY GRACE, cry for pardon; III. ii. 60.

CUB-DRAWN, sucked dry by cubs, famished; III. i. 12.

CUCKOO-FLOWERS, cowslips; IV. iv. 4.

CUE, catch-word; I. ii. 156.

CULLIONLY, wretched; II. ii. 36.

CUNNING, dissimulation; II. i. 31.

CURIOSITY, minute scrutiny; I. i. 6.

——, suspicious watchfulness, scrupulousness; I. iv. 76.

CURIOSITY, over-nice scrupulousness; (Theobald, Warburton conj. *"curtesie"*); I. ii. 4.

CURIOUS, nice, elegant; I. iv. 36.

CURST, shrewish; II. i. 67.

DARKLING, in the dark; I. iv. 241.

DAUB IT, keep up my disguise; (Qq., *"dance it"*); IV. i. 54.

DAWNING, morning; (Qq. *"euen"*; Pope, *"evening"*); II. ii. 1.

DAY AND NIGHT, an oath; I. iii. 4.

DEAR, precious, valued; I. iv. 297.

——, important; III. i. 19.

DEATH-PRACTISED; "the d. duke," *i. e.,* whose death is plotted; IV. vi. 289.

DEATHSMAN, executioner; IV. vi. 268.

DEBOSH'D, debauched; (Qq., *"deboyst"*); I. iv. 266.

DECLINE, bend; IV. ii. 22.

DECLINING, becoming feeble; (Ff. *"declin'd"*); I. ii. 80.

DEED; "my very d. of love," my love in very deed; I. i. 74.

DEER, game; III. iv. 146.

DEFICIENT, defective; IV. vi. 23.

DEFUSE, disorder, disguise; I. iv. 2.

DEJECTED; "d. thing of fortune," thing dejected by fortune; IV. i. 3.

DEMANDING, asking, enquiring; III. ii. 66.

DENY, refuse; II. iv. 90.

DEPART, depart from; III. v. 1.

DEPEND, be dependent, remain; I. iv. 274.

DEPRIVE, "disinherit"; I. ii. 4.

DEROGATE, degraded; I. iv. 305.

DESCRY; "main d.", full view of the main body; IV. vi. 221.

DESCRY, spy out, discover; IV. v. 13.

DESERVING, desert; III. iii. 26.

Desperately, in despair; V. iii. 294.
Detested, detestable; I. ii. 85.
Difference; "your first of d.", the first reverse of your fortune; V. iii. 290.
Differences, dissensions; II. i. 125.
Diffidences, suspicions; I. ii. 171.
Digest, dispose of, use, enjoy; I. i. 132.
Dimensions, parts of the body; I. ii. 7.
Disasters, (used perhaps in its original astrological sense); I. ii. 138.
Disbranch, slip, tear off from the tree; IV. ii. 34.
Disclaims in, disowns; II. ii. 60.
Discommend, disapprove; II. ii. 117.
Discovery, reconnoitering; V. i. 53.
Discretion, common sense, wisdom,=discreet person; II. iv. 152.
Diseases, discomforts; (Ff., *"disasters"*); I. i. 179.
Disnatured, unnatural; I. iv. 308.
Display'd so saucily, made so saucy a display; II. iv. 41.
Dispositions, moods, humors; I. iv. 246.
Disquantity, diminish; I. iv. 273.
Disquietly, causing disquiet; I. ii. 130.
Distaff, spinning wheel; IV. ii. 17.
Distaste, dislike; (Qq., *"dislike"*); I. iii. 15.
Distract, distracted; IV. vi. 293.
Dolors, used with a play upon *"dollars"*; (Ff. 1, 2, 3, *"Dolors"*); II. iv. 54.
Dolphin my boy, probably a fragment of an old song; III. iv. 105.
Doom, sentence; (F. 1, *"guift"*; Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"gift"*); I. i. 169.
Doubted, feared; V. i. 6.
Doubtful, fearful; V. i. 12.
Drew, I drew my sword; II. iv. 42.
Ducking, bowing, fawning; II. ii. 111.
Dullard, idiot; II. i. 76.

Each; "at e.", fastened each to each; IV. vi. 53.
Ear-kissing, whispered in the ear; (Qq., *"eare-bussing"*); II. i. 9.
Earnest, earnest money, money paid beforehand as a pledge; I. iv. 104.
Effects, outward show; I. i. 135.
——, actions, manifestations; II. iv. 183.
Effects; "prove e.", be realized; IV. ii. 15.
Elbows, stands at his elbow; IV. iii. 44.
Elements, air and sky; (Qq., *"element"*); III. i. 4.
Elf all my hair, tangle, mat my hair, (supposed to be the work of elves or fairies); II. iii. 10.
Embossed, protuberant, swollen; II. iv. 228.
End, end of the world; V. iii. 265.
Engine, rack; I. iv. 293.
Enguard, guard; I. iv. 351.
Enormous, abnormal; II. ii. 178.
Enridged, formed into ridges; IV. vi. 71.
Entertain, engage; III. vi. 84.
Entire, main; I. i. 245.

Epileptic, "distorted by grinning"; II. ii. 89.
Equalities, equal conditions; (Ff., *"qualities"*); I. i. 5.
Esperance, hope; IV. i. 4.
Essay, assay, trial; I. ii. 47.
Estate, condition; V. iii. 211.
Even; "even o'er," pass over in his memory; IV. vii. 80.
Event; "the e.", *i. e.*, the result will prove; I. iv. 373.
Evidence, witnesses; III. vi. 38.
Exhibition, allowance; I. ii. 25.
Eyeless, blind; III. i. 8.

Fain, gladly; I. iv. 198.
Faint, slight; I. iv. 74.
Faith'd, believed; II. i. 72.
Fall, cause to fall; II. iv. 171.
Fast, firm, fixed; (Qq., *"first"*); I. i. 41.
Fault, mistake; V. iii. 194.
Favors; "my hospitable f.", the features of me your host; III. vii. 41.
Fear, am afraid of; IV. ii. 31.
Fears, frightens; III. v. 5.
Feature, outward form; IV. ii. 63.
Feeling, heartfelt; IV. vi. 230.
Felicitate, made happy; I. i. 78.
Fellow, companion; III. i. 48.
Fellows, comrades; I. iii. 14.
Fetch, bring; (Ff. 3, 4, *"fet"*; Pope, *"bring"*); II. iv. 93.
Fetches, pretexts, excuses; II. iv. 91.
Fire; "f. us like foxes," alluding to the practice of smoking foxes out of their holes; V. iii. 23.
Fire-new, brand new, fresh from the mint; V. iii. 133.
Fish; "eat no f.", *i. e.* be a Protestant; (alluding to the Papist custom of eating fish on Fridays); I. iv. 18.
Fitchew, polecat; IV. vi. 126.
Fitness; "my f.", a thing becoming me; IV. ii. 63.
Flaw'd, shattered, broken; V. iii. 198.
Flaws, shivers, particles; II. iv. 289.
Flesh, "feed with flesh for the first time, initiate" (Schmidt); (Qq., *"fleash"*); II. ii. 50.
Flesh and fell, flesh and skin; V. iii. 24.
Fleshment; "in the f. of," being fleshed with; (Qq. 1, 2, *"flechuent"*; Q. 3, *flechuent"*); II. ii. 132.
Flibbertigibbet, the name of a fiend; III. iv. 122.
Flying off, desertion; II. iv. 92.
Foins, thrusts in fencing; IV. vi. 255.
Fond, foolish; I. ii. 53; I. iv. 326; IV. vii. 60.
Fool; "poor fool," used as a term of endearment (addressed to Cordelia); V. iii. 307.
Fool; "their f.", a fool to them; II. ii. 134.
Footed, landed; III. iii. 15.
Foppish, foolish; I. iv. 184.
For, because; I. i. 229.
——, as for; II. i. 114; V. i. 24.
Forbid, forbidden; III. iii. 24.
Fordid, destroyed; V. iii. 257.
Fordone, destroyed; V. iii. 293.
Fore-vouch'd, affirmed before; I. i. 225.
Forfended, forbidden; V. i. 11.
Forgot, forgotten; V. iii. 238.
Fork, barbed arrow head; I. i. 148.
For that, because; I. ii. 5.
Fortune, success; V. iii. 167.
Frame, manage; I. ii. 111.

FRANCE, King of France; II. iv. 216.
FRATERETTO, the name of one of Harsnet's fiends; III. vi. 8.
FRAUGHT, filled; I. iv. 245.
FREE, sound, not diseased; IV. vi. 80.
FRET, wear; I. iv. 310.
FROM, away from; II. i. 126.
FRONTLET, frown; I. iv. 211.
FRUITFULLY, fully; IV. vi. 275.
FULL, fully; I. iv. 362.
FULL-FLOWING, "freely venting its passion"; V. iii. 74.
FUMITER, fumitory; IV. iv. 3.
FURNISHINGS, pretenses, outward shows; III. i. 29.
FURROW-WEEDS, weeds growing on plowed land; IV. iv. 3.

GAD; "upon the g.", on the spur of the moment, suddenly; I. ii. 26.
GAIT, way; IV. vi. 246.
——, bearing; V. iii. 177.
GALLOW, frighten, terrify; III. ii. 45.
GARB, manner of speech; II. ii. 105.
GASTED, frightened; II. i. 57.
GATE; "at g.", at the gate; III. vii. 18.
GENERATION, offspring; I. i. 121.
GERMINS, germs, seeds; (Theobald's emendation; Qq., *"Germains"*; Ff. 1, 2, *"germaines"*; Ff. 3, 4, *"germanes"*; Capell; *"germens"*); III. ii. 8.
GIVE YOU GOOD MORROW, God give you good morning; II. ii. 167.
GLASS-GAZING, contemplating himself in a mirror, vain, foppish; II. ii. 19.
GLOVES; "wore g. in my cap," *i. e.*, as favors of my mistress; III. iv. 88.
GOOD; "made g.", maintained, asserted; I. i. 177.
GOODMAN BOY, a contemptuous mode of address; II. ii. 49.
GOOD-YEARS, supposed to be corrupted from *goujère,* the French disease; (Qq., *"good"*; Theobald, *"goodjers"*; Hanmer, *"goujeres"*); V. iii. 24.
GOT, begot; II. i. 80.
GO TO, an exclamation; III. iii. 9.
GOVERN, restrain; V. iii. 163.
GRACED, dignified; (Qq., *"great"*); I. iv. 270.
GREET THE TIME, "be ready to greet the occasion"; V. i. 54.
GROSS, large; IV. vi. 14.
GROSSLY, "palpably, evidently"; I. i. 297.
GROW OUT AT HEELS, reduced to poor condition (*cp.* "out at elbows"); II. ii. 166.
GUARDIANS; "my g.", "the guardians under me of my realm"; II. iv. 255.

HABIT, dress, garb; V. iii. 190.
HALCYON, kingfisher; ("a lytle byrde called the King's Fysher, being hanged up in the ayre by the neck, his nebbe or byll wyll be alwayes dyrect or strayght against ye winde"—Thomas Lupton, *Notable Things,* B. x.); II. ii. 86.
HALF-BLOODED, partly of noble, partly of mean birth; V. iii. 80.
HANDY-DANDY, the children's game; "which hand will you have?"; IV. vi. 159.
HAP; "what will h.", let what will happen; III. vi. 122.
HAPLY, perhaps; I. i. 104.
HAPPY, fortunate; II. iii. 2.

Hatch, half-door; III. vi. 77.
Headier; "more h.", more headstrong, impetuous; II. iv. 112.
Head-lugg'd, led by the head; IV. ii. 42.
Heat; "i' the heat," a reference probably to the proverb, "Strike the iron while it is hot"; I. i. 314.
Hecate (dissyllabic); (Qq. and F. 1, *"Heccat"*; F. 2, *"Hecat"*); I. i. 114.
Hell-hated, "abhorred like hell"; V. iii. 149.
Helps, heals, cures; IV. iv. 10.
Here (used substantively); I. i. 266.
High-engender'd, engendered on high, in the heavens; III. ii. 24.
Him, himself; V. iii. 215.
Hit, agree, be of one mind; (Ff., *"sit"*); I. i. 310.
Hold, keep, maintain; II. iv. 246.
Holp, helped; III. vii. 63.
Home, thoroughly, vitally; III. iii. 14.
Honor'd, honorable; V. i. 9.
Hopdance, the name of a fiend, (probably *"Hoberdidance"*); (Qq., *"Hoppedance"*; Capell, *"Hopdance"*); III. vi. 33.
Horse's health, alluding to the belief that "a horse is above all other animals subject to disease" (Johnson); III. vi. 21.
Hot-blooded, passionate; II. iv. 216.
House; "the h." *i. e.* "the order of families, the duties of relation;" (Theobold, *"the use?"*; Collier MS., *"the mouth?"*); II. iv. 156.
Howe'er, although; IV. ii. 66.
Hundred-pound, used as a term of reproach for a person who had saved just enough to pose as a gentleman); II. ii. 17.
Hurricanoes, water-spouts; (Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"Hurricano's"*; F. 1, *"Hyrricano's"*; Qq. 1, 2, *"Hircanios"*; Q. 3, *"Hercantos"*); III. ii. 2.
Hysterica passio, hysteria; (Qq. Ff. 1, 2, *"Historica passio"*; F. 3, *"Hystorica passio"*); II. iv. 58.

Idle, foolish, silly; I. iii. 17.
——, worthless; IV. iv. 5.
Ill affected, evilly disposed; II. i. 100.
Images, signs; II. iv. 92.
Immediacy, being immediately next in authority; V. iii. 65.
Impertinency, that which is not to the point; IV. vi. 181.
Important, importunate; IV. iv. 26.
Impossibilities; "men's i.", things impossible to man; IV. vi. 74.
Impress'd, pressed into our service; V. iii. 50.
In, at; I. iv. 352; into; IV. i. 78.
Incense, incite, instigate; II. iv. 310.
Incite, impel; IV. iv. 27.
Infect, pollute, poison; II. iv. 169.
Influence (used as astrological term); I. ii. 144.
Ingenious, intelligent, conscious; IV. vi. 292.
Ingrateful, ungrateful; II. iv. 166.
Innocent, idiot, (addressed to the fool); III. vi. 9.
Intelligent, bearing intelligence; (Qq. *"intelligence"*); III. vii. 12.
Intend upon, *i. e.*, intend to confer upon; V. i. 7.

Intent, intention; I. i. 41.
Intent; "made i.", intention, plan I had formed; (Collier MS., *"main i."*); IV. vii. 9.
Interlude; properly, a short play performed during a banquet; used loosely for a comedy or farce; V. iii. 89.
Intrinse, tightly drawn; II. ii. 83.
Invade, pierce, penetrate into; I. i. 148.
Invades, penetrates; III. iv. 7.
It, its; I. iv. 240.
It is, it is true; IV. vi. 146.

Jakes, privy; II. ii. 74.
Jealous, suspicious; V. i. 56.
Joint-stool, a folding-chair (used in proverbial expression, "I took you for a joint-stool"); III. vi. 55.
Judicious, judicial; III. iv. 75.
Justicer, justice; (Theobald's emendation; Qq., *"iustice"*); III. vi. 24.

Knapped, cracked, tapped (Qq., *"rapt"*); II. iv. 126.
Knee, kneel down before; II. iv. 218.

Lag of, later than; I. ii. 6.
Lanced, cut; (Theobald's emendation; Qq. *"launcht"* and *"lancht"*; Ff., *"latch'd"*); II. i. 54.
Lances, *i. e.* soldiers carrying lances, lancers; V. iii. 50.
Late, lately; I. iv. 230; III. iv. 176.
——, "of l.", lately; II. iv. 40.
Least; "in the l.", at the least; I. i. 196.
Leave, with your permission; IV. vi. 269.
Light of ear, foolishly credulous; III. iv. 96.
Lights on, comes across his path; III. i. 54.
Like, please; I. i. 205.
Like, likely; I. i. 306.
Likes, pleases; II. ii. 98.
Lily-livered, white-livered, cowardly; II. ii. 18.
Lipsbury pinfold; perhaps a coined name = the teeth, as being the pinfold, or pound, within the lips (Nares); II. ii. 9.
List, please; V. iii. 61.
List, listen to; V. iii. 183.
Litter, couch for carrying sick persons and ladies when traveling; III. vi. 98.
Living, possessions; I. iv. 121.
Loathly, with abhorrence; II. i. 51.
Look'd for, expected; II. iv. 236.
Loop'd, full of holes (loop-holes); III. iv. 31.
Luxury, lust; IV. vi. 121.
Lym, bloodhound led in a line or leash; (Hanmer's correction; Qq. 1, 3, *"him"*; Q. 2, *"Him"*; Ff., *"Hym"*; Collier MS., *"Trim"*); III. vi. 73.

Madded, maddened; IV. ii. 43.
Mahu, a name in Harsnet's category of devils; III. iv. 152.
Main, sea, ocean (?mainland); III. i. 6.
Mainly, mightily; IV. vii. 65.
Make from, get out of the way of; I. i. 147.
Makes up, decides; I. i. 211.
Mate; "one self m. and m.", the same husband and wife, one and the same pair; IV. iii. 36.
Material, forming the substance;

(Theobald, *"maternal"*; Collier conj. *"natural"*); IV. ii. 35.

MATTER, cause of quarrel; II. ii. 48.

——, meaning, good sense; IV. vi. 181.

MATTER; "no m.", does not matter; I. iii. 23.

MAUGRE, in spite of; V. iii. 132.

MEANS, resources; IV. i. 22.

MEET, good, fit; I. ii. 101.

MEINY, household, retinue; (Ff. 1, 2, *"meiney"*; Qq. *"men"*); II. iv. 35.

MEMORIES, memorials; IV. vii. 7.

MERIT,= desert, in a bad sense; III. v. 8.

MERLIN, the ancient magician of the Arthurian romance; III. ii. 96.

MEW, (*v.* note); IV. ii. 68.

MILK-LIVERED, faint-hearted; IV. ii. 50.

MINIKIN; "m. mouth," *i. e.*, pretty little mouth; III. vi. 46.

MISCARRIED, lost; V. i. 5.

MISCARRY, lose; V. i. 44.

MISCHIEF; "with the m. of your person," with harm to your life; (Hanmer, *"without"*; Johnson conj. *"but with"*); I. ii. 189.

MISCONSTRUCTION; "upon his m.", through his misunderstanding me; II. ii. 126.

MISCREANT, vile wretch, (?) misbeliever, (Qq., *"recreant"*); I. i. 165.

MODEST, becoming; II. iv. 25.

——, moderate; IV. vii. 5.

MODO, a name from Harsnet's category of devils; III. iv. 152.

MOIETY, share, portion; I. i. 7.

MONSTERS, makes monstrous; I. i. 225.

MOONSHINES, months; I. ii. 5.

MOPPING AND MOWING, *i. e.*, making grimaces; (Theobald's emendation; Qq., *"Mobing, and mohing"*); IV. i. 65.

MORAL, moralizing; IV. ii. 58.

MORTIFIED, insensible; II. iii. 15.

MOTHER, *i. e.*, Hysterica passio, hysteria; II. iv. 57.

MOTION, thrust, impulse; II. i. 52.

MOTLEY, the parti-colored dress of the fool or jester; I. iv. 161.

MOUTHS; "made m.", made grimaces; III. ii. 37.

MUCH, great; II. ii. 150.

MUMBLING OF, mumbling; (Qq., *"warbling"*); II. i. 41.

NATURAL, used in the two senses of the word; II. i. 86.

NAUGHT, naughty, wicked; II. iv. 137.

NAUGHTY, bad; III. iv. 118.

NEAT, finical, foppish, spruce; II. ii. 46.

NEED OF, have need of, need; II. iv. 242.

NERO, (Upton conj. *"Trajan,"* because, according to Rabelais, Nero is a fiddler in hell, and Trajan a fisher of frogs); III. vi. 8.

NETHER, committed on earth; IV. ii. 79.

NETHER-STOCKS, short stockings; (Q. a, *"neather-stockes"*); II. iv. 11.

NICELY, with the greatest exactness; II. ii. 112.

NIGHTED, darkened; IV. v. 13.

NINE-FOLD, "nine imps" (?= nine foals); III. iv. 128.

NOISELESS, devoid of noise betokening preparations for war; IV. ii. 56.

NOR, neither; III. ii. 16.

Note; "take this n.", take note of this, observe this; IV. v. 29.
——, notice; II. i. 85.
Noted, noticed; I. iv. 82.
Nothing; "I n. am," I cease to be; II. iii. 21.
"Nothing will come of nothing," an allusion to the old proverb, *"Ex nihilo nihil fit"*; I. i. 94.
Notice, attention, countenance; II. iv. 253.
Notion, intellectual power, mind; I. iv. 252.
Nuncle, "the customary address of a licensed fool to his superiors"; I. iv. 118.
Nursery, nursing; I. i. 128.

Object; "your best o.", "the delight of your eye"; I. i. 219.
Obscured, disguised; II. ii. 177.
Observants, obsequious courtiers; II. ii. 111.
Occasions, causes; II. i. 122.
Œillades, glances of the eye; (Qq., *"aliads"*; F. 1, *"Eliads"*; Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"Iliads"*); IV. v. 25.
O'erlook, read over; V. i. 50.
O'er-looking, looking over; I. ii. 40.
O'erpaid, to be overpaid; IV. vii. 4.
O'er-read, read over; I. ii. 38.
O'er-watch'd, worn out, exhausted with watching; II. ii. 179.
Of, from; IV. vii. 31.
Offend, injure; I. i. 312.
Office, duty, service; II. iv. 108.
'Old, wold; III. iv. 127.
Oldness, old age; I. ii. 52.
On, of; I. i. 146; III. vi. 58; V. iii. 250.
——, at; II. ii. 28.
——, "our wishes on the way," *i. e.*, expressed to each other on the way hither; IV. ii. 14.
On't, of it; II. i. 29.
Ope, open; V. i. 40.
Operative, effective; IV. iv. 14.
Oppose; "make o.", compel to fight against us; V. i. 27.
Opposeless, not to be opposed, irresistible; IV. vi. 38.
Opposite, adverse, hostile; II. i. 51.
Opposites, opponents; V. iii. 42.
Ordinance, divine law; IV. i. 72.
Or ere, before; II. iv. 290.
Other, others; I. iv. 225.
Out, abroad; I. i. 34.
Out-wall, outward appearance; III. i. 45.
Overture, opening, disclosure; III. vii. 90.
O, well flown, bird! a phrase taken from falconry; here used figuratively for an arrow; IV. vi 93.
Owes, possesses; I. i. 207.
Owest, dost own; I. iv. 134.

Pack, make off; II. iv. 82.
Packings, plottings; III. i. 26.
Packs, confederacies; V. iii. 18.
Pain, pains, labor, lies; III. i. 53.
'Parel, apparel; IV. i. 51.
Particular; "for his p.", as regards himself personally; II. iv. 296.
——, personal; V. i. 30.
Party, side; (Qq. *"Lady"*); IV. v. 40.
Party; "intelligent p.", party intelligent to; III. v. 13.
——; "upon his p.", on his side; II. i. 28.
Pass, pass away, die; IV. vi. 47.
Pass upon, pass sentence upon; III. vii. 25.

Pat, just to the purpose, in the nick of time; I. ii. 155.
Pawn, a stake hazarded in a wager; I. i. 159.
Pawn down, pledge; I. ii. 96.
Peace, hold its peace; IV. vi. 105.
Pelican; the pelican is supposed to feed her young with her own blood; III. iv. 76.
Pelting, paltry; II. iii. 18.
Pendulous, hanging, impending; III. iv. 68.
Perdu, lost one; IV. vii. 35.
Perdy, a corruption of Fr. *par Dieu;* II. iv. 87.
Perfect, mature; I. ii. 79.
Perforce, of necessity; IV. ii. 49.
Period, end, termination; V. iii. 206.
Persever, the older pronunciation of the word *persevere;* III. v. 24.
Persian attire, alluding to the gorgeous robes of the East; (used ironically); (Ff., *"Persian"*); III. vi. 87.
Piece, master-piece, model; IV. vi. 139.
Pierced, added; I. i. 204.
Pight, firmly resolved; II. i. 67.
Pillicock, properly a term of endearment used in old nursery rhymes; suggested by "pelican"; III. iv. 77.
Plackets, part of woman's attire; III. iv. 101.
Plague; "stand in the p. of," perhaps, be plagued by; (Warburton, *"plage"*= place; Simpson conj. *"place,"* etc.); I. ii. 3.
Plain, complain; III. i. 39.
Plaited, folded; (Qq. 1, 2, *"pleated"*; Ff., *"plighted"*); I. i. 285.
Plate, "clothe in plate armor"; (Ff., *"place"*; corrected by Theobald); IV. vi. 171.
Plight, troth-plight; I. i. 105.
Point; "at p.", ready for any emergency; I. iv. 349.
——, "at p.", on the point of, prepared; III. i. 33.
Poise, moment; (Qq. 2, 3, Ff. *"prize"*; Hanmer *"peize"*); II. i. 122.
Policy and reverence, "policy of holding in reverence" (Schmidt); I. ii. 49.
Port, harbor; II. iii. 3.
Portable, bearable; III. vi. 116.
Ports, gates, (?) harbors; II. i. 82.
Potency, power; I. i. 177.
Potential, powerful; II. i. 78.
Pother, turmoil; III. ii. 51.
Power, armed force; III. i. 30.
Practice, plotting, stratagem; II. i. 75.
——, stratagem, artifice; II. iv. 117.
Practices, plots; I. ii. 211.
Practised on, plotted against; III. ii. 58.
Predominance, influence; I. ii. 142.
Prefer, recommend; I. i. 279.
Pregnant, ready, easily moved; II. i. 78; IV. vi. 231.
Presently, immediately; I. ii. 114.
Press-money, money given to a soldier when pressed into service; IV. vi. 87.
Pretense, intention, purpose; I. ii. 99.
——, "very p.", deliberate intention; I. iv. 77.
Prevent, to anticipate and checkmate; III. iv. 167.
Proceedings, course of action; V. i. 32.

Profess, pretend; ? with play upon "profess,"="to set up for"; I. iv. 14.

Profess; "what dost thou p.", what is thy trade, profession; I. iv. 12.

Professed, full of professions; I. i. 277.

Proper, handsome; I. i. 19.

——; "p. deformity," moral depravity which is natural to him *i. e.*, the fiend); IV. ii. 60.

Puissant, powerful, masterful; V. iii. 218.

Puppet, used perhaps contemptuously for a wanton; II. ii. 40.

Pur, imitation of the noise made by a cat, (but *"Purre"* also the name of a devil in Harsnet); III. vi. 48.

Put on, encourage; I. iv. 231.

——, incited to; II. i. 101.

Quality, nature, disposition; II. iv. 94; II. iv. 140.

——, rank; V. iii. 110, 121.

Queasy, ticklish; II. i. 19.

Question, matter, cause; V. iii. 58.

——, "bear q.", bear to be argued about; V. iii. 33.

Questrists, searchers; III. vii. 18.

Quicken, come to life; III. vii. 40.

Quit, requite, revenge; III. vii. 88.

Quit you, acquit yourself; II. i. 32.

Raging, angry, furious; (Ff., *"roaring"*); III. iv. 10.

Rake up, cover with earth; IV. vi. 286.

Rank, gross, flagrant; I. iv. 227.

Razed, erased; I. iv. 4.

Reason, argue; II. iv. 268.

Reason'd, argued, talked about; V. i. 28.

Regards, considerations; (Qq., *"respects"*); I. i. 244.

Remediate, healing; IV. iv. 17.

Remember; "r. thyself," confess thy sins; IV. vi. 237.

Rememberest, remindest; I. iv. 73.

Remorse, compassion, pity; IV. ii. 73.

Remotion, removal; II. iv. 116.

Remove, removal; II. iv. 4.

Renege, deny; (F. 1, *"Reuenge"* Schmidt, *"Renegue"*); II. ii. 86.

Repeals, recalls; III. vi. 121.

Reposure, attributing; the act of reposing; (Qq., *"could the reposure"*; Ff., *"would the reposal"*); II. i. 70.

Reprovable, blamable; III. v. 9.

Resolution; "due r.", freedom from doubt; I. ii. 113.

Resolve me, tell me, satisfy me; II. iv. 25.

Respect; "do r.", show respect, reverence; (Ff., *"respects"*); II. ii. 137.

——, "upon r.", deliberately; II. iv. 24.

Respects, consideration, motive; I. i. 253.

Rest; "set my r.", repose myself (derived probably from the game of cards = to stand upon the cards in one's hand); I. i. 125.

Retention, custody; V. iii. 47.

Return; "make r.", return; II. iv. 154.

Revenging, avenging, taking vengeance; (Qq., *"reuengiue"*); II. i. 47.

Reverbs, reverberates, re-echoes; I. i. 158.
Reverend, old; (Q. 2, *"vnreuerent"*); II. ii. 135.
Rich'd, enriched; I. i. 67.
Rings, sockets; V. iii. 191.
Ripeness, readiness; V. ii. 11.
Rival'd; "hath r.," hath been a rival; I. i. 196.
Roundest, most direct, plainest; I. iv. 59.
Rubb'd, hindered (a term in the game of bowls); II. ii. 163.
Ruffle; "do r.", are boisterous; (Qq., *"russel," "russell;"* Capell, *"rustle"*); II. iv. 305.

Safer, sounder, more sober; IV. vi. 81.
Saint withold, a corruption of Saint Vitalis, who was supposed to protect from nightmare; (Qq., *"swithald"* Ff., *"swithold"*); III. iv. 126.
Sallets, salads; III. iv. 139.
Salt; "a man of s.", a man of tears; IV. vi. 202.
Samphire, sea-fennel; IV. vi. 15.
Save thee, God save thee; II. i. 1.
Savor but, have only a relish for; IV. ii. 39.
Saw, saying, proverb; II. ii. 169.
Say, assay, proof; (Pope, *"'say"*); V. iii. 145.
Scant, fall short in; II. iv. 143.
——, diminish; II. iv. 179.
Scanted, grudged; I. i. 283.
Scatter'd, disunited; III. i. 31.
Scythian, considered as a type of cruelty; I. i. 120.
Sea-monster, perhaps an allusion to the hippopotamus or the whale; I. iv. 286.
Sectary, disciple; I. ii. 174.
Secure, make careless; IV. i. 22.
Seeming, hypocrisy; III. ii. 57.
——, "little seeming," seemingly small, little in appearance; I. i. 203.
Self, self-same; I. i. 72.
Self-cover'd, "thou s. thing," thou who a woman hast disguised thyself in this diabolical shape; (Theobald, *"self-converted"*; Crosby, *"sex-cover'd"*); IV. ii. 62.
Sennet, a set of notes on the cornet or trumpet; I. i. 34–35, Stage Direc.
Sequent, consequent, following; I. ii. 120.
Servant, lover; IV. vi. 281.
Sessa, onward! (probably a hunting term); III. vi. 78.
Set, stake, wager; I. iv. 137.
Settling; "till further s.", till his mind is more composed; IV. vii. 82.
Seven stars, the Pleiades; I. v. 39.
Shadowy, shady; (Qq., *"shady"*); I. i. 67.
Shealed peascod, shelled pea-pod; I. iv. 223.
Shows, seems, appears; I. iv. 268.
Shrill-gorged, shrill-throated; IV. vi. 58.
Simple; "simple answerer," simply answerer; (Ff., *"simple answer'd"*); III. vii. 44.
Simples, medicinal herbs; IV. iv. 14.
Simular; "s. man of virtue," man who counterfeitest virtue; III. ii. 55.
Sir, man; ("that sir which," F. 4, *"that, sir, which"*); II. iv. 80.
Sith, since; (Qq., *"since"*); I. i. 185.

Sizes, allowance; II. iv. 179.

Slack you, neglect their duty to you; II. iv. 249.

Slaves, treats as a slave ("by making it subservient to his views of pleasure or interest"); IV. i. 72.

Sleep out, sleep away; (Q. 1, *"sleep ont"*); II. ii. 165.

Sliver, tear off like a branch from a tree; IV. ii. 34.

Smile, smile at, laugh to scorn; (Ff. and Qq., *"smoile"* or *"smoyle"*); II. ii. 90.

Smilets, smiles; IV. iii. 21.

Smooth, flatter, humor; II. ii. 83.

Smug, trim, spruce; IV. vi. 206.

Smulkin, a fiend's name, borrowed from Harsnet's category of devils; (Qq., *"snulbug"*; Theobald, *"Smolkin"*); III. iv. 148.

Snuff, flickering old age; IV. vi. 39.

Snuffs, quarrels, "huffs"; III. i. 26.

So, so be it; II. ii. 108.

Soiled; "s. horse," said of "a horse turned out in the spring to take the first flush of grass"; IV. vi. 126.

Something, somewhat; I. i. 23.

Some, someone; III. i. 37.

Sometime, once, former; I. i. 124.

——, sometimes; (Ff., *"sometimes"*); II. iii. 19.

Soothe, humor; III. iv. 185.

Sophisticated, adulterated, not genuine; III. iv. 112.

Sop o' the Moonshine; probably alluding to the dish called *eggs in moonshine, i. e.* "eggs broken and boiled in salad-oil till the yolks became hard; they were eaten with slices of onion fried in oil, butter, verjuice, nutmeg, and salt"; II. ii. 35.

Sot, blockhead; IV. ii. 8.

Space, *i. e.* "space in general, the world"; I. i. 59.

Speak for, call for; I. iv. 270.

Speculations, scouts; (Johnson, *"speculators"*; Collier MS., *"spectators"*); III. i. 24.

Speed you, God speed you; IV. vi. 216.

Spherical, planetary; (Qq., *"spiritual"*); I. ii. 141.

Spill, destroy; III. ii. 8.

Spite of intermission, in spite of interruption; II. iv. 33.

Spoil, wasting, ruining; II. i. 102.

Spurs, incentives, incitements; (Ff., *"spirits"*); II. i. 78.

Square; "the most precious s. of sense," *i. e.* "the most delicately sensitive part" (Wright); I. i. 77.

Squints, makes to squint; III. iv. 124.

Squire-like, like a squire, attendant; II. iv. 218.

Squiny, squint; IV. vi. 142.

Stands; "s. on the hourly thought," is hourly expected; IV. vi. 222.

Stand's, stand his; (Qq. 2, 3, *"stand his"*; Ff., *"stand"*); II. i. 42.

Stands on, it becomes, is incumbent on; V. i. 69.

Star-blasting, blighting by the influence of the stars; III. iv. 60.

Stelled, starry; III. vii. 62.

Still, continually, always; III. iv. 184.

Still-soliciting, ever begging; I. i. 236.

Stirs; "who s.?", does no one stir?; I. i. 130.

Stock'd, put in the stocks; (Ff., *"stockt"*; Q. 1, *"struck"*; Qq. 2, 3, *"strucke"*); II. iv. 192.

Stocking, putting in the stocks; (Qq. *"Stopping"*); II. ii. 141.

Stock-punished, punished by being set in the stocks; (Ff. *"stockt, punish'd"*); III. iv. 143.

Stomach, anger, resentment; V. iii. 74.

Stone, crystal; V. iii. 264.

Straight, straightway, immediately; II. iv. 35.

Strain, descent, race; V. iii. 40.

Strain'd, excessive; (Qq. *"straied"*); I. i. 174.

Stranger'd, estranged; I. i. 209.

Stray; "make such a s.", go so far astray; I. i. 214.

Strength; "in my s.", with power from me, with my authority; II. i. 114.

Strings of life, heart-strings; V. iii. 218.

Strong and fasten'd, determined and hardened; (so Qq.; Ff., *"O strange and fast'ned"*); II. i. 79.

Subscribed, surrendered; (Ff., *"Prescrib'd"*); I. ii. 24.

——, forgiven; III. vii. 66.

Subscription, submission; III. ii. 19.

Succeed, come true, follow; I. ii. 166.

Success; "good s.", favorable result, issue; V. iii. 196.

Sufferance, suffering; III. vi. 114.

Suggestion, prompting, tempting; II. i. 75.

Suited, clad, dressed; IV. vii. 6.

Sumpter, pack-horse, hence a drudge; II. iv. 219.

Superfluous, having too much; IV. i. 71.

Superflux, superfluity; III. iv. 35.

Superserviceable, one who is above his work; (Ff., *"superserviceable, finical"*; Qq., *"superfinicall"*); II. ii. 19.

Supposed, pretended; V. iii. 112.

Sustain, support; V. iii. 322.

Sustaining, nourishing; IV. iv. 6.

Swear'st, swearest by; I. i. 165.

Taint, disgrace; I. i. 226.

Taken, overtaken; I. iv. 355.

Taking, infection; III. iv. 61.

——, "my t.", to capture me; II. iii. 5.

——, bewitching, blasting; II. iv. 167.

Taking off, slaughter, death; V. i. 65.

Taste, test, trial; I. ii. 47.

Tell, count, recount; II. iv. 55.

Temperance, self-restraint, calmness; IV. vii. 24.

Tend, wait on; II. iv. 267.

Tend upon, wait upon; II. i. 97.

Tender, regard, care for; I. iv. 234.

Tender-hefted, tenderly framed; II. iv. 175.

Terrible, terrified, affrighted; I. ii. 32.

That, in that; I. i. 75.

There; "are you there with me?" is that what you mean?; IV. vi. 150.

This, this time forth; I. i. 120.

This's = this is; (Qq. Ff. *"this"*); IV. vi. 190.

Thought-executing, "doing execution with rapidity equal to thought"; III. ii. 4.

Threading, passing through,

(like a thread through the eye of a needle); (Ff. *"thredding"*; Qq. *"threatning"*; Theobald conj. *"treading"*); II. i. 121.

THREE-SUITED, used contemptuously for a beggarly person; probably, having three suits of apparel a year; or the allowance from a master to his servant; II. ii. 17.

THROUGHLY, thoroughly; IV. vii. 97.

THWART, perverse (Qq., *"thourt"*); I. iv. 308.

TIKE, a small dog; III. vi. 74.

TIME, life; I. i. 300.

TIMES; "best of our t.", best part of our lives; I. ii. 51.

TITHING; district, ward; III. iv. 142.

TO, as to; III. i. 52.

——, against; IV. ii. 75.

——, into; II. iv. 121.

TOAD-SPOTTED, "tainted and polluted with venom like the toad"; V. iii. 139.

TOM O' BEDLAM, "the common name of vagabond beggars, either mad or feigning to be so"; I. ii. 157.

TOOK, taken; V. iii. 105.

TOP, head; II. iv. 166.

——, overtop, surpass; V. iii. 209.

TOWARD, at hand; IV. vi. 215.

TOWARDS, to; I. i. 195.

TRAIN, retinue; (Ff., *"number"*); II. iv. 64.

TRANCED, entranced; V. iii. 220.

TREACHERS, traitors; (Qq., *"Trecherers"*); I. ii. 141.

TRICK, peculiarity, characteristic; IV. vi. 110.

TRIFLE; "on every tr.", on every trifling opportunity; I. iii. 8.

TRILL'D, trickled; IV. iii. 14.

TROOP WITH, accompany, follow in the train of; I. i. 136.

TROWEST, knowest; I. iv. 136.

TRUMPET, trumpeter; (F. 1 *"Trumper"*); V. iii. 107.

TRUNDLE-TAIL, a curly-tailed dog; III. vi. 74.

TRUST, reliance; II. i. 117.

TUCKET, a set of notes played on the trumpet or cornet; II. i. 80–81.

TUNE, humor; IV. iii. 41.

TURLYGOD, a name given to mad beggars; possibly a corruption of "Turlupin," the name of a fraternity of naked beggars in the 14th century; (Q. 1., *"Tuelygod,"* Theobald *"Turlygood"*; Warburton conj. *"Turlupin"*); II. iii. 20.

TURNS; "by due t.", in turn; I. i. 139.

UNACCOMMODATED, unsupplied with necessaries; III. iv. 113.

UNBOLTED, unsifted, coarse; II. ii. 73.

UNBONNETED, with uncovered head; III. i. 14.

UNCONSTANT, inconstant, fickle; I. i. 306.

UNDISTINGUISH'D, indistinguishable, boundless; IV. vi. 283.

UNKIND, unnatural; I. i. 265; III. iv. 72.

UNNUMBER'D, innumerable; IV. vi. 21.

UNPOSSESSING, landless; II. i. 69.

UNPRIZED, not appreciated, or, perhaps, priceless; I. i. 264.

UNREMOVABLE, immovable; II. iv. 95.

UNSANCTIFIED, wicked; IV. vi. 286.

UNSPOKE, unspoken; I. i. 241.

UNSTATE, deprive of estate; I. ii. 112.
UNTENTED, incurable; I. iv. 325.
UNTIMELY, inopportunely; III. vii. 99.
UPON, against; III. vi. 97.
UPWARD, top; V. iii. 137.
USAGE, treatment; II. iv. 26.

VALIDITY, value; I. i. 85.
VANITY THE PUPPET'S PART, "alluding to the old moralities or allegorical plays, in which Vanity, Iniquity, and other vices were personified" (Johnson); II. ii. 40.
VARLET, rascal; II. ii. 30.
VARY, change; II. ii. 87.
VAUNT-COURIERS, forerunners; (Qq. *"vaunt-currers"*; Ff. *"Vaunt-curriors"*; Capell, *"Vant-couriers"*); III. ii. 5.
VENGE, avenge; IV. ii. 80.
VILLAIN, serf, servant; III. vii. 78.
VIRTUE, valor; V. iii. 103.
VULGAR, commonly known; IV. vi. 218.

WAGE, wage war, struggle; II. iv. 213; stake; I. i. 160.
WAGTAIL, the name of a bird; II. ii. 75.
WAKE, waking; III. ii. 35.
WALL-NEWT, lizard; III. iv. 137.
WASH'D; "w. eyes," eyes washed with tears; I. i. 273.
WASTE, wasting, squandering; II. i. 102.
WATER, water-newt; III. iv. 138.
WATERISH, abounding with rivers; (used contemptuously); I. i. 263.
WAWL, cry, wail; IV. vi. 188.
WAYS; "come your w.", come on; II. ii. 43.
WEAL; "wholesome w.", healthy commonwealth; I. iv. 234.
WEB AND THE PIN, a disease of the eye, cataract; III. iv. 124.
WEEDS, garments, dress; IV. vii. 7.
WELL-FAVOR'D, handsome, good-looking; II. iv. 260.
WHAT, who; V. iii. 120.
WHEEL, the wheel of fortune; V. iii. 176.
WHELK'D, swollen, protruding like whelks; IV. vi. 71.
WHERE; (used substantively); I. i. 266.
——, whereas; I. ii. 92.
WHICH, who; IV. vi. 219.
WHITE HERRING, fresh herrings; (? pickled herring, as in Northern dialects); III. vi. 34.
WHO, which; I. ii. 54.
WHOOP, JUG! I LOVE THEE, probably a line from an old song; I. iv. 249.
WIELD, manage, express; I. i. 57.
WIND; "w. me into him," *i. e.*, worm yourself into his confidence; (*"me,"* used redundantly); I. ii. 110.
WINDOW'D, holes forming windows; III. iv. 31.
WISDOM OF NATURE, natural philosophy; I. ii. 118.
WITH, by; II. iv. 257.
WITS; "five w.", the five intellectual powers (common wit, imagination, fantasy, estimation, and memory); III. iv. 58.
WONT, accustomed to be; I. iv. 65.
WOODEN PRICKS, skewers; II. iii. 16.
WORD, pass-word; IV. vi. 94.
——, word of mouth; IV. v. 20.
WORSHIPS, dignity; I. iv. 291.
WORSTED-STOCKING, worn by the

lower classes and serving-men in distinction to silk ones which were worn by the gentry; II. ii. 17.

WORTH; "are w.", deserve; I. i. 284.

WORTHIED HIM, won him reputation; II. ii. 130.

WOULD, should; II. i. 70.

WRIT, warrant; V. iii. 247.

WRITE HAPPY, consider yourself fortunate; V. iii. 35.

WROTE, written; I. ii. 97.

YEOMAN, a freeholder not advanced to the rank of a gentleman; III. vi. 12.

YOKE-FELLOW, companion; III. vi. 40.

STUDY QUESTIONS

By Anne Throop Craig

GENERAL

1. Where are the sources of the story of Lear to be found?

2. What travesty of Shakespeare's play was presented in England for over a hundred years?

3. Why is the character of Lear a difficult problem for an actor?

4. Analyze the effects of the characters in their relations to each other and the development of the theme, as follows: The Fool, his relation to Lear, and to Cordelia; as a sympathetic element, and as a dramatic motive. Goneril and Regan: their common and contrasted qualities; the causes of their influence over those other persons of the drama whom they draw into their groups. Edmund: his relation to the central theme dramatically and ethically; the development of his action as an independent problem. Gloucester: his relation to the *ethos* of the theme, and by contrast, his personal integrity and goodness of heart with relation to Lear. Edgar: his relation to the *ethos* of the theme; his personal character, and spring of action by comparison with Kent's. Cordelia: the element introduced by her into the play, and its persistent influence.

5. What are the supremely effective elements in the play;—in the presentation of scenes, their juxtaposition,—and in the development of the action?

6. What characterizes the play as a poetic achievement? as a vehicle for its theme?

7. Trace the demonstration of the philosophy of the theme throughout the play.

ACT I

8. What relation has the introductory scene between Gloucester, his son, and Kent, to the main point upon which the theme hinges? What is its value as an introductory scene?

9. What personal condition, state of mind, and elements of character had probably led Lear to his plan of dividing his kingdom?

10. In what ways can his judgment among his daughters be explained?

11. How does their judgment of Cordelia bespeak the characters of France and Kent?

12. Do Kent's words to Goneril and Regan suggest his distrust of them?

13. What would be the natural impression of Goneril's and Regan's protestations to their father, upon a sincere and intelligent hearer?

14. What does the dialogue of Goneril and Regan at the end of the first scene reveal?

15. What perversity of mind is created in Edmund by the combination of conditions in which he is placed? Explain it.

16. How does he first move towards his ends? Why is it easy for him to take advantage of Edgar? Does he show an appreciation of Edgar's qualities?

17. What is the first step of Goneril in her malignity to her father?

18. What does Kent do after his banishment?

19. What does the Fool mean throughout his talk with Kent and Lear upon his first entrance, and after, upon the entrance of Goneril? Explain his several speeches.

20. How does Albany treat the behavior of Goneril at first?

21. How is Lear affected by Goneril's behavior, and what does he do following it?

22. Describe the last passage in the act, between Lear and the Fool.

ACT II

23. What is the next development of the action through Regan and Cornwall, and how does their coming serve the purposes of Edmund?

24. What is the extent of Edmund's villainy with regard to Edgar? To what is Edgar driven through it?

25. How does Regan use the color of this episode to throw disrepute upon her father's train?

26. What happens to Kent disguised, upon his first errand for the King?

27. How is Lear affected upon discovering Regan also to be false?

28. What are the final cruel terms Regan and Goneril make for their father?

29. What are his final words before he goes out with Gloucester, Kent, and the Fool?

30. How does the storm at this juncture enhance the effect of the situation?

ACT III

31. What commission does Kent entrust to the "Gentleman" he meets on the Heath?

32. Describe the passage between Lear and the Fool in the storm. What is peculiarly touching in the sentiment of this scene?

33. For what treachery is Edmund given further opportunity by his father's confidence, in scene iii?

34. Where does Kent take Lear and the Fool for protection from the storm, and whom do they come upon? Describe this scene. What constitutes its great dramatic effectiveness?

35. Follow and describe the gradual effects of Lear's grief and distress of mind, as expressed through his utterances and behavior during these scenes of the night following the expulsion by Regan and her husband.

36. Describe the scene in Gloucester's farm-house room,

and the condition to which Lear has come as evidenced through it.

37. What plot overheard by Gloucester necessitates Lear's removal? and to what place do his and Gloucester's attendants set out to take him?

38. What message is sent to Albany by Cornwall?

39. To what disaster at the hands of Cornwall does Edmund's treachery betray his father? How does this scene emphasize the malignity of Goneril and Regan?

ACT IV

40. Why has it a particularly touching and felicitous relation to the theme that Edgar should be the one encountered on the Heath by his father?

41. What does Oswald report of Albany, to Goneril? and what is the outcome of this for Edmund?

42. What is Albany's reproof to Goneril, and what does he resolve because of the cruelties perpetrated?

43. What news of Cornwall's fate arrives in scene ii?

44. What is the dramatic purpose in obliging France to return to his kingdom while the French are encamped at Dover?

45. What is the description given Kent of Cordelia's reception of news concerning her father's troubles? How does it reveal her nature?

46. Why did Lear shrink from seeing Cordelia at this juncture?

47. How does Regan scheme to thwart Goneril's intrigue with Edmund? What is her motive?

48. How does Edgar succeed in overcoming his father's suicidal intent?

49. How is his method in accord with proven knowledge of the power of mental suggestion?

50. What is the dramatic effect of Lear's appearance at his entrance upon the scene in which he meets with Edgar and Gloucester? Describe the scene. What are its tragic elements? To what state has the passion of Lear's dis-

tress developed his utterance in this scene?—and what powers does it reveal in him?

51. What is particularly pitiful in his behavior when Cordelia's attendants come to take him to her? Why is it so?

52. What letter is discovered by Edgar through Oswald's attack upon Gloucester? How does Edgar set out to act upon it?

53. How is Lear restored? What are Cordelia's lines over him as he sleeps?

ACT V

54. What does Edgar charge Albany to do with regard to the letter he takes him?

55. How does Edmund plan the outcome of the situation and what is his charge to the captain with regard to Lear and Cordelia?

56. What is the outcome of the intrigues of the sisters, and the charge against Edmund?

57. What fatality stands in Albany's line, "Great thing of us forgot!" How is it necessary to make the event, as it is presented, consistent?

58. What is the tragic element in Edmund's line: "Yet Edmund was beloved:"—and in his final attempt to save Cordelia and Lear?

59. Describe the final rhapsody of Lear's grief.

60. What do Kent's last lines import? and what is the resolution of the situation as left between him, Albany, and Edgar? Describe the sentiment of this passage in its revelation of the characters of these men.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

All the unsigned footnotes in this volume are by the writer of the article to which they are appended. The interpretation of the initials signed to the others is: I. G. = Israel Gollancz, M.A.; H. N. H.= Henry Norman Hudson, A.M.; C. H. H.= C. H. Herford, Litt.D.

PREFACE

By Israel Gollancz, M.A.

THE FIRST EDITIONS

All's Well that Ends Well appeared for the first time in the First Folio. It is certain that no earlier edition existed; the play was mentioned in the Stationers' Register under November 8, 1623, among the plays not previously entered. The text of the first edition is corrupt in many places, and gives the impression of having been carelessly printed from an imperfectly revised copy. There is no record of the performance of *All's Well that Ends Well* during Shakespeare's lifetime; the earliest theatrical notices belong to the middle of the eighteenth century.

THE DATE OF COMPOSITION

The remarkable incongruity of style characteristic of *All's Well that Ends Well*—the striking contrast of mature and early work—can only be accounted for by regarding the play as a recast of an earlier version of the comedy. Rhyming lines, the sonnet-like letters, the lyrical dialogues and speeches, remind the reader of such a play as *Love's Labor's Lost.* The following passages have not inaptly been described as "boulders from the old strata embedded in the later deposits":—Act I, i, 241–254; I, iii, 143–151; II, i, 133–214; II, iii, 77–110, 131–150; III, iv, 4–17; IV, iii, 262–270; V, iii, 60–72, 326–335; Epilogue, 1–6.

It seems very probable, almost certain, that the play is a revision of *Love's Labors Wonne,* mentioned by Meres in his *Palladis Tamia* (1598). *Love's Labours Wonne*

has been variously identified by scholars with *Much Ado about Nothing*, *The Taming of the Shrew*, *The Tempest*. A strong case can, however, be made for the present play, and there is perhaps an allusion to the old title in Helena's words (V, iii, 315, 316):—

> "This is done;
> Will you be mine, now you are doubly won?"

The play was probably originally a companion play to *Love's Labor's Lost*, and was written about the years 1590–1592. It may well have belonged to the group of early comedies. The story, divested of its tragic intensity, may perhaps link it to *The Two Gentlemen of Verona;* the original Helena may have been a twin-sister to the "Helena" of the *Dream;* the diction and meter throughout may have resembled the passages to which attention has already been called.

There is no very definite evidence for the date of the revision of the play. The links which connect it with *Hamlet* are unmistakable; the Countess's advice to Bertram anticipates Polonius's advice to Laertes; Helena's strength of will and clearness of purpose make her a sort of counterpart to Hamlet, as she herself says:—

> "Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
> Which we ascribe to heaven: the fated sky
> Gives us free scope, only doth backward pull
> Our slow designs when we ourselves are dull."
> —(I. i. 241–244.)

Furthermore, the name "Corambus" (IV, iii, 192) recalls the "Corambis" of the First Quarto of *Hamlet;* similarly the name "Escalus" is the name of the Governor in *Measure for Measure*. In the latter play, indeed, we have almost the same situation as in *All's Well*,—the honest intrigue of a betrothed to win an irresponsive lover. Finally, the undoing of the braggart Parolles recalls Falstaff's exposure in *Henry IV*, and Malvolio's humiliation in *Twelfth Night*. All things considered, the play, as we have it, may safely be dated "about 1602."

THE SOURCE OF THE PLOT

The story of Helena and Bertram was derived by Shakespeare from the *Decameron* through the medium of Paynter's translation in the *Palace of Pleasure* (1566). The Novels of the Third Day of the *Decameron* tell of those lovers who have overcome insuperable obstacles; they are, in fact, stories of "Love's Labors Won," and if Shakespeare had turned to the Italian, the original title *Love's Labor's Won* may have been suggested by the words connecting the Novels of the Second and Third Days. The Ninth Novel of the Third Day narrates how "Giletta, a physician's daughter of Narbon, healed the French King of a Fistula, for reward whereof she demanded Beltramo, Count of Rossiglione, to husband. The Count being married against his will, for despite fled to Florence and loved another. Giletta, his wife, by policy found means to be with her husband in place of his lover, and was begotten with child of two sons; which known to her husband, he received her again, and afterwards he lived in great honor and felicity."

The following are among the most noteworthy of Shakespeare's variations from his original:—(i) the whole interest of the story is centered in the heroine—according to Coleridge, Shakespeare's "loveliest creation"; to this character-study, all else in the play is subordinated; the poor Helena of *All's Well*, unlike the wealthy Giletta of the Novel, derives "no dignity or interest from place or circumstance," and rests for all our sympathy and respect solely upon the truth and intensity of her affections; (ii) the moral character of Bertram, the Beltramo of the novel, is darkened; his personal beauty and valor is emphasized; while (iii) Shakespeare has embodied his evil genius in the character of the vile Parolles, of whom there is no hint in the original story; (iv) similarly, generous old Lafeu, the Countess,—"like one of Titian's old ladies, reminding us still amid their wrinkles of that soul of beauty and sensibility which must have animated them when young"—

the Steward, and the Clown, are entirely his own creations.

DURATION OF ACTION

The time of the play is eleven days, distributed over three months, arranged as follows by Mr. Daniel (*Trans. of New Shakespeare Soc.*, 1877–79):—

Day 1. Act I, i. *Interval.* Bertram's journey to Court.

Day 2. Act I, ii and iii. *Interval.* Helena's journey.

Day 3. Act II, i and ii. *Interval.* Cure of the King's malady.

Day 4. Act II, iii, iv, and v. *Interval.* Helena's return to Rousillon. Bertram's journey to Florence.

Day 5. Act III, i and ii.

Day 6. Act III, iii and iv. *Interval*—some two months.

Day 7. Act III, v.

Day 8. Act III, vi and vii; Act IV, i, ii, and iii.

Day 9. Act IV, iv. *Interval.* Bertram's return to Rousillon. Helena's return to Marseilles.

Day 10. Act IV, v; Act V, i.

Day 11. Act V, ii and iii.

INTRODUCTION

By Henry Norman Hudson, A.M.

The only probable contemporary notice that has come down to us of *All's Well that Ends Well* is in Meres's *Palladis Tamia*, under the title of *Love's Labor Won*. Dr. Farmer, in his *Essay on the Learning of Shakespeare*, 1767, first gave out the conjecture, that the two titles belonged to one and the same play; and this opinion has since been concurred or acquiesced in by so many good judgments, that it might well be left pass unsifted. There is no other of the Poet's dramas extant, to which that title so well applies, while, on the other hand, it certainly fits this play better than the title it now bears. The whole play is emphatically love's labor: its main interest throughout turns on the unwearied and finally, successful struggles of affection against the most stubborn and disheartening drawbacks. It may perhaps be urged that the play entitled *Love's Labor Won* has been lost; but this, considering what esteem the Poet's works were held in, both in his time and ever since, is so very improbable as to be hardly worth the dwelling upon.

The Rev. Joseph Hunter has spent a deal of learning and ingenuity in trying to show, that the play referred to by Meres in 1598 as *Love's Labor Won* was *The Tempest*. Among Shakespeare's dramas he could scarce have pitched upon a more unfit subject for such a title. There is no *love's* labor in *The Tempest*. For though a lover does indeed labor awhile in bearing logs, this is not from love, but simply because he cannot help himself. Nor does he thereby *win* the lady, for she was won before,—"at the first sight they have chang'd eyes;"—and the labor was

imposed for the testing of his love, not for the gaining of its object; and was all the while refreshed with the "sweet thoughts" that in heart and will she was already his. In short, there is no external evidence whatsoever in favor of Mr. Hunter's conjecture, while the internal evidence makes strongly against it.

Coleridge in his *Literary Remains* sets down this play as "originally intended as the counterpart of *Love's Labor's Lost*"; which would seem to imply that he thought it to be the play mentioned by Meres. And Mr. Collier tells us it was the opinion of Coleridge, first given out in 1813, and again in 1818, though not found in his *Literary Remains*, "that *All's Well that Ends Well*, as it has come down to us, was written at two different and rather distant periods of the Poet's life"; and that "he pointed out very clearly two distinct styles, not only of thought, but of expression." The same opinion has since been enforced by Tieck; and the grounds of it are so manifest in the play itself, that no considerate reader will be apt to question it. In none of the Author's plays do we meet with greater diversities of manner; one must be dull indeed not to observe them.

In 1598 *Love's Labor's Lost* was "newly corrected and augmented." The probable truth, then, seems to be, that *All's Well that Ends Well* underwent a similar process. There being no external proofs, the date of this revisal must needs be uncertain; but one can scarce doubt that it was some years later than in case of the former play.

Love's Labor's Lost was acted at court "between New-Year's Day and Twelfth Day," 1605. The reviving of this might naturally enough draw on a revival of its counterpart. We agree, therefore, with Mr. Collier in the conjecture—for it is nothing more—that *All's Well that Ends Well* was revived with alterations and additions about the same time, and its title changed, perhaps with a view to give an air of greater novelty to the performance. It is true, indeed, as Mr. Hunter argues, that the play twice bespeaks its present title: but both in-

stances occur precisely in those parts which taste most strongly of the Poet's later style; and in both the phrase, "All's well that ends well," is printed in the same type as the rest of the text. And the line near the close, "*All is well ended*, if this *suit be won*," may be fairly understood as intimating some connection between the two titles which we suppose the play to have borne.

As to the rest, this play was first printed in the folio of 1623, where it makes the twelfth in the list of Comedies. In the original the acts are distinguished, but not the scenes. And there are several dark and doubtful words and passages, which cause us again to regret the want of earlier copies to correct or confirm the reading as it there stands. In one or two places both the first writing and the subsequent correction appear to have been printed together, thus making the sense very perplexed and obscure.

The only known source, from which the Poet could have borrowed any part of this play, is a story in Boccaccio's *Decameron* entitled *Giglietta di Nerbona*. In 1566 William Paynter published the first volume of his *Palace of Pleasure*, containing an English version of this tale; an outline of which will show the nature and extent of Shakespeare's obligations.

Isnardo, count of Rousillon, being sickly, always kept in his house a physician named Gerardo of Narbona. The count had a son named Beltramo, the physician a daughter named Giglietta, who were brought up together. The count dying, his son was left in the care of the king and sent to Paris. The physician dying some while after, his daughter, who had loved the young count so long that she knew not when she began to love him, sought occasion of going to Paris, that she might see him; but being diligently looked to by her kinsfolk, because she was rich and had many suitors, she could not see her way clear. Now the king had a swelling on his breast, which through ill treatment was grown to a fistula; and, having tried all the best physicians and being only made worse by their efforts, he resolved to take no further counsel or help.

The young maiden, hearing of this, was very glad, as it suggested an apt reason for visiting Paris, and showed a chance of compassing her secret and most cherished wish. Putting at work such knowledge in the healing art as she had gathered from her father, she rode to Paris, and repaired to the king, praying him to show her his disease. He consenting, as soon as she saw it she told him that, if he pleased, she would within eight days make him whole. He asked how it were possible for her, being a young woman, to do that which the best physicians in the world could not; and, thanking her for her good will, said he was resolved to try no more remedies. She begged him not to despise her knowledge because she was a young woman, assuring him that she ministered physic by the help of God, and with the cunning of master Gerardo of Narbona, who was her father. The king, hearing this, and thinking that peradventure she was sent of God, asked what might follow, if she caused him to break his resolution, and did not heal him. She said,—"Let me be kept in what guard you list, and if I do not heal you let me be burnt; but if I do, what recompense shall I have?" He answered, that since she was a maiden, he would bestow her in marriage upon some gentleman of right good worship and estimation. To this she agreed, on condition that she might have such a husband as herself should ask, without presumption to any member of his family; which he readily granted. This done, she set about her task, and before the eight days were passed he was entirely well; whereupon he told her she had deserved such a husband as herself should choose, and she declared her choice of Beltramo, saying she had loved him from her youth. The king was very loth to grant him to her; but because he would not break his promise, he had him called forth, and told him what had been done. The count, thinking her stock unsuitable to his nobility, disdainfully said,—"Will you, then, sir, give me a physician to wife?" The king pressing him to comply, he answered,—"Sire, you may take from me all that I have, and give my person to whom

you please, because I am your subject; but I assure you I shall never be contented with that marriage." To which he replied,—"Well, you shall have her, for the maiden is fair and wise, and loveth you entirely; and verily you shall lead a more joyful life with her than with a lady of a greater house;" whereupon the count held his peace. The marriage over, the count asked leave to go home, having settled beforehand what he would do. Knowing that the Florentines and the Senois were at war, he was no sooner on horseback than he stole off to Tuscany, meaning to side with the Florentines; by whom being honorably received and made a captain, he continued a long time in their service.

His wife, hoping by her well-doing to win his heart, returned home, where, finding all things spoiled and disordered through his absence, she like a sage lady carefully put them in order, making all his subjects very glad of her presence and loving to her person. Having done this, she sent word thereof to the count by two knights, adding that if she were the cause of his forsaking home, he had but to let her know it, and she, to do him pleasure, would depart from thence. Now he had a ring which he greatly loved, and kept very carefully, and never took off his finger, for a certain virtue he knew it had. When the knights came he said to them churlishly,—"Let her do what she list; for I do purpose to dwell with her, when she shall have this ring upon her finger, and a son of mine in her arms." The knights, after trying in vain to change his purpose, returned to the lady and told his answer: whereat she was very sorrowful, and bethought herself a good while how she might accomplish those two things. Then, assembling the noblest of the country, she told them what she had done to win her husband's love; that she was loth he should dwell in perpetual exile on her account; and therefore would spend the rest of her life in pilgrimages and devotion; praying them to let him understand that she had left his house with purpose never to return. Then, taking with her a maid and one of her kinsmen, she set

out in the habit of a pilgrim, well furnished with silver and jewels, telling no man whither she went, and rested not till she came to Florence. She put up at the house of a poor widow; and the next day, seeing her husband pass by on horseback with his company, she asked who he was. The widow told her this, and that he was a courteous knight, well beloved in the city, and marvelously in love with a neighbor of hers, a gentlewoman that was very poor, but of right honest life and report, and because of her poverty was yet unmarried, and dwelt with her mother, a wise and honest lady. After hearing this she was not long in determining what to do. Repairing secretly to the house, and getting a private interview with the mother, she said,—"Madam, methinks fortune doth frown upon you as well as upon me; but, if you please, you may comfort both me and yourself." The other answering, that there was nothing in the world she was more desirous of than of honest comfort, she then told her whole story, and how she hoped to thrive in her undertaking, if the mother and daughter would lend their aid. In recompense she proposed to give the daughter a handsome marriage portion, and the mother, liking the offer well, yet having a noble heart, replied,—"Madam, tell me wherein I may do you service; if it be honest, I will gladly perform it, and, that being done, do as it shall please you." The interview resulted in an arrangement, that the daughter should encourage the count, and signify her readiness to grant his wish, provided he would first send her the ring he prized so highly, as a token of his love. Proceeding with great subtlety as she was instructed, the daughter in a few days got the ring, and at the time appointed for the meeting the countess supplied her place; the result of which was, that she became the mother of two fine boys, and so was prepared to claim her dues as a wife upon the seemingly impossible terms which her husband himself had proposed. When in reward of the service thus done the mother asked only a hundred pounds, to marry her daugh-

ter, the countess gave five hundred, and added a like value in fair and costly jewels.

Meanwhile, the count, hearing how his wife was gone, had returned to his country. In due time the countess also took her journey homeward, and arrived at Montpellier, where resting a few days, and hearing that the count was about to have a great feast and assembly of ladies and knights at his house, she determined to go thither in her pilgrim's weeds. Just as they were ready to sit down at the table, she came to the place where her husband was, and fell at his feet weeping, and said,—"My lord, I am thy poor unfortunate wife, who, that thou mightest return and dwell in thine house, have been a great while begging about the world. Therefore I now beseech thee to observe the conditions which the two knights that I sent to thee did command me to do: for behold, here in my arms, not only one son of thine, but twain, and likewise the ring: it is now time, if thou keep promise, that I should be received as thy wife." The count knew the ring, and the children also, they were so like him, and desired her to rehearse in order all how these things came about. When she had told her story, he knew it to be true; and, perceiving her constant mind and good wit, and the two fair young boys, to keep his promise, and to please his subjects, and the ladies that made suit to him, he caused her to rise up, and embraced and kissed her, and from that day forth loved and honored her as his wife.

From this sketch it will be seen that the Poet anglicized Beltramo to Bertram, changed Giglietta to Helena, and closely followed Boccaccio in the main features of the plot, so far as regards both these persons and the widow and her daughter. Beyond this, the story yields no hints towards the play; the characters of Lafeu, the Countess, the Clown, Parolles, and all the comic proceedings, being, so far as we know, purely his own. And it is quite remarkable what an original cast is given to his development of the former characters by the presence of the lat-

ter; and how in the light shed from each other the conduct of all becomes, not indeed right or just, but consistent and clear. Helena's native force and rectitude of mind are made out from the first in her just appreciation of Parolles, and her nobility of soul and beauty of character are reflected all along in the honest sagacity of Lafeu and the wise motherly affection of the Countess, who never see or think of her, but to turn her advocates and wax eloquent in her behalf. Thus her modest, self-sacrificing worth is brought home to our feelings by the impression she makes upon the good, while in turn our sense of their goodness is proportionably heightened by their noble sensibility to hers. Parolles, again, is puffed up into a more magnificent whiffet than ever, by being taken into the confidence of a haughty young nobleman; while on the other side the stultifying effects of Bertram's pride are seen in that it renders him the easy dupe of a most base and bungling counterfeit of manhood. It was natural and right that such a shallow, paltry word-gun should ply him with impudent flatteries, and thereby gain an ascendency over him, and finally draw him into the shames and the crimes that were to whip down his pride; and it was equally natural that his scorn of Helena should begin to relax, when he was brought to see what a pitiful rascal, by playing upon that pride, had been making a fool of him. It is plain that he must first be mortified, before he can be purified. The springs of moral health within him have been overspread by a foul disease; and the proper medicine is such an exposure of the latter as shall cause him to feel that he is himself a most fit object of the scorn which he has been so forward to bestow. Accordingly, the embossing and untrussing of his favorite is the beginning of his amendment: he begins to distrust the counsels of his cherished passion, when he can no longer hide from himself into what a vile misplacing of trust they have betrayed him. Herein, also, we have a full justification, both moral and dramatic, of the game so mercilessly practiced upon Parolles: it is avowedly undertaken with a

view to rescue Bertram, whose friends know full well that nothing can be done for his good, till the fascination of that crawling reptile is broken up. Finally, Helena's just discernment of character, as shown in case of Parolles, pleads an arrest of judgment in behalf of Bertram. And the fact that with all her love for him she is not blind to his faults, is a sort of pledge that she sees through them into a worth which they hide from others. For, indeed, she has known him in childhood, before his heart got pride-bound through conceit of rank and titles; and therefore may well have a reasonable faith, that beneath the follies and vices which have overcrusted his character there is still an undercurrent of sense and virtue, a wisdom of nature, not dead, but asleep, whereby he may yet be recovered to manhood. So that, in effect, we are not unwilling to see him through her eyes, and, in the strength of her well-approved wisdom, to take upon trust, that he has good qualities which we are unable of ourselves to discover.— Thus the several parts are drawn into each other, and in virtue thereof are made to evolve a manifold rich significance; so that the characters of Helena and Bertram, as Shakespeare conceived them, cannot be understood apart from the others with which they are dramatically associated.

Coleridge incidentally speaks of Helena as "Shakespeare's loveliest character"; and Mrs. Jameson, from whose judgment we shall take no appeal to our own, sets her down as exemplifying that union of strength and tenderness, which Foster describes in one of his *Essays* as being "the utmost and rarest endowment of humanity";— a character, she adds, "almost as hard to delineate in fiction as to find in real life." Without either questioning or subscribing these statements, we have to confess, that for depth, sweetness, energy, and solidity of character, all drawn into one, Helena is not surpassed by any of Shakespeare's heroines. Her great strength of mind is finely apparent in that, absorbed as she is in the passion that shapes her life, scarce any of the Poet's characters,

after Hamlet, deals more in propositions of general truth, as distinguished from the utterances of individual sentiment and emotion. We should suppose that all her thoughts, being struck out in such a glowing heat, would so cleave to the circumstances as to have little force apart from them; yet much that she says holds as good in a general application as in reference to her own particular. And perhaps for the same cause, her feelings, strong as they are, never so get the upper hand as to betray her into any self-delusion; as appears in the unbosoming of herself to the Countess, where we have the sweet reluctance of modesty yielding to a holy regard for truth. In her condition there is much indeed to move our pity; yet her behavior and the grounds thereof are such that she never suffers any loss of our respect; one reason of which is, because we see that her fine faculties are wide awake and her fine feelings keenly alive to the nature of what she undertakes. Thus she passes unharmed through the most terrible outward dishonors, firmly relying on her rectitude of purpose; and we dare not think any thing to her hurt, because she has taken the measure of her danger, looks it full in the face, and nobly feels secure in that appareling of strength. Here, truly, we have somewhat very like the sublimity of moral courage. And this precious, peerless jewel in a setting of the most tender, delicate, sensitive womanhood! It is a clean triumph of the inward and essential over the outward and accidental; her character being radiant of a spiritual grace which the lowest and ugliest situation cannot obscure.

There needs no scruple, that the delineation is one of extraordinary power: perhaps, indeed, it may stand as the Poet's masterpiece in the conquest of inherent difficulties; and it is observable that here for once he does not conquer them without betraying his exertions. Of course, the hardness of the task was to represent her as doing what were scarce pardonable in another, yet as acting on such grounds, from such motives, and to such issues, that the undertaking not only is but appears commendable in her.

And the Poet seems to have felt, that something like a mysterious, supernatural impulse, together with all the reverence and authority of the good old Countess, were needful to bring her off with dignity and honor. And, perhaps, after all, nothing but success could vindicate her course; for such a thing, to be proper, must be practicable; and who could so enter into her mind as to see its practicability till it be done?—While on the subject we may as well remark, that though Helena is herself all dignity and delicacy, some of her talk with Parolles in the first scene is neither delicate nor dignified: it is simply a foul blemish, and we can but regret the Poet did not throw it out in the revisal; sure we are, that he did not retain it to please himself.

Almost every body falls in love with the Countess. And, truly, one so meek, and sweet, and venerable, who can help loving her? or who, if he can resist her, will dare to own it? We can almost find in our heart to adore the beauty of youth; yet this blessed old creature is enough to persuade us that age may be more beautiful still. Her generous sensibility to native worth amply atones for her son's mean pride of birth: all her honors of rank and place she would gladly resign, to have been the mother of the poor orphan left in her care: Campbell says,—"She redeems nobility by reverting to nature." Mr. Verplanck thinks, as well he may, that the Poet's special purpose in this play was to set forth the precedence of innate over circumstantial distinctions. Yet observe with what a catholic spirit he teaches this great lesson, recognizing the noble man in the nobleman, and telling us that none know so well how to prize the nobilities of nature, as those who, like the King and the Countess in this play, have experienced the nothingness of all other claims.

Dr. Johnson says,—"I cannot reconcile my heart to Bertram; a man noble without generosity, and young without truth; who marries Helena as a coward, and leaves her as a profligate: when she is dead by his unkindness, sneaks home to a second marriage: is accused by a woman whom

he has wronged, defends himself by falsehood, and is dismissed to happiness." A terrible sentence indeed! and its vigor, if not its justice, is attested by the frequency with which it is quoted. In the first place, the Poet did not mean we should reconcile our hearts to Bertram, but that he should not unreconcile them to Helena; nay, that her love should appear to the greater advantage for the unworthiness of its object. Then, he does not marry her as a coward, but merely because he has no choice; and does not yield till he has shown all the courage that were compatible with discretion. Nor does he leave her as a profligate, but to escape from what is to him an unholy match, as being on his side without love; and his profligacy is not so much the cause as the consequence of his flight and exile. Finally, he is not dismissed to happiness, but rather left where he cannot be happy, unless he have dismissed his faults. And, surely, he may have some allowance, because of the tyranny laid upon him, and that, too, in a sentiment where nature pleads loudest for freedom, and which, if free, yields the strongest motives to virtue; if not, to vice. For his falsehood there is truly no excuse, save that he pays a round penalty in the shame that so quickly overtakes him; which shows how careful the Poet was to make due provision for his amendment. His original fault, as already indicated, was an overweening pride of birth; yet in due time he unfolds in himself better titles to honor than ancestry can bestow; and, this done, he naturally grows more willing to allow similar titles in another. Thus Shakespeare purposely represents him as a man of very mixed character, in whom the evil for a while gets a sad mastery; and he takes care to provide the canon whereby he would have us judge him: "The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together: our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipp'd them not; and our crimes would despair, if they were not cherish'd by our virtues."

Several critics have managed somehow to speak of Parolles and Falstaff together. A foul sin against Sir

John! Schlegel, however, justly remarks, that the scenes where our captain figures contain matter enough for an excellent comedy. Such a compound of volubility, impudence, rascality, and poltroonery, is he not a most illustrious *pronoun* of a man? And is it not a marvel that one so inexpressibly mean, and withal so fully aware of his meanness, does not cut his own acquaintance? But the greatest wonder about him is, how the Poet could run his own intellectuality into such a windbag without marring his windbag perfection. That the goddess whom Bertram worships does not whisper in his ear the unfathomable baseness of this "lump of counterfeit ore," is a piece of dramatic retribution at once natural and just. Far as the joke is pushed upon Parolles, we never feel like crying out, Hold! enough! we make the utmost reprisals upon him without compunction; for "that he should know what he is, and be that he is" seems an offense for which infinite shames are a scarce sufficient indemnification.

COMMENTS

By Shakespearean Scholars

HELENA

There never was, perhaps, a more beautiful picture of a woman's love, cherished in secret, not self-consuming in silent languishment—not pining in thought—not passive and "desponding over its idol"—but patient and hopeful, strong in its own intensity, and sustained by its own fond faith. The passion here reposes upon itself for all its interest; it derives nothing from art or ornament or circumstance; it has nothing of the picturesque charm or glowing romance of Juliet; nothing of the poetical splendor of Portia, or the vestal grandeur of Isabel. The situation of Helena is the most painful and degrading in which a woman can be placed. She is poor and lowly: she loves a man who is far her superior in rank, who repays her love with indifference, and rejects her hand with scorn. She marries him against his will; he leaves her with contumely on the day of their marriage, and makes his return to her arms depend on conditions apparently impossible. All the circumstances and details with which Helena is surrounded, are shocking to our feelings and wounding to our delicacy; and yet the beauty of the character is made to triumph over all; and Shakespeare, resting for all his effect on its internal resources and its genuine truth and sweetness, has not even availed himself of some extraneous advantages with which Helena is represented in the original story. But Helena, in the play, derives no dignity or interest from place or circumstance, and rests for all our sympathy and respect solely upon the truth and intensity of her affections.

She is indeed represented to us as one

> Whose beauty did astonish the survey
> Of richest eyes: whose words all ears took captive;
> Whose dear perfection, hearts that scorn'd to serve,
> Humbly called mistress.

As her dignity is derived from mental power, without any alloy of pride, so her humility has a peculiar grace. If she feels and repines over her lowly birth, it is merely as an obstacle which separates her from the man she loves. She is more sensible to his greatness than her own littleness: she is continually looking from herself up to him, not from him down to herself. She has been bred up under the same roof with him; she has adored him from infancy. Her love is not "th' infection taken in at the eyes," nor kindled by youthful romance: it appears to have taken root in her being; to have grown with her years; and to have gradually absorbed all her thoughts and faculties, until her fancy "carries no favor in it but Bertram's," and "there is no living, none, if Bertram be away.—JAMESON, *Shakespeare's Heroines.*

A woman who seeks her husband, and gains him against his will; who afterwards by a fraud—a fraud however pious—defeats his intention of estranging her, and becomes the mother of his child; such a personage it would seem a sufficiently difficult task to render attractive or admirable. Yet Helena has been named by Coleridge "the loveliest of Shakspere's characters." Possibly Coleridge recognized in Helena the single quality which, if brought to bear upon himself by one to whom he yielded love and worship, would have given definiteness and energy to his somewhat vague and incoherent life. For sake of this one thing Shakspere was interested in the story, and so admirable did it seem to him, that he could not choose but endeavor to make beautiful and noble the entire character and action of Helena. This one thing is the energy, the leap-up, the direct advance of the *will* of Helena, her

prompt, unerroneous tendency towards the right and efficient *deed*. She does not display herself through her words; she does not, except on rarest occasions, allow her feelings to expand and deploy themselves; her entire force of character is concentrated in what she does. And therefore we see her quite as much indirectly, through the effect which she has produced upon other persons of the drama, as through self-confession or immediate presentation of her character.—Dowden, *Shakspere—His Mind and Art.*

The character of Helena is one of great sweetness and delicacy. She is placed in circumstances of the most critical kind, and has to court her husband both as a virgin and a wife: yet the most scrupulous nicety of female modesty is not once violated. There is not one thought or action that ought to bring a blush into her cheeks, or that for a moment lessens her in our esteem. Perhaps the romantic attachment of a beautiful and virtuous girl to one placed above her hopes by the circumstances of birth and fortune, was never so exquisitely expressed as in the reflections which she utters when young Rousillon leaves his mother's house, under whose protection she has been brought up with him, to repair to the French king's court.

The interest excited by this beautiful picture of a fond and innocent heart is kept up afterwards by her resolution to follow him to France, the success of her experiment in restoring the king's health, her demanding Bertram in marriage as a recompense, his leaving her in disdain, her interview with him afterwards disguised as Diana, a young lady whom he importunes with his secret addresses, and their final reconciliation when the consequences of her stratagem and the proofs of her love are fully made known. —Hazlitt, *Characters of Shakespear's Plays.*

BERTRAM

But Bertram is one of the many characters in Shakespeare—and indeed in all fiction—who are more sinned against by antithesis than sinful in themselves; his mother approves him; her son was a second husband, and the husband was noble; Helena approves him; she had known him well and long—" 'Twas pretty, to see him every hour"; and she had discernment; she saw through Parolles at a glance. Yet Bertram, thus presented as unimpeachable, must be degraded, in order to give color to the forward claims of Helena, and to restore to her love the virtue it had lost, by making it henceforth a work of redemption. Therefore Bertram will lean on the hollow Parolles, whom no one else would think of trusting; he must demean himself and quibble and lie, till at length we wish Helena joy of her bargain.—Luce, *Handbook to Shakespeare's Works.*

Bertram, like all mixed characters, whether in the drama or in real life, is a great puzzle to those who look with tolerance on human motives and actions. In a one-sided view he has no redeeming qualities. Johnson says, "I cannot reconcile my heart to Bertram; a man noble without generosity, and young without truth; who marries Helena as a coward, and leaves her as a profligate: when she is dead by his unkindness sneaks home to a second marriage: is accused by a woman whom he has wronged, defends himself by falsehood, and is dismissed to happiness." If the Bertram of the comedy were a real personage of flesh and blood, with whom the business of life associated us, and of whom the exercise of prudence demanded that we should form an accurate estimate, we should say—

> "Too bad for a blessing, too good for a curse,
> I wish from my soul thou wer't better or worse."

But we are called upon for no such judgment when the poet presents to us a character of contradictory qualities.

All that we have then to ask is, whether the character is natural, and consistent with the circumstances amidst which he moves? We have no desire to reconcile our hearts to Bertram; all that we demand is, that he should not move our indignation beyond the point in which his qualities shall consist with our sympathy for Helena in her love for him. And in this view, the poet, as it appears to us, has drawn Bertram's character most skillfully. Without his defects the dramatic action could not have proceeded; without his merits the dramatic sentiment could not have been maintained.—KNIGHT, *Pictorial Shakspear.*

Lofty position has its special temptations, and it is well if it be not allowed too liberally its special indulgences. It is the way of the world to extend the interpretation of morals in favor of the noble, wealthy, youthful, and handsome, and this form of adulation above all others encourages and confirms the germs of egotism which probably nothing but shame the most humiliating can ever perfectly cure. In Bertram the pride of race disowns and disregards the gifts and nobilities of nature, yet he overrates the worth of the lowest born Parolles, who has crept into favor by assentation; he places himself above all regard either to delicacy or honor in pursuit of gratification at the expense of the happiness of others, and makes hollow professions to high and low unscrupulously, when an annoyance is to be averted or an advantage gained. Those who appreciate the weakness and baseness of his conduct most clearly, stand cap in hand respectfully as he goes by, and in comment among themselves palliate too much by generalization on the weakness of human nature, and find on such an argument that even vice has its advantages—to whip our virtues into humility.—LLOYD, *Critical Essays.*

Bertram demands a good actor, if the spectator is to perceive that this is a man capable of rewarding efforts so great on the part of a woman, a man whose painful woo-

ing promises a grateful possession. That this unsentimental youth has a heart, this corrupted libertine a good heart, that this scorner can ever love the scorned, this is indeed *read* in his scanty words, but few readers of the present day are free enough from sentimentality to believe such things on the credit of a few words. The case is entirely different when, in the *acted* Bertram, they *see* the noble nature, the ruin of his character at Florence, and the contrition which his sins and his simplicity call forth; when, from the whole bearing of the brusque man, they perceive what the one word "pardon" signified in his mouth, when they see his breast heave at the last appearance of Helena bringing ease to his conscience. Credence is then given to his last words; for the great change in his nature—of which now only a forlorn word or two is read and overlooked—would then have been witnessed. Seldom has a task so independent as the character of Bertram been left to the art of the actor.—Gervinus, *Shakespeare Commentaries.*

THE COUNTESS OF ROUSILLON

The Countess, who is purely a creation of Shakspere, is the most engaging type of French character that he has drawn. She is, in the very best sense, a *grande dame* of the *ancien régime.* She has the aristocratic virtues without their defects. Her rich experience of life has taught her valuable lessons, in which she schools her son before he plunges into the temptations of the Court. To a high-bred graciousness of speech and bearing, she unites that dislike of outward emotional display, that repose of manner which stamps her caste. She has felt too many "quirks of joy and grief" to be readily demonstrative, but her sympathies are wonderfully keen and alert; she is one of the women who never break with the memory of their own past, and who thus, with the silvered hair and the faded cheek, preserve the secret of perpetual youth.—Boas, *Shakspere and his Predecessors.*

PAROLLES

Parolles is the type of all the cowards that have been introduced on the stage since his time. Doctor Johnson, again, in comparing him with Falstaff, manifested that he could have had but little perception of even the broadest distinctions in human character. There is as strong and as marked a distinction between Falstaff and Parolles, as between an impudent witty cheat—a fellow who will joke and laugh the money out of your pocket—and a dull, hard, sordid, and vulgar swindler. The cowardice of Falstaff arose quite as much from his constitutional love of ease, sociality, and self-enjoyment, as from an inherent want of principle and self-respect; it was the cowardice of fat and luxuriousness. Falstaff possessed qualities which attached to him friends of each sex. We all know the speech uttered by Bardolph after the fat knight's death, "Would I were with him, wherever he is, in heaven or in hell." A more genuine apotheosis to the social qualities of a man never was uttered. Even the women hated Parolles; and, upon my life, that man has little enough to recommend him whom women dislike. The Countess Rousillon speaks of him as a "very tainted fellow, full of wickedness"; and that her son "corrupts a well-derived nature with his inducement." He held the respectable office of toad-eater, and something worse, to the weak young lord. Mariana, too, whom he had addressed in love-terms, says of him, "I know the knave!—hang him!—a filthy officer he is in those suggestions for the young earl." And lastly, Helena describes him as a "notorious liar, a great way fool, and solely a coward." She, too, although of a gentle nature, cannot forbear girding at him for being a palpable and transparent poltroon.—CLARKE, *Shakespeare-Characters.*

THE GRAVITATING POINT

Love, therefore, is here also the center and gravitating point upon which turns the development—beginning, middle and end—of the action. It is, however, not conceived in so general and independent a light as in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*. The significance of the whole is based rather on the one main feature of love, its freedom; this is so essentially a part of its nature that, in fact, love exists only as a free, unmerited and unrequited gift, by virtue of which it has the right—it may be even to its own unhappiness—of sometimes choosing and striving to obtain what circumstances would deny it, and of rejecting what is best and most beautiful, simply because it is forced upon it. But this very freedom is its weak point, as long as it has not freed itself from caprice; for it either degenerates into arrogance and error, or into blind self-will and pride. Helena pays the penalty of this arrogance which, in spite of her otherwise modest and unpretending nature, shows itself in her wanting to deprive the man she loves of his right to make that free choice which she herself had exercised in so unlimited a manner; for, notwithstanding her acquired rights, she is compelled to have recourse to degrading artifice to obtain possession of what belongs to her. The Count, on the other hand, willfully rejects what he himself secretly and half-unconsciously wished; he falls from freedom into caprice, because he prides himself in his freedom, and this pride feels itself hurt at being *required* to take what he had hoped to be able to *give* freely. Once the victim of caprice and a slave to his desires, whims, inclinations, and wishes, he is even in danger of losing his innate nobleness of heart. He becomes a frivolous deceiver and seducer, till at last, an act of deception restores him to his better self. His unsuccessful wooing of Diana proves that love can as little be forced by promises and gifts, as by merits and good deeds.
—Ulrici, *Shakspeare's Dramatic Art.*

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING OF FRANCE
DUKE OF FLORENCE
BERTRAM, *Count of Rousillon*
LAFEU, *an old lord*
PAROLLES, *a follower of Bertram*
Steward,
LAVACHE, *a clown* } *servants to the Countess of Rousillon*
A Page

COUNTESS OF ROUSILLON, *mother to Bertram*
HELENA, *a gentlewoman protected by the Countess*
An old Widow of Florence
DIANA, *daughter to the Widow*
VIOLENTA,
MARIANA, } *neighbors and friends to the Widow*

Lords, Officers, Soldiers, &c., French and Florentine

SCENE: *Rousillon; Paris; Florence; Marseilles*

SYNOPSIS

By J. Ellis Burdick

ACT I

The king of France, desiring to show favor to Bertram, son of the late Count of Rousillon, summons him to court. Lafeu, an old lord, whom the king has sent to fetch the young man, tells the widowed Countess of the king's serious illness—of how the physicians had pronounced his disease without cure. Living with the Countess is a young woman, Helena by name, who is the daughter of a physician who had been very famous in his lifetime. She has fallen in love with the young Count, but he is too much interested in other things to notice her particularly. The Countess discovers this state of affairs and is not displeased, for she knows Helena's worth. The latter has in her possession a prescription left her by her father for the very disease from which the king is suffering, and she obtains permission from the Countess to go to Paris and to offer it to the king.

ACT II

By Lafeu's aid, Helena obtains an audience with the king. She persuades him to try the medicine, promising to forfeit her life, if he should not be cured in two days, and if he should be cured the king was to give her the choice of any man in France, the princes excepted, for a husband. The medicine acted just as Helena expected and she chooses Bertram. The latter does not hesitate to declare his dislike of this gift of the king's, but is forced to marry Helena or to suffer his majesty's displeasure. Immediately following the ceremony, Bertram sends Helena

home to his mother and he himself departs for the Florentine wars.

ACT III

Bertram sends a message to his wife that when she can get a ring which he wears upon his finger and can show him a child of hers to which he is father, then may she call him husband, and that till he have no wife he has nothing in France. Immediately Helena dresses herself as a pilgrim and departs from Rousillon, hoping that when the Count hears that she has gone he may return to his home. In the meantime the Duke of Florence has made Bertram his general of horse and in battle the young man does "most honorable service." Helena arrives in the city in her pilgrim disguise and takes lodging with a widow and her daughter. From them she learns that her husband is attempting to seduce the daughter. Helena confides her identity and troubles to her hostesses and asks their aid.

ACT IV

Diana, the daughter, gets from Bertram the ring he had told Helena she must obtain before he would acknowledge her and arranges for a nocturnal visit from him. But it is Helena and not Diana whom he meets. In Rousillon, the Countess mourns her daughter-in-law as dead and Bertram, hearing of Helena's death, returns home.

ACT V

The king goes on a visit to Rousillon. He forgives Bertram for his conduct and has given his consent to his marriage with the daughter of the old lord, Lafeu, when his attention is called to a ring Bertram is wearing and which he had given to Helena. The king, remembering Bertram's hatred of his wife, fears that he has murdered her and orders him under arrest. Helena comes to Rousillon at this moment, accompanied by the Florentine widow and her daughter. Soon all is explained. Bertram is satisfied that his conditions have been fulfilled and he gladly acknowledges his wife.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

ACT FIRST

SCENE I

Rousillon. The Count's palace.

Enter Bertram, the Countess of Rousillon, Helena, and Lafeu, all in black.

Count. In delivering my son from me, I bury a second husband.

Ber. And I in going, madam, weep o'er my father's death anew: but I must attend his majesty's command, to whom I am now in ward, evermore in subjection.

Laf. You shall find of the king a husband, madam; you, sir, a father: he that so generally is at all times good, must of necessity hold his virtue to you; whose worthiness would stir it up where it wanted, rather than lack it where there is such abundance.

Count. What hope is there of his majesty's amendment?

6. *"ward";* under the old feudal law of England, the heirs of great fortunes were the king's *wards.* The same was also the case in Normandy, and Shakespeare but extends a law of a province over the whole nation.—H. N. H.

Laf. He hath abandoned his physicians, madam; under whose practices he hath persecuted time with hope, and finds no other advantage in the process but only the losing of hope by time.

Count. This young gentlewoman had a father, —O, that 'had'! how sad a passage 'tis! whose skill was almost as great as his honesty; had it stretched so far, would have made nature immortal, and death should have play for lack of work. Would, for the king's sake, he were living! I think it would be the death of the king's disease.

Laf. How called you the man you speak of, madam?

Count. He was famous, sir, in his profession, and it was his great right to be so,—Gerard de Narbon.

Laf. He was excellent indeed, madam: the king very lately spoke of him admiringly and mourningly: he was skillful enough to have lived still, if knowledge could be set up against mortality.

Ber. What is it, my good lord, the king languishes of?

Laf. A fistula, my lord.

Ber. I heard not of it before.

Laf. I would it were not notorious. Was this gentlewoman the daughter of Gerard de Narbon?

Count. His sole child, my lord; and bequeathed

45–54. Some of the terms in this passage are used in such senses as

to my overlooking. I have those hopes of her good that her education promises; her dispositions she inherits, which makes fair gifts fairer; for where an unclean mind carries virtuous qualities, there commendations go with pity; they are virtues and traitors too: in her they are the better for their simpleness; she derives her honesty and achieves her goodness.

Laf. Your commendations, madam, get from her tears.

Count. 'Tis the best brine a maiden can season her praise in. The remembrance of her father never approaches her heart but the tyranny of her sorrows takes all livelihood from her cheek. No more of this, Helena, go to, no more; lest it be rather thought you affect a sorrow than to have—

Hel. I do affect a sorrow, indeed, but I have it too.

to render the meaning of the whole rather obscure. *Dispositions* are what belongs to her nature; the *clean mind* that was born with her: *fair gifts* are the same as *virtuous qualities;* the results of education and breeding. And such graces of art, if grafted into a vicious nature, are traitors, inasmuch as they lodge power in hands that are apt to use it for evil ends: the unclean mind yields motives to turn the fruits of good culture into a snare. But in Helena these fair gifts and virtuous qualities are the better for their *simpleness,* that is, for being unmixed with any such native ugliness. Thus she is naturally *honest;* her nature is framed to truth, as yielding no motive to seem other than she is; whereas *goodness,* as the term is here used, is a thing that cannot be, unless it be *achieved.*—H. N. H.

57. *"'Tis the best brine";* of course to keep it fresh and sweet. Some editors think this "a coarse and vulgar metaphor": alas, what a pity!—H. N. H.

64. *"I do affect";* Helena's *affected* sorrow was for the death of her father; her *real* grief related to Bertram and his departure.—H. N. H.

Laf. Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead; excessive grief the enemy to the living.

Count. If the living be enemy to the grief, the excess makes it soon mortal.

Ber. Madam, I desire your holy wishes.

Laf. How understand we that?

Count. Be thou blest, Bertram, and succeed thy father
In manners, as in shape! thy blood and virtue
Contend for empire in thee, and thy goodness
Share with thy birthright! Love all, trust a few,
Do wrong to none: be able for thine enemy
Rather in power than use; and keep thy friend
Under thy own life's key: be check'd for silence,
But never tax'd for speech. What heaven more will,
That thee may furnish, and my prayers pluck down,
Fall on thy head! Farewell, my lord;

69, 70. This speech, enigmatical enough at best, is rendered quite unintelligible, both in the original and in modern editions, by being put into the mouth of the Countess. We therefore believe with Tieck and Knight that it should be Helena's. It is in the same style of significant obscurity as her preceding speech; and we can see no meaning in it apart from her state of mind; absorbed, as she is, with a feeling which she dare not show and cannot suppress. Of course she refers to Bertram, and means that the grief of her unrequited love for him *makes mortal,* that is, kills the grief she felt at her father's death. The speech is so mysterious that none but the quick, sagacious mind of Lafeu is arrested by it: he at once understands that he does not understand the speaker. Coleridge says,—"Bertram and Lafeu, I imagine, both speak together." Whether this be the case or not, there can be no doubt that Lafeu's question refers to what Helena has just said.—H. N. H.

'Tis an unseason'd courtier; good my lord,
Advise him.

Laf. He cannot want the best
That shall attend his love.

Count. Heaven bless him! Farewell, Bertram.
[*Exit.*

Ber. [*to Helena*] The best wishes that can be forged in your thoughts be servants to you! Be comfortable to my mother, your mistress, and make much of her.

Laf. Farewell, pretty lady: you must hold the credit of your father.
[*Exeunt Bertram and Lafeu.*

Hel. O, were that all! I think not on my father,
And these great tears grace his remembrance more
Than those I shed for him. What was he like?
I have forgot him: my imagination
Carries no favor in 't but Bertram's.
I am undone: there is no living, none,
If Bertram be away. 'Twere all one
That I should love a bright particular star
And think to wed it, he is so above me:
In his bright radiance and collateral light

87, 88. That is, may you be mistress of your wishes, and have power to bring them to effect.—H. N. H.

94, 95.

> *"These great tears grace his remembrance more*
> *Than those I shed for him";*

i. e. "the big and copious tears she then shed herself, which were caused in reality by Bertram's departure, though attributed by Lafeu and the Countess to the loss of her father; and from this misapprehension of theirs graced his remembrance more than those she actually shed for him."—I. G.

Must I be comforted, not in his sphere.
The ambition in my love thus plagues itself:
The hind that would be mated by the lion
Must die for love. 'Twas pretty, though a plague,
To see him every hour; to sit and draw
His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,
In our heart's table; heart too capable
Of every line and trick of his sweet favor:
But now he 's gone, and my idolatrous fancy
Must sanctify his reliques. Who comes here?

Enter Parolles.

[*Aside*] One that goes with him: I love him for his sake;
And yet I know him a notorious liar,
Think him a great way fool, solely a coward;
Yet these fix'd evils sit so fit in him,
That they take place, when virtue's steely bones
Look bleak i' the cold wind: withal, full oft we see
Cold wisdom waiting on superfluous folly.

Par. Save you, fair queen!

Hel. And you, monarch!

109. *"heart's table";* Helena considers her heart as the *tablet* on which his picture was drawn.—H. N. H.

110. *"favor"* is here used, as a little before, for *countenance. "Trick,"* the commentators say, here bears the sense of *trace;* an heraldic use of the word, found in Ben Jonson: but why may it not have the ordinary meaning of a *snare,* or any taking device that captivates the beholder?—H. N. H.

118. *"cold"* for *naked,* as superfluous for overclothed. This makes the propriety of the antithesis.—H. N. H.

121. *"monarch";* perhaps there is an allusion here to the fantastic

Par. No.
Hel. And no.
Par. Are you meditating on virginity?
Hel. Aye. You have some stain of soldier in you: let me ask you a question. Man is enemy to virginity; how may we barricado it against him?
Par. Keep him out.
Hel. But he assails; and our virginity, though valiant, in the defense, yet is weak: unfold to us some warlike resistance.
Par. There is none: man, sitting down before you, will undermine you and blow you up.
Hel. Bless our poor virginity from underminers and blowers up! Is there no military policy, how virgins might blow up men?
Par. Virginity being blown down, man will quicklier be blown up: marry, in blowing him down again, with the breach yourselves made, you lose your city. It is not politic in the commonwealth of nature to preserve virginity. Loss of virginity is rational increase, and there was never virgin got till

Monarcho mentioned in *Love's Labor's Lost,* Act iv. sc. 1.—H. N. H.

124–186. These lines are struck out by some editors; the Cambridge editors rightly call them "a blot on the play"; they were probably "an interpolation, 'to tickle the ears of the groundlings.'" The opening words of the speech which follows are obscure, and the enumeration of "the loves" looks like "the nonsense of some foolish conceited player." Hanmer proposed:—

"Not my virginity yet.—You're for the Court:
There shall your master," etc.—I. G.

125. *"stain"*; that is, some *tincture,* some little of the hue or color of a soldier.—H. N. H.

virginity was first lost. That you were made of is metal to make virgins. Virginity by being once lost may be ten times found; by being ever kept, it is ever lost: 'tis too cold a companion; away with 't!

Hel. I will stand for 't a little, though therefore I die a virgin.

Par. There 's little can be said in 't; 'tis against the rule of nature. To speak on the part of virginity, is to accuse your mothers; which is most infallible disobedience. He that hangs himself is a virgin: virginity murders itself; and should be buried in highways out of all sanctified limit, as a desperate offendress against nature. Virginity breeds mites, much like a cheese; consumes itself to the very paring, and so dies with feeding his own stomach. Besides, virginity is peevish, proud, idle, made of self-love, which is the most inhibited sin in the canon. Keep it not; you cannot choose but lose by 't: out with 't! within ten year it will make itself ten, which is a goodly increase; and the principal itself not much the worse: away with 't!

Hel. How might one do, sir, to lose it to her own liking?

167. *"make itself ten";* the old copy reads, "within ten years it will make itself *two.*" The emendation is Hanmer's. *"Out with it"* is used equivocally. Applied to virginity, it means, give it away; part with it: considered in another light, it signifies *put it out to interest,* it will produce you ten for one.—H. N. H.

Par. Let me see: marry, ill, to like him that ne'er it likes. 'Tis a commodity will lose the gloss with lying; the longer kept, the less worth: off with 't while 'tis vendible; answer the time of request. Virginity, like an old courtier, wears her cap out of fashion; richly suited, but unsuitable: just like the brooch and the tooth-pick, which wear not now. Your date is better in your pie and your porridge than in your cheek: and your virginity, your old virginity, is like one of our French withered pears, it looks ill, it eats dryly; marry, 'tis a withered pear; it was formerly better; marry, yet 'tis a withered pear: will you any thing with it?

Hel. Not my virginity yet. . . .
There shall your master have a thousand loves,
A mother and a mistress and a friend,
A phœnix, captain, and an enemy,
A guide, a goddess, and a sovereign,
A counselor, a traitress, and a dear;
His humble ambition, proud humility,
His jarring concord, and his discord dulcet,
His faith, his sweet disaster; with a world

171. Parolles plays upon the word *liking,* and says, "She must do ill to *like* him that *likes* not virginity."—H. N. H.

180. *"Your date";* a quibble on *date,* which means age, and a candied fruit then much used in pies.—H. N. H.

187. That is, my virginity is not yet a wither'd pear. *"There,"* in the next line, apparently refers to some words that have been lost. Hanmer and Johnson thought they might be,—*You're for the court,* or something to that effect. That *there* means the court, is plain enough from what she says afterwards: "The court's a learning-place."—H. N. H.

Of pretty, fond, adoptious christendoms,
That blinking Cupid gossips. Now shall he—
I know not what he shall. God send him well!
The court 's a learning place, and he is one—
Par. What one, i' faith?
Hel. That I wish well. 'Tis pity—
Par. What 's pity?
Hel. That wishing well had not a body in 't,
Which might be felt; that we, the poorer born,
Whose baser stars do shut us up in wishes,
Might with effects of them follow our friends,
And show what we alone must think, which never
Returns us thanks.

Enter Page.

Page. Monsieur Parolles, my lord calls for you.
[*Exit.*
Par. Little Helen, farewell: if I can remember thee, I will think of thee at court.
Hel. Monsieur Parolles, you were born under a charitable star.
Par. Under Mars, I.
Hel. I especially think, under Mars.
Par. Why under Mars?
Hel. The wars have so kept you under, that you must needs be born under Mars.
Par. When he was predominant.

196. "*christendoms*" is here used in the sense of *christenings*. So, in Bishop Corbet's verses *To the Lord Mordaunt:*

"One, were he well examin'd, and made looke
His name in his own parish and church booke,
Could hardly prove his *christendome*."—H. N. H.

Hel. When he was retrograde, I think, rather.
Par. Why think you so?
Hel. You go so much backward when you fight.
Par. That 's for advantage.
Hel. So is running away, when fear proposes the safety: but the composition that your valor and fear makes in you is a virtue of a good wing, and I like the wear well.
Par. I am so full of businesses, I cannot answer thee acutely. I will return perfect courtier; in the which, my instruction shall serve to naturalize thee, so thou wilt be capable of a courtier's counsel, and understand what advice shall thrust upon thee; else thou diest in thine unthankfulness, and thine ignorance makes thee away: farewell. When thou hast leisure, say thy prayers; when thou hast none, remember thy friends: get thee a good husband, and use him as he uses thee: so, farewell. [*Exit.*
Hel. Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
Which we ascribe to heaven: the fated sky
Gives us free scope; only doth backward pull
Our slow designs when we ourselves are dull.
What power is it which mounts my love so high;
That makes me see, and cannot feed mine eye?
The mightiest space in fortune nature brings

247. *"The mightiest space in fortune"* appears to mean those farthest asunder in fortune. *"Likes"* is used for equals. *"Native things"* are things of the same nativity. So that the meaning of the whole is,—Nature brings those that are farthest asunder in fortune

To join like likes and kiss like native things.
Impossible be strange attempts to those
That weigh their pains in sense, and do suppose
What hath been cannot be: who ever strove
To show her merit, that did miss her love?
The king's disease—my project may deceive me,
But my intents are fix'd, and will not leave me.
[*Exit.*

Scene II

Paris. The King's palace.

Flourish of cornets. Enter the King of France with letters, and divers Attendants.

King. The Florentines and Senoys are by the ears;
Have fought with equal fortune, and continue
A braving war.
First Lord. So 'tis reported, sir.
King. Nay, 'tis most credible; we here receive it
A certainty, vouch'd from our cousin Austria,
With caution, that the Florentine will move us
For speedy aid; wherein our dearest friend
Prejudicates the business, and would seem
To have us make denial.
First Lord. His love and wisdom,
Approved so to your majesty, may plead
For amplest credence.

to join like equals, and makes them kiss like things bred out of the same stock.—H. N. H.

King. He hath arm'd our answer,
And Florence is denied before he comes:
Yet, for our gentlemen that mean to see
The Tuscan service, freely have they leave
To stand on either part.
Sec. Lord. It well may serve
A nursery to our gentry, who are sick
For breathing and exploit.
King. What 's he comes here?

Enter Bertram, Lafeu, and Parolles.

First Lord. It is the Count Rousillon, my good lord,
Young Bertram.
King. Youth, thou bear'st thy father's face;
Frank nature, rather curious than in haste,
Hath well composed thee. Thy father's moral parts
Mayst thou inherit too! Welcome to Paris.
Ber. My thanks and duty are your majesty's.
King. I would I had that corporal soundness now,
As when thy father and myself in friendship
First tried our soldiership! He did look far
Into the service of the time, and was
Discipled of the bravest: he lasted long;
But on us both did haggish age steal on,
And wore us out of act. It much repairs me
To talk of your good father. In his youth
He had the wit, which I can well observe
To-day in our young lords; but they may jest
Till their own scorn return to them unnoted
Ere they can hide their levity in honor:

So like a courtier, contempt nor bitterness
Were in his pride or sharpness; if they were,
His equal had awaked them; and his honor,
Clock to itself, knew the true minute when
Exception bid him speak, and at this time
His tongue obey'd his hand: who were below him
He used as creatures of another place;
And bow'd his eminent top to their low ranks,
Making them proud of his humility,
In their poor praise he humbled. Such a man
Might be a copy to these younger times;
Which, follow'd well, would demonstrate them now
But goers backward.

Ber. His good remembrance, sir,
Lies richer in your thoughts than on his tomb;
So in approof lives not his epitaph
As in your royal speech.

King. Would I were with him! He would always say—
Methinks I hear him now; his plausive words
He scatter'd not in ears, but grafted them,
To grow there and to bear,—'Let me not live,'—

41. *"His tongue obey'd his hand";* the figure of a clock is kept up, *his* hand being put for *its* hand. The *tongue* of the clock speaks the hour to which the *hand* points.—H. N. H.

54. *"He scatter'd not in ears, but grafted them"; cp.* the Collect in the Liturgy: "Grant, we beseech thee, Almighty God, that the words which we have heard this day with our outward ears may through thy grace be so grafted inwardly in our hearts, that they may bring forth the fruit of good living," etc.—I. G.

This his good melancholy oft began,
On the catastrophe and heel of pastime,
When it was out,—'Let me not live,' quoth he,
'After my flame lacks oil, to be the snuff
Of younger spirits, whose apprehensive senses
All but new things disdain; whose judgments are
Mere fathers of their garments; whose constancies
Expire before their fashions.' This he wish'd:
I after him do after him wish too,
Since I nor wax nor honey can bring home,
I quickly were dissolved from my hive,
To give some laborers room.

Sec. Lord. You are loved, sir;
They that least lend it you shall lack you first.

King. I fill a place, I know 't. How long is 't, count,
Since the physician at your father's died?
He was much famed.

Ber. Some six months since, my lord.

King. If he were living, I would try him yet.
Lend me an arm; the rest have worn me out
With several applications: nature and sickness
Debate it at their leisure. Welcome, count;
My son 's no dearer.

Ber. Thank your majesty.
[*Exeunt. Flourish.*

56. *"this,"* so the Folio; Pope read *"Thus,"* possibly the right word here.—I. G.

Scene III

Rousillon. The Count's palace.

Enter Countess, Steward, and Clown.

Count. I will now hear; what say you of this gentlewoman?

Stew. Madam, the care I have had to even your content, I wish might be found in the calendar of my past endeavors; for then we wound our modesty and make foul the clearness of our deservings, when of ourselves we publish them.

Count. What does this knave here? Get you gone, sirrah: the complaints I have heard of you I do not all believe: 'tis my slowness that I do not; for I know you lack not folly to commit them, and have ability enough to make such knaveries yours.

Clo. 'Tis not unknown to you, madam, I am a poor fellow.

Count. Well, sir.

Clo. No, madam, 'tis not so well that I am poor, though many of the rich are damned: but, if I may have your ladyship's good will to go to the world, Isbel the woman and I will do as we may.

The *Clown* in this comedy is a domestic fool of the same kind as Touchstone. Such fools were, in the Poet's time, maintained in great families to keep up merriment in the house. Cartwright, in one of the copies of verses prefixed to the works of Beaumont and Fletcher, censures such dialogues as this, and that between Olivia and the Clown in *Twelfth Night*.—H. N. H.

Count. Wilt thou needs be a beggar?
Clo. I do beg your good will in this case.
Count. In what case?
Clo. In Isbel's case and mine own. Service is no heritage: and I think I shall never have the blessing of God till I have issue o' my body; for they say barnes are blessings.
Count. Tell me thy reason why thou wilt marry.
Clo. My poor body, madam, requires it: I am driven on by the flesh; and he must needs go that the devil drives.
Count. Is this all your worship's reason?
Clo. Faith, madam, I have other holy reasons, such as they are.
Count. May the world know them?
Clo. I have been, madam, a wicked creature, as you and all flesh and blood are; and, indeed, I do marry that I may repent.
Count. Thy marriage, sooner than thy wickedness.
Clo. I am out o' friends, madam; and I hope to have friends for my wife's sake.
Count. Such friends are thine enemies, knave.
Clo. You 're shallow, madam, in great friends; for the knaves come to do that for me, which I am aweary of. He that ears my

26. *"service is no heritage";* the idea seems to be that "if service is no blessing, children are"; Psalm cxxvii. 3. has been appropriately cited in connection with this expression:—"Lo, children are an heritage of the Lord."—I. G.

29. *"barnes are blessings";* the adage referred to by the Clown probably grew from the passage in Psalm cxxvii.: "Happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them."—H. N. H.

land spares my team, and gives me leave to in the crop; if I be his cuckold, he 's my drudge: he that comforts my wife is the cherisher of my flesh and blood; he that cherishes my flesh and blood loves my flesh and blood; he that loves my flesh and blood is my friend: ergo, he that kisses my wife is my friend. If men could be contented to be what they are, there were no fear in marriage; for young Charbon the puritan and old Poysam the papist, howsome'er their hearts are severed in religion, their heads are both one; they may joul horns together, like any deer i' the herd.

Count. Wilt thou ever be a foul-mouthed and calumnious knave?

Clo. A prophet I, madam; and I speak the truth the next way:

For I the ballad will repeat,
Which men full true shall find;
Your marriage comes by destiny,
Your cuckoo sings by kind.

Count. Get you gone, sir; I 'll talk with you more anon.

59. *"Young Charbon the puritan and old Poysam the papist"; "Charbon"* possibly for *"Chair-bonne,"* and *"Poysam"* for *"Poisson,"* alluding to the respective lenten fares of the Puritan and Papist (*cp.* the old French proverb, *"Jeune chair et viel poisson"*=*young* flesh and *old* fish are the best).—I. G.

59–63. It used to be thought in Shakespeare's time that the Puritans and Papists stood so far apart as to meet round on the other side, as extremes are apt to do. And something like fifty years later Dr. Jackson, a man of great candor and moderation, said "the great aim and endeavor of the Jesuits had long been to draw the Church into Calvinism."—H. N. H.

Stew. May it please you, madam, that he bid
Helen come to you: of her I am to speak.
Count. Sirrah, tell my gentlewoman I would
speak with her; Helen I mean.
Clo. Was this fair face the cause, quoth she,
Why the Grecians sacked Troy?
Fond done, done fond,
Was this King Priam's joy?
With that she sighed as she stood,
With that she sighed as she stood,
And gave this sentence then;
Among nine bad if one be good,
Among nine bad if one be good,
There 's yet one good in ten.
Count. What, one good in ten? you corrupt
the song, sirrah.
Clo. One good woman in ten, madam; which
is a purifying o' the song: would God would
serve the world so all the year! we 'd find
no fault with the tithe-woman, if I were
the parson: one in ten, quoth a'! an we might
have a good woman born but one every
blazing star, or at an earthquake, 'twould
mend the lottery well: a man may draw his
heart out, ere a' pluck one.

80. This line seems incomplete, and Warburton proposed to add, *for Paris he,* on the ground that Paris, not Helen, was *Priam's joy.* Of course the name of Helen brings to the Clown's mind this fragment of an old ballad.—H. N. H.

95. *"one";* the original reads *ore.* Mr. Dyce says,—"Mr. Knight has, I have no doubt, given the right reading, viz., *for.*" Mr. Collier has *ere;* upon which Dyce remarks,—"*Blazing stars* are mentioned by our old writers as portending prodigies, not as coming after them."—H. N. H.

Count. You 'll be gone, sir knave, and do as I command you.

Clo. That man should be at woman's command, and yet no hurt done! Though honesty be no puritan, yet it will do no hurt; it will wear the surplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart. I am going, forsooth: the business is for Helen to come hither. [*Exit.*

Count. Well, now.

Stew. I know, madam, you love your gentlewoman entirely.

Count. Faith, I do: her father bequeathed her to me; and she herself, without other advantage, may lawfully make title to as much love as she finds: there is more owing her than is paid; and more shall be paid her than she 'll demand.

Stew. Madam, I was very late more near her than I think she wished me: alone she was, and did communicate to herself her own words to her own ears; she thought, I dare vow for her, they touched not any stranger

104. *"wear the surplice . . . heart";* the controversy touching such things as kneeling at the Communion and wearing the surplice was raging quite fiercely in Shakespeare's time: everybody was interested in it; so that the allusion in the text would be generally understood. The Puritans would have compelled everyone to wear the black gown, which was to them the symbol of Calvinism. Some of them, however, conformed so far as to *wear the surplice over the gown,* because their conscience would not suffer them to officiate without the latter, nor the law of the Church without the former. It is hard to conceive why they should have been so hot against these things, unless it were that the removing of them was only a pretense, while in reality they aimed at other things.—H. N. H.

sense. Her matter was, she loved your son: Fortune, she said, was no goddess, that had put such difference betwixt their two estates; Love no god, that would not extend his might, only where qualities were level; . . . queen of virgins, that would suffer her poor knight surprised, without rescue in the first assault, or ransom afterward. This she delivered in the most bitter touch of sorrow that e'er I heard virgin exclaim in: which I held my duty speedily to acquaint you withal; sithence, in the loss that may happen, it concerns you something to know it.

Count. You have discharged this honestly; keep it to yourself: many likelihoods informed me of this before, which hung so tottering in the balance, that I could neither believe nor misdoubt. Pray you, leave me: stall this in your bosom; and I thank you for your honest care: I will speak with you further anon. [*Exit Steward.*

Enter Helena.

Even so it was with me when I was young:
If ever we are nature's, these are ours; this thorn
Doth to our rose of youth rightly belong;
Our blood to us, this to our blood is born;
It is the show and seal of nature's truth,

127. ". . . *queen of virgins*"; Theobald inserted "*Dian no*" before "*queen*."—I. G.

Where love's strong passion is impress'd in
youth:
By our remembrances of days foregone,
Such were our faults, or then we thought them
none.
Her eye is sick on 't: I observe her now.
Hel. What is your pleasure, madam?
Count. You know, Helen,
I am a mother to you.
Hel. Mine honorable mistress.
Count. Nay, a mother:
Why not a mother? When I said 'a mother,'
Methought you saw a serpent: what 's in
'mother,'
That you start at it? I say, I am your mother;
And put you in the catalogue of those
That were enwombed mine: 'tis often seen
Adoption strives with nature; and choice breeds
A native slip to us from foreign seeds:
You ne'er oppress'd me with a mother's groan,
Yet I express to you a mother's care:
God's mercy, maiden! does it curd thy blood
To say I am thy mother? What 's the matter,
That this distemper'd messenger of wet,
The many-color'd Iris, rounds thine eye?
Why? that you are my daughter?

167. *"many-color'd";* there is something exquisitely beautiful in this reference to the suffusion of colors which glimmers around the eye when wet with tears. The Poet has described the same appearance in his *Rape of Lucrece:*

"And round about her tear-distained eye
Blue circles stream'd like rainbows in the sky."

—H. N. H.

Hel. That I am not.
Count. I say, I am your mother.
Hel. Pardon, madam;
The Count Rousillon cannot be my brother:
I am from humble, he from honor'd name;
No note upon my parents, his all noble:
My master, my dear lord he is; and I
His servant live, and will his vassal die:
He must not be my brother.
Count. Nor I your mother?
Hel. You are my mother, madam; would you were,—
So that my lord your son were not my brother,—
Indeed my mother! or were you both our mothers,
I care no more for than I do for heaven,
So I were not his sister. Can't no other,
But I your daughter, he must be my brother?
Count. Yes, Helen, you might be my daughter-in-law:
God shield you mean it not! daughter and mother
So strive upon your pulse. What, pale again?
My fear hath catch'd your fondness: now I see
The mystery of your loneliness, and find
Your salt tears' head: now to all sense 'tis gross
You love my son; invention is ashamed,
Against the proclamation of thy passion,

179. *"I care no more"*; there is a designed ambiguity; I care as much for.—H. N. H.
187. *"head"*; the source, the cause of your grief.—H. N. H.

To say thou dost not; therefore tell me true;
But tell me then, 'tis so; for, look, thy cheeks
Confess it, th' one to th' other; and thine eyes
See it so grossly shown in thy behaviors,
That in their kind they speak it: only sin
And hellish obstinacy tie thy tongue,
That truth should be suspected. Speak, is 't so?
If it be so, you have wound a goodly clew;
If it be not, forswear 't: howe'er, I charge thee,
As heaven shall work in me for thine avail,
To tell me truly.

Hel. Good madam, pardon me!

Count. Do you love my son?

Hel. Your pardon, noble mistress!

Count. Love you my son?

Hel. Do you not love him, madam?

Count. Go not about; my love hath in 't a bond,
Whereof the world takes note: come, come, disclose
The state of your affection; for your passions
Have to the full appeach'd.

Hel. Then, I confess,
Here on my knee, before high heaven and you,
That before you, and next unto high heaven,
I love your son.
My friends were poor, but honest; so 's my love:
Be not offended; for it hurts not him
That he is loved of me: I follow him not
By any token of presumptuous suit;

194. *"kind"*; in their language.—H. N. H.

Nor would I have him till I do deserve him;
Yet never know how that desert should be.
I know I love in vain, strive against hope;
Yet, in this captious and intenible sieve,
I still pour in the waters of my love,
And lack not to lose still: thus, Indian-like,
Religious in mine error, I adore
The sun, that looks upon his worshiper,
But knows of him no more. My dearest madam,
Let not your hate encounter with my love
For loving where you do: but if yourself,
Whose aged honor cites a virtuous youth,
Did ever in so true a flame of liking
Wish chastely and love dearly, that your Dian
Was both herself and love; O, then, give pity
To her, whose state is such, that cannot choose
But lend and give where she is sure to lose;
That seeks not to find that her search implies,
But riddle-like lives sweetly where she dies!

Count. Had you not lately an intent,—speak truly,—
To go to Paris?

217. *"captious"* is plainly from the Latin *capio,* and means *apt* to *take in* or *receive: "intenible," unable* to *hold* or *retain.* A singular use, indeed, of *captious,* but every way a legitimate and appropriate one. The usual meaning of the word in Shakespeare's time was *deceitful.* Singer insists on giving it that meaning here, and Mr. Verplanck concurs with him, objecting to the explanation we have adopted, that it makes *intenible* contradict *captious.* Wherein he seems rather captious; for does not a sieve receive all the water one can pour in, and let it out as fast as it is poured in? On the other hand, how may a *sieve,* a thing so easily seen through, be said to *deceive,* unless it be in the sense of *taking in?* which is the sense we have supposed *captious* in this case to bear.—H. N. H.

Hel. Madam, I had.
Count. Wherefore? tell true.
Hel. I will tell truth; by grace itself I swear.
You know my father left me some prescriptions
Of rare and proved effects, such as his reading
And manifest experience had collected
For general sovereignty; and that he will'd me
In heedfull'st reservation to bestow them,
As notes, whose faculties inclusive were,
More than they were in note: amongst the rest,
There is a remedy, approved, set down,
To cure the desperate languishings whereof
The king is render'd lost.
Count. This was your motive
For Paris, was it? speak.
Hel. My lord your son made me to think of this;
Else Paris, and the medicine, and the king,
Had from the conversation of my thoughts
Haply been absent then.
Count. But think you, Helen,
If you should tender your supposed aid,
He would receive it? he and his physicians
Are of a mind; he, that they cannot help him,
They, that they cannot help: how shall they credit
A poor unlearned virgin, when the schools,
Embowel'd of their doctrine, have left off
The danger to itself?
Hel. There 's something in 't,

241. *"whose faculties inclusive were,"* etc.; receipts in which greater virtues were enclosed than appeared to observation.—H. N. H.

More than my father's skill, which was the great'st
Of his profession, that his good receipt
Shall for my legacy be sanctified
By the luckiest stars in heaven: and, would your honor
But give me leave to try success, I 'ld venture
The well-lost life of mine on his Grace's cure
By such a day and hour.

Count. Dost thou believe 't?

Hel. Aye, madam, knowingly.

Count. Why, Helen, thou shalt have my leave and love,
Means and attendants, and my loving greetings
To those of mine in court: I 'll stay at home
And pray God's blessing into thy attempt:
Be gone to-morrow; and be sure of this,
What I can help thee to, thou shalt not miss.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT SECOND

Scene I

Paris. The King's palace.

Flourish of cornets. Enter the King, attended with divers young Lords taking leave for the Florentine war; Bertram and Parolles.

King. Farewell, young lords; these warlike principles
Do not throw from you: and you, my lords, farewell:
Share the advice betwixt you; if both gain, all
The gift doth stretch itself as 'tis received,
And is enough for both.

First Lord. 'Tis our hope, sir,
After well-enter'd soldiers, to return
And find your Grace in health.

King. No, no, it cannot be; and yet my heart
Will not confess he owes the malady
That doth my life besiege. Farewell, young lords;
Whether I live or die, be you the sons
Of worthy Frenchmen: let higher Italy,—

1, 2. *"lord's" . . . "lords";* probably the young noblemen are divided into two sections according as they intend to take service with the "Florentines" or the "Senoys" (*cp.* Note vi. Cambridge edition).—I. G.

12–15. *"let higher Italy,—Those bated,"* etc.; the passage is prob-

Those bated that inherit but the fall
Of the last monarchy,—see that you come
Not to woo honor, but to wed it; when
The bravest questant shrinks, find what you seek,
That fame may cry you loud: I say, farewell.

Sec. Lord. Health, at your bidding, serve your majesty!

King. Those girls of Italy, take heed of them:
They say, our French lack language to deny,
If they demand: beware of being captives,
Before you serve.

Both. Our hearts receive your warnings.

King. Farewell. Come hither to me. [*Exit.*

First Lord. O my sweet lord, that you will stay behind us!

Par. 'Tis not his fault, the spark.

Sec. Lord. O, 'tis brave wars!

Par. Most admirable: I have seen those wars.

Ber. I am commanded here, and kept a coil with 'Too young,' and 'the next year,' and "tis too early.'

ably corrupt. *"Higher Italy"* has been variously interpreted to mean (1) Upper Italy; (2) the side of Italy next to the Adriatic (but both Florence and Sienna are on the other side); (3) Italy higher in rank and dignity than France; (4) the noblest of Italy, the worthiest among Italians. Johnson paraphrased as follows:—"Let upper Italy, *where you are to exercise your valor,* see that you come to gain honor, to the *abatement,* that is, to the disgrace and depression of those *that have now lost their ancient military fame,* and inherit but the fall of the last monarchy." Schmidt proposed *"high"* for *"higher"; Coleridge, "hired"; Hanmer, "bastards"* for *"bated."* Knight took *"bated"* to mean "excepted," Schmidt, "beaten down."—I. G.

21. *"beware of being captives";* be not captives before you are soldiers.—H. N. H.

Par. An thy mind stand to 't, boy, steal away bravely.

Ber. I shall stay here the forehorse to a smock,
Creaking my shoes on the plain masonry,
Till honor be bought up, and no sword worn
But one to dance with! By heaven, I 'll steal away.

First Lord. There 's honor in the theft.

Par. Commit it, Count.

Sec. Lord. I am your accessary; and so, farewell.

Ber. I grow to you, and our parting is a tortured body.

First Lord. Farewell, captain.

Sec. Lord. Sweet Monsieur Parolles!

Par. Noble heroes, my sword and yours are kin. Good sparks and lustrous, a word, good metals: you shall find in the regiment of the Spinii one Captain Spurio, with his cicatrice, an emblem of war, here on his sinister cheek; it was this very sword entrenched it: say to him, I live; and observe his reports for me.

First Lord. We shall, noble captain.

[*Exeunt Lords.*

Par. Mars dote on you for his novices! what will ye do?

Ber. Stay: the king.

Re-enter king.

32–33. *"No sword worn but one to dance with";* alluding to the light swords worn for dancing.—I. G.

36. Our parting is as it were to dissever or torture a body.—H. N. H.

Par. [*Aside to Ber.*] Use a more spacious ceremony to the noble lords; you have restrained yourself within the list of too cold an adieu: be more expressive to them: for they wear themselves in the cap of the time, there do muster true gait, eat, speak, and move under the influence of the most received star; and though the devil lead the measure, such are to be followed: after them, and take a more dilated farewell.

Ber. And I will do so.

Par. Worthy fellows; and like to prove most sinewy sword-men.

[*Exeunt Bertram and Parolles.*

Enter Lafeu.

Laf. [*Kneeling*] Pardon, my lord, for me and for my tidings.

King. I 'll fee thee to stand up.

Laf. Then here 's a man stands, that has brought his pardon.

I would you had kneel'd, my lord, to ask me mercy;

54–59. *"for they wear . . . farewell";* Henley, explaining this passage, says its obscurity arises from the fantastical language of Parolles, whose affectation of wit urges him from one allusion to another, without giving him time to judge of their congruity. *The cap of the time* being the first image that occurs, *true gait,* manner of *eating, speaking,* &c., are the several ornaments which they *muster,* or arrange in *time's cap.* This is done under the influence of the most approved fashion-setter; and such are to be followed in the *measure* or dance of fashion, even though the devil lead them.—H. N. H.

64. *"I'll fee";* Theobald's emendation. Folios, *"Ile see."*—I G. The meaning appears to be, I'll see you on your feet.—H. N. H.

And that at my bidding you could so stand up.
King. I would I had; so I had broke thy pate,
And asked thee mercy for 't.
Laf. Good faith, across: but, my good lord, 'tis thus;
Will you be cured of your infirmity?
King. No.
Laf. O, will you eat no grapes, my royal fox?
Yes, but you will my noble grapes, an if
My royal fox could reach them: I have seen a medicine
That 's able to breathe life into a stone,
Quicken a rock, and make you dance canary
With spritely fire and motion; whose simple touch
Is powerful to araise King Pepin, nay,
To give great Charlemain a pen in 's hand,
And write to her a love-line.
King. What 'her' is this?
Laf. Why, Doctor She: my lord, there 's one arrived,
If you will see her: now, by my faith and honor,
If seriously I may convey my thoughts
In this my light deliverance, I have spoke
With one that, in her sex, her years, profession,
Wisdom and constancy, hath amazed me more
Than I dare blame my weakness: will you see her,
For that is her demand, and know her business?
That done, laugh well at me.

81–82. *"To give great Charlemain a pen in's hand";* Charlemagne late in life attempted to learn to write.—I. G.

King. Now, good Lafeu,
Bring in the admiration; that we with thee
May spend our wonder too, or take off thine
By wondering how thou took'st it.
Laf. Nay, I'll fit you,
And not be all day neither. [*Exit.*
King. Thus he his special nothing ever prologues.

Re-enter Lafeu, with Helena.

Laf. Nay, come your ways.
King. This haste hath wings indeed.
Laf. Nay, come your ways;
This is his majesty, say your mind to him:
A traitor you do look like; but such traitors
His majesty seldom fears: I am Cressid's uncle,
That dare leave two together; fare you well.
[*Exit.*
King. Now, fair one, does your business follow us?
Hel. Aye, my good lord.
Gerard de Narbon was my father;
In what he did profess, well found.
King. I knew him.
Hel. The rather will I spare my praises towards him;
Knowing him is enough. On 's bed of death
Many receipts he gave me; chiefly one,
Which, as the dearest issue of his practice,
And of his old experience the only darling,
He bade me store up, as a triple eye,
Safer than mine own two, more dear; I have so:
And, hearing your high majesty is touch'd

With that malignant cause, wherein the honor
Of my dear father's gift stands chief in power,
I come to tender it and my appliance,
With all bound humbleness.

King. We thank you, maiden;
But may not be so credulous of cure,
When our most learned doctors leave us, and
The congregated college have concluded
That laboring art can never ransom nature
From her inaidible estate; I say we must not
So stain our judgment, or corrupt our hope,
To prostitute our past-cure malady
To empirics, or to dissever so
Our great self and our credit, to esteem
A senseless help, when help past sense we deem.

Hel. My duty, then, shall pay me for my pains:
I will no more enforce mine office on you;
Humbly entreating from your royal thoughts
A modest one, to bear me back again.

King. I cannot give thee less, to be call'd grateful:
Thou thought'st to help me; and such thanks I give
As one near death to those that wish him live:
But, what at full I know, thou know'st no part;
I knowing all my peril, thou no art.

Hel. What I can do can do no hurt to try,
Since you set up your rest 'gainst remedy.
He that of greatest works is finisher,
Oft does them by the weakest minister:
So holy writ in babes hath judgment shown,

When judges have been babes; great floods have flown
From simple sources; and great seas have dried,
When miracles have by the greatest been denied.
Oft expectation fails, and most oft there
Where most it promises; and oft it hits
Where hope is coldest, and despair most fits.

King. I must not hear thee; fare thee well, kind maid;
Thy pains not used must by thyself be paid:
Proffers not took reap thanks for their reward.

Hel. Inspired merit so by breath is barr'd:
It is not so with Him that all things knows,
As 'tis with us that square our guess by shows;
But most it is presumption in us when
The help of heaven we count the act of men.
Dear sir, to my endeavors give consent;
Of heaven, not me, make an experiment.
I am not an impostor, that proclaim
Myself against the level of mine aim;
But know I think, and think I know most sure,
My art is not past power, nor you past cure.

King. Art thou so confident? within what space
Hopest thou my cure?

143. *"When judges have been babes";* evidently an allusion to St. Matthew xi. 25: "I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because thou *hast hid* these things from the *wise* and *prudent,* and *hast revealed* them unto *babes.*" See, also, 1 Cor. i. 27.—H. N. H.

"great floods," etc.; that is, when Moses smote the rock in Horeb. —H. N. H.

145. *"miracles . . . denied";* this must refer to the children of Israel passing the Red Sea, when miracles had been denied by Pharaoh.—H. N. H.

160. That is, proclaim one thing and design another.—H. N. H.

Hel. The great'st grace lending grace,
Ere twice the horses of the sun shall bring
Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring;
Ere twice in murk and occidental damp
Moist Hesperus hath quench'd his sleepy lamp;
Or four and twenty times the pilot's glass
Hath told the thievish minutes how they pass;
What is infirm from your sound parts shall fly,
Health shall live free, and sickness freely die.
King. Upon thy certainty and confidence
What darest thou venture?
Hel. Tax of impudence,
A strumpet's boldness, a divulged shame
Traduced by odious ballads: my maiden's name
Sear'd otherwise, ne worse of worst extended,
With vilest torture let my life be ended.
King. Methinks in thee some blessed spirit doth speak
His powerful sound within an organ weak:
And what impossibility would slay
In common sense, sense saves another way.

177.

"ne worse of worst extended,
With vilest. torture let my life be ended";

so Folio 1; the other Folios read *"no"* for *"ne."* Malone's *"nay"* for *"ne"* commends itself, though his explanation of *"extended"* as "my body being extended on the rack" seems weak: it is probably used here simply in the sense of "meted out to me," or merely used for the purpose of emphasising *"worse of worst."* A mass of conjectural emendations are recorded in the Cambridge edition of the play.—I. G.

"Ne" is an old form of *nor*. *"Worse of worst extended"* means much the same as our phrase, Let worse come to worst; that is, let the loss of my good name be extended to the worst of evils, death by torture.—H. N. H.

Thy life is dear; for all, that life can rate
Worth name of life, in thee hath estimate,
Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, all
That happiness and prime can happy call:
Thou this to hazard needs must intimate
Skill infinite or monstrous desperate.
Sweet practicer, thy physic I will try,
That ministers thine own death if I die.
Hel. If I break time, or flinch in property
Of what I spoke, unpitied let me die,
And well deserved: not helping, death 's my fee;
But, if I help, what do you promise me?
King. Make thy demand.
Hel. But will you make it even?
King. Aye, by my scepter and my hopes of heaven.
Hel. Then shalt thou give me with thy kingly hand
What husband in thy power I will command:
Exempted be from me the arrogance
To choose from forth the royal blood of France,
My low and humble name to propagate
With any branch or image of thy state;
But such a one, thy vassal, whom I know
Is free for me to ask, thee to bestow.
King. Here is my hand; the premises observed,
Thy will by my performance shall be served:
So make the choice of thy own time; for I,
Thy resolved patient, on thee still rely.
More should I question thee, and more I must,

185. The beauty of this line is, that eight syllables are allowed the time of ten; all which the meter-mongers have spoiled by foisting in *virtue* after *courage*.—H. N. H.

Though more to know could not be more to trust,
From whence thou camest, how tended on: but rest
Unquestion'd welcome, and undoubted blest.
Give me some help here, ho! If thou proceed
As high as word, my deed shall match thy deed.
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

Scene II

Rousillon. The Count's palace.

Enter Countess and Clown.

Count. Come on, sir; I shall now put you to the height of your breeding.

Clo. I will show myself highly fed and lowly taught: I know my business is but to the court.

Count. To the court! why, what place make you special, when you put off that with such contempt? But to the court!

Clo. Truly, madam, if God have lent a man any manners, he may easily put it off at court: he that cannot make a leg, put off 's cap, kiss his hand, and say nothing, has neither leg, hands, lip, nor cap; and, indeed, such a fellow, to say precisely, were not for the court; but for me, I have an answer will serve all men.

Count. Marry, that 's a bountiful answer that fits all questions.

Clo. It is like a barber's chair, that fits all buttocks, the pin-buttock, the quatch-buttock, the brawn-buttock, or any buttock.

Count. Will your answer serve fit to all questions?

Clo. As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an attorney, as your French crown for your taffeta punk, as Tib's rush for Tom's forefinger, as a pancake for Shrove Tuesday, a morris for May-day, as the nail to his hole, the cuckold to his horn, as a scolding quean to a wrangling knave, as the nun's lip to the friar's mouth, nay, as the pudding to his skin.

Count. Have you, I say, an answer of such fitness for all questions?

Clo. From below your duke to beneath your constable, it will fit any question.

Count. It must be an answer of most monstrous size that must fit all demands.

Clo. But a trifle neither, in good faith, if the learned should speak truth of it: here it is, and all that belongs to 't. Ask me if I am a courtier: it shall do you no harm to learn.

Count. To be young again, if we could: I will be a fool in question, hoping to be the wiser

26. *"Tib's rush for Tom's forefinger";* "Tib and Tom" were used like "Jack and Jill"; Tib was a cant term for any low or vulgar woman. *"Rush rings"* were sometimes used at marriage ceremonies, especially where the marriages were somewhat doubtful (*cp.* Douce's *Illustrations,* p. 196).—I. G.

by your answer. I pray you, sir, are you a courtier?

Clo. O Lord, sir! There 's a simple putting off. More, more, a hundred of them.

Count. Sir, I am a poor friend of yours, that loves you.

Clo. O Lord, sir! Thick, thick, spare not me.

Count. I think, sir, you can eat none of this homely meat.

Clo. O Lord, sir! Nay, put me to 't, I warrant you.

Count. You were lately whipped, sir, as I think.

Clo. O Lord, sir! spare not me.

Count. Do you cry, 'O Lord, sir!' at your whipping, and 'spare not me'? Indeed your 'O Lord, sir!' is very sequent to your whipping: you would answer very well to a whipping, if you were but bound to 't.

Clo. I ne'er had worse luck in my life in my 'O Lord, sir!' I see things may serve long, but not serve ever.

Count. I play the noble housewife with the time,
To entertain 't so merrily with a fool.

Clo. O Lord, sir! why, there 't serves well again.

Count. An end, sir; to your business. Give Helen this
And urge her to a present answer back:
Commend me to my kinsmen and my son:

46. *"O Lord, sir!";* a ridicule on this silly expletive of speech, then in vogue at court. Thus Clove and Orange, in *Every Man in His Humour:* "You conceive me, sir?—O Lord, sir!" And Cleveland in one of his songs: "Answer, O Lord, sir! and talk play-book oaths."—H. N. H.

This is not much.

Clo. Not much commendation to them.

Count. Not much employment for you: you understand me?

Clo. Most fruitfully: I am there before my legs.

Count. Haste you again. [*Exeunt severally.*

Scene III

Paris. The King's palace.

Enter Bertram, Lafeu, and Parolles.

Laf. They say miracles are past; and we have our philosophical persons, to make modern and familiar, things supernatural and causeless. Hence is it that we make trifles of ter-

1–45. Johnson changed the distribution of the speakers, so as to bring out "the whole merriment of the scene," which, according to him, "consists in the pretensions of Parolles to knowledge and sentiments which he has not." Johnson has been generally followed by modern editors. The Folio arrangement has been kept in the Cambridge text.—I. G.

2. *"modern"* is here used in the sense of trite, common; as in the line,—"Full of wise saws and *modern* instances."—Coleridge has a characteristic remark upon this passage: "Shakespeare, inspired, as might seem, with all knowledge, here uses the word *"causeless"* in its strict philosophical sense;—cause being truly predicable only of *phenomena,* that is, things natural, not of *noumena,* or things supernatural."—Lord Bacon, in his Essay, *Of Atheism,* has a remark apparently born of the same experience that dictated the passage in the text: "It is true, that a little philosophy inclineth man's mind to atheism, but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion; for while the mind of man looketh upon second causes scattered, it may sometimes rest in them, and go no further; but when it beholdeth the chain of them confederate, and linked together, it must needs fly to Providence and Deity."

rors; ensconcing ourselves into seeming knowledge, when we should submit ourselves to an unknown fear.

Par. Why, 'tis the rarest argument of wonder that hath shot out in our latter times.

Ber. And so 'tis.

Laf. To be relinquished of the artists,—

Par. So I say; both of Galen and Paracelsus.

Laf. Of all the learned and authentic fellows,—

Par. Right; so I say.

Laf. That gave him out incurable,—

Par. Why, there 'tis; so say I too.

Laf. Not to be helped,—

Par. Right; as 'twere, a man assured of a—

Laf. Uncertain life, and sure death.

Par. Just, you say well; so would I have said.

Laf. I may truly say, it is a novelty to the world.

Par. It is, indeed: if you will have it in showing, you shall read it in—what do ye call there?

Laf. A showing of a heavenly effect in an earthly actor.

Par. That 's it; I would have said the very same.

Laf. Why, your dolphin is not lustier: 'fore me, I speak in respect—

Par. Nay, 'tis strange, 'tis very strange, that

5. *"ensconcing"; sconce* being a term of fortification for a chief fortress, to *ensconce* literally signifies *to secure as in a fort.*—H. N. H.

26. *"a showing of a heavenly effect in an earthly actor";* the title of some pamphlet is evidently ridiculed in these words.—I. G.

is the brief and the tedious of it; and he 's of a most facinerious spirit that will not acknowledge it to be the—

Laf. Very hand of heaven.

Par. Aye, so I say.

Laf. In a most weak—

Par. And debile minister, great power, great transcendence: which should, indeed, give us a further use to be made than alone the recovery of the king, as to be—

Laf. Generally thankful.

Par. I would have said it; you say well. Here comes the king.

Enter King, Helena, and Attendants.

Laf. Lustig, as the Dutchman says: I 'll like a maid the better, whilst I have a tooth in my head: why, he 's able to lead her a coranto.

Par. Mort du vinaigre! is not this Helen?

Laf. 'Fore God, I think so.

King. Go, call before me all the lords in court.
Sit, my preserver, by thy patient's side;
And with this healthful hand, whose banish'd sense
Thou hast repeal'd, a second time receive
The confirmation of my promised gift,
Which but attends thy naming.

Enter three or four Lords.

Fair maid, send forth thine eye: this youthful parcel
Of noble bachelors stand at my bestowing,

O'er whom both sovereign power and father's voice
I have to use: thy frank election make:
Thou hast power to choose, and they none to forsake.

Hel. To each of you one fair and virtuous mistress
Fall, when Love please! marry, to each, but one!

Laf. I 'ld give bay Curtal and his furniture,
My mouth no more were broken than these boys',
And writ as little beard.

King. Peruse them well:
Not one of those but had a noble father.

Hel. Gentlemen,
Heaven hath through me restored the king to health.

All. We understand it, and thank heaven for you.

Hel. I am a simple maid; and therein wealthiest,
That I protest I simply am a maid.
Please it your majesty, I have done already:
The blushes in my cheeks thus whisper me,
'We blush that thou shouldst choose; but, be refused,
Let the white death sit on thy cheek for ever;
We 'll ne'er come there again.'

64. A *"curtal"* was the common name for a horse: "I'd give my bay *horse,* &c., that my age were not greater than these boys."—H. N. H.

76. That is, but, if thou be refused, let thy cheeks be for ever pale; we will never visit them again. *"Be refused"* means the same as *thou being refused,* or *be thou refused.* The *"white death"* is the paleness of death.—H. N. H.

King. Make choice; and, see,
Who shuns thy love shuns all his love in me.
Hel. Now, Dian, from thy altar do I fly;
And to imperial Love, that god most high,
Do my sighs stream. Sir, will you hear my suit?
First Lord. And grant it.
Hel. Thanks sir; all the rest is mute.
Laf. I had rather be in this choice than throw ames-ace for my life.
Hel. The honor, sir, that flames in your fair eyes,
Before I speak, too threateningly replies:
Love make your fortunes twenty times above
Her that so wishes and her humble love!
Sec. Lord. No better, if you please.
Hel. My wish receive,
Which great Love grant! and so, I take my leave.
Laf. Do all they deny her? An they were sons of mine, I 'ld have them whipped; or I would send them to the Turk, to make eunuchs of.
Hel. Be not afraid that I your hand should take;
I 'll never do you wrong for your own sake:
Blessing upon your vows! and in your bed
Find fairer fortune, if you ever wed!
Laf. These boys are boys of ice, they 'll none

80. *"Imperial Love";* Folio 1, *"imperiall loue";* Folio 2, *"imperiall Iove";* Folio 3, *"impartiall Jove."*—I. G.

84. *"ames-ace," i. e.* two aces; the lowest throw at dice: one would expect it, from the context, to mean just the contrary, but Lafeu is probably making "a comparison by contraries,"—"an ironical comparison," used with humorous effect. "One lauding a sweet-songed prima donna," aptly observed Brinsley Nicholson, "says, I'd rather hear her than walk a hundred miles with peas in my boots."—I. G.

have her: sure, they are bastards to the English; the French ne'er got 'em.

Hel. You are too young, too happy, and too good,
To make yourself a son out of my blood.

Fourth Lord. Fair one, I think not so.

Laf. There 's one grape yet; I am sure thy father drunk wine: but if thou be'st not an ass, I am a youth of fourteen; I have known thee already.

Hel. [*To Bertram*] I dare not say I take you; but I give
Me and my service, ever whilst I live,
Into your guiding power. This is the man.

King. Why, then, young Bertram, take her; she 's thy wife.

Ber. My wife, my liege! I shall beseech your highness,
In such a business give me leave to use
The help of mine own eyes.

King. Know'st thou not, Bertram,
What she has done for me?

Ber. Yes, my good lord;

104–107. This speech is usually printed as if the whole of it referred to Bertram; which seems to us to render the latter part of it unintelligible. To get over the difficulty, Theobald, and Hanmer and Warburton after him, broke it into three speeches, giving to Lafeu "There's one grape yet," to Parolles "I am sure thy father drunk wine," and the rest to Lafeu. There is no authority for this; besides, taking the latter part of the speech as addressed to Parolles, all seems clear enough, and agrees well with what afterwards passes between them. Of course, during this part of the scene Lafeu and Parolles stand at some distance from the rest, where they can see what is done, but not hear what is said: therefore Lafeu has been speaking as if Helena were the refused, not the refuser.—H. N. H.

But never hope to know why I should marry her.

King. Thou know'st she has raised me from my sickly bed.

Ber. But follows it, my lord, to bring me down
Must answer for your raising? I know her well:
She had her breeding at my father's charge.
A poor physician's daughter my wife! Disdain
Rather corrupt me ever!

King. 'Tis only title thou disdain'st in her, the which
I can build up. Strange is it, that our bloods,
Of color, weight, and heat, pour'd all together,
Would quite confound distinction, yet stand off
In differences so mighty. If she be
All that is virtuous, save what thou dislikest,
A poor physician's daughter, thou dislikest
Of virtue for the name: but do not so:
From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,
The place is dignified by the doer's deed:
Where great additions swell 's, and virtue none,
It is a dropsied honor. Good alone
Is good without a name. Vileness is so:
The property by what it is should go,
Not by the title. She is young, wise, fair;
In these to nature she 's immediate heir,

133. That is, where great titles *swell us,* and there is no virtue. The original has *swell's,* but the contraction *'s* for *us* has been left out of most editions.—H. N. H.

And these breed honor: that is honor's scorn,
Which challenges itself as honor 's born,
And is not like the sire: honors thrive,
When rather from our acts we them derive
Than our foregoers: the mere word 's a slave
Debosh'd on every tomb, on every grave
A lying trophy; and as oft is dumb
Where dust and damn'd oblivion is the tomb
Of honor'd bones indeed. What should be said?
If thou canst like this creature as a maid,
I can create the rest: virtue and she
Is her own dower; honor and wealth from me.

Ber. I cannot love her, nor will strive to do 't.

King. Thou wrong'st thyself, if thou shouldst strive to choose.

Hel. That you are well restored, my lord, I 'm glad:
Let the rest go.

King. My honor 's at the stake; which to defeat,
I must produce my power. Here, take her hand,
Proud scornful boy, unworthy this good gift;
That dost in vile misprision shackle up
My love and her desert; that canst not dream,
We, poising us in her defective scale,
Shall weigh thee to the beam; that wilt not know,
It is in us to plant thine honor where

155. *"which"* of course refers not to *honor,* but to the preceding *clause,* or to the *danger implied* in it. A similar construction occurs in *Othello:* "She dying gave it me, and bid me, when my fate would have me *wive,* to give it *her.*"—H. N. H.

We please to have it grow. Check thy contempt:
Obey our will, which travails in thy good:
Believe not thy disdain, but presently
Do thine own fortunes that obedient right
Which both thy duty owes and our power claims;
Or I will throw thee from my care for ever
Into the staggers and the careless lapse
Of youth and ignorance; both my revenge and hate
Loosing upon thee, in the name of justice,
Without all terms of pity. Speak; thine answer.

Ber. Pardon, my gracious lord; for I submit
My fancy to your eyes: when I consider
What great creation and what dole of honor
Flies where you bid it, I find that she, which late
Was in my nobler thoughts most base, is now
The praised of the king; who, so ennobled,
Is as 't were born so.

King. Take her by the hand,
And tell her she is thine: to whom I promise
A counterpoise; if not to thy estate,
A balance more replete.

Ber. I take her hand.

King. Good fortune and the favor of the king
Smile upon this contract; whose ceremony
Shall seem expedient on the now-born brief,
And be perform'd to-night: the solemn feast
Shall more attend upon the coming space,
Expecting absent friends. As thou lovest her,

Thy love 's to me religious; else, does err.

[*Exeunt all but Lafeu and Parolles.*

Laf. Do you hear, monsieur? a word with you.

Par. Your pleasure, sir? 191

Laf. Your lord and master did well to make his recantation.

Par. Recantation! My lord! my master!

Laf. Aye; is it not a language I speak?

Par. A most harsh one, and not to be understood without bloody succeeding. My master!

Laf. Are you companion to the Count Rousillon? 200

Par. To any count, to all counts, to what is man.

Laf. To what is count's man: count's master is of another style.

Par. You are too old, sir; let it satisfy you, you are too old.

Laf. I must tell thee, sirrah, I write man; to which title age cannot bring thee.

Par. What I dare too well do, I dare not do.

Laf. I did think thee, for two ordinaries, to be a pretty wise fellow; thou didst make tolera- 210 ble vent of thy travel; it might pass: yet the scarfs and the bannerets about thee did manifoldly dissuade me from believing thee a vessel of too great a burthen. I have now found thee; when I lose thee again, I care not: yet art thou good for nothing but taking up; and that thou 'rt scarce worth.

216. *"taking up"*; to *take up* is to *contradict*, to *call to account*. —H. N. H.

Par. Hadst thou not the privilege of antiquity upon thee,—

Laf. Do not plunge thyself too far in anger, lest thou hasten thy trial; which if—Lord have mercy on thee for a hen! So, my good window of lattice, fare thee well: thy casement I need not open, for I look through thee. Give me thy hand.

Par. My lord, you give me most egregious indignity.

Laf. Aye, with all my heart; and thou art worthy of it.

Par. I have not, my Lord, deserved it.

Laf. Yes, good faith, every dram of it; and I will not bate thee a scruple.

Par. Well, I shall be wiser.

Laf. Ev'n as soon as thou canst, for thou hast to pull at a smack o' the contrary. If ever thou be'st bound in thy scarf and beaten, thou shalt find what it is to be proud of thy bondage. I have a desire to hold my acquaintance with thee, or rather my knowledge, that I may say in the default, he is a man I know.

Par. My lord, you do me most insupportable vexation.

Laf. I would it were hell-pains for thy sake, and my poor doing eternal: for doing I am past; as I will by thee, in what motion age will give me leave. [*Exit.*

245–247. *"doing I am past,"* says Lafeu, *"as I will by thee, in what motion age will give me leave"*; that is, "as I will *pass* by thee as fast as I am able": and he immediately goes out.—H. N. H.

Par. Well, thou hast a son shall take this disgrace off me; scurvy, old, filthy, scurvy lord! Well, I must be patient; there is no fettering of authority. I 'll beat him, by my life, if I can meet him with any convenience, an he were double and double a lord. I 'll have no more pity of his age than I would have of—I 'll beat him, an if I could but meet him again.

Re-enter Lafeu.

Laf. Sirrah, your lord and master 's married; there 's news for you: you have a new mistress.

Par. I most unfeignedly beseech your lordship to make some reservation of your wrongs: he is my good lord: whom I serve above is my master.

Laf. Who? God?

Par. Aye, sir.

Laf. The devil it is that 's thy master. Why dost thou garter up thy arms o' this fashion? dost make hose of thy sleeves? do other servants so? Thou wert best set thy lower part where thy nose stands. By mine honor, if I were but two hours younger, I 'ld beat thee: methinks 't thou art a general offense, and every man should beat thee: I think thou wast created for men to breathe themselves upon thee.

Par. This is hard and undeserved measure, my lord.

Laf. Go to, sir; you were beaten in Italy for picking a kernel out of a pomegranate; you are a vagabond, and no true traveler: you are more saucy with lords and honorable personages than the commission of your birth and virtue gives you heraldry. You are not worth another word, else I 'ld call you knave. I leave you. [*Exit.*

Par. Good, very good; it is so then: good, very good; let it be concealed awhile.

Re-enter Bertram.

Ber. Undone, and forfeited to cares for ever!

Par. What 's the matter, sweet-heart?

Ber. Although before the solemn priest I have sworn,
I will not bed her.

Par. What, what, sweet-heart?

Ber. O my Parolles, they have married me!
I 'll to the Tuscan wars, and never bed her.

Par. France is a dog-hole, and it no more merits
The tread of a man's foot: to the wars!

Ber. There 's letters from my mother: what the import is, I know not yet.

Par. Aye, that would be known. To the wars, my boy, to the wars!
He wears his honor in a box unseen,
That hugs his kicky-wicky here at home,
Spending his manly marrow in her arms,
Which should sustain the bound and high curvet
Of Mars's fiery steed. To other regions!

France is a stable; we that dwell in 't jades;
Therefore, to the war!

Ber. It shall be so: I 'll send her to my house,
Acquaint my mother with my hate to her,
And wherefore I am fled; write to the king
That which I durst not speak: his present gift
Shall furnish me to those Italian fields,
Where noble fellows strike: war is no strife
To the dark house and the detested wife.

Par. Will this capriccio hold in thee, art sure?

Ber. Go with me to my chamber, and advise me.
I 'll send her straight away: to-morrow
I 'll to the wars, she to her single sorrow.

Par. Why, these balls bound; there 's noise in it.
'Tis hard:
A young man married is a man that 's marr'd:
Therefore away, and leave her bravely; go:
The king has done you wrong: but, hush, 'tis so.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV

Paris. The King's palace.

Enter Helena and Clown.

Hel. My mother greets me kindly: is she well?

Clo. She is not well; but yet she has her health: she 's very merry; but yet she is not well: but thanks be given, she 's very well and wants nothing i' the world; but yet she is not well.

314. *"the dark house"* is a house made gloomy by discontent.—H. N. H.

Hel. If she be very well, what does she ail, that she 's not very well?

Clo. Truly, she 's very well indeed, but for two things.

Hel. What two things?

Clo. One, that she 's not in heaven, whither God send her quickly! the other, that she 's in earth, from whence God send her quickly!

Enter Parolles.

Par. Bless you, my fortunate lady!

Hel. I hope, sir, I have your good will to have mine own good fortunes.

Par. You had my prayers to lead them on; and to keep them on, have them still. O, my knave, how does my old lady?

Clo. So that you had her wrinkles, and I her money, I would she did as you say.

Par. Why, I say nothing.

Clo. Marry, you are the wiser man; for many a man's tongue shakes out his master's undoing: to say nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to have nothing, is to be a great part of your title; which is within a very little of nothing.

Par. Away! thou 'rt a knave.

Clo. You should have said, sir, before a knave thou 'rt a knave; that 's, before me thou 'rt a knave: this had been truth, sir.

Par. Go to, thou art a witty fool; I have found thee.

Clo. Did you find me in yourself, sir? or were

you taught to find me? The search, sir, was profitable; and much fool may you find in you, even to the world's pleasure and the increase of laughter.

Par. A good knave, i' faith, and well fed.
Madam, my lord will go away to-night;
A very serious business calls on him.
The greatest prerogative and rite of love,
Which, as your due, time claims, he does acknowledge;
But puts it off to a compell'd restraint;
Whose want, and whose delay, is strew'd with sweets,
Which they distil now in the curbed time,
To make the coming hour o'erflow with joy,
And pleasure drown the brim.

Hel. What 's his will else?

Par. That you will take your instant leave o' the king,
And make this haste as your own good proceeding,
Strengthen'd with what apology you think
May make it probable need.

Hel. What more commands he?

40. "*well fed*"; perhaps the old saying, "better fed than taught," is alluded to here, as in a preceding scene, where the clown says, "I will show myself *highly fed* and lowly taught."—H. N. H.

45. That is, puts it off *in obedience* to an *enforced* restraint; the passive, "*compell'd*," for the active, *compelling*.—H. N. H.

48. The meaning appears to be, that the delay of the joys, and the expectation of them, would make them more delightful when they come. The "*curbed time*" means the time of restraint: "*whose want*" means *the want of which;* referring to *prerogative* and *rite*. —H. N. H.

Par. That, having this obtain'd, you presently
Attend his further pleasure.
Hel. In every thing I wait upon his will.
Par. I shall report it so.
Hel. I pray you. [*Exit Parolles.*] Come, sirrah.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene V

Paris. The King's palace.

Enter Lafeu and Bertram

Laf. But I hope your lordship thinks not him a soldier.
Ber. Yes, my lord, and of very valiant approof.
Laf. You have it from his own deliverance.
Ber. And by other warranted testimony.
Laf. Then my dial goes not true: I took this lark for a bunting.
Ber. I do assure you, my lord, he is very great in knowledge, and accordingly valiant.
Laf. I have then sinned against his experience and transgressed against his valor; and my state that way is dangerous, since I cannot yet find in my heart to repent. Here he comes: I pray you, make us friends; I will pursue the amity.

Enter Parolles.

Par. These things shall be done, sir. [*To Bertram.*
Laf. Pray you, sir, who 's his tailor?
Par. Sir?

Laf. O, I know him well, I, sir; he, sir, 's a good workman, a very good tailor.

Ber. Is she gone to the king? [*Aside to Parolles.*

Par. She is.

Ber. Will she away to-night?

Par. As you 'll have her.

Ber. I have writ my letters, casketed my treasure, Given order for our horses; and to-night, When I should take possession of the bride, End ere I do begin.

Laf. A good traveler is something at the latter end of a dinner; but one that lies three thirds, and uses a known truth to pass a thousand nothings with, should be once heard, and thrice beaten. God save you, captain.

Ber. Is there any unkindness between my lord and you, monsieur?

Par. I know not how I have deserved to run into my lord's displeasure.

Laf. You have made shift to run into 't, boots and spurs and all, like him that leaped into the custard; and out of it you 'll run again, rather than suffer question for your residence.

Ber. It may be you have mistaken him, my lord.

Laf. And shall do so ever, though I took him at 's prayers. Fare you well, my lord; and believe this of me, there can be no kernel in this light nut; the soul of this man is his

26. *"end"*; the Folios have *"And"*; the correction, from the Ellesmere copy of the First Folio, has been generally adopted.—I. G.

clothes. Trust him not in matter of heavy consequence; I have kept of them tame, and know their natures. Farewell, monsieur: I have spoken better of you than you have or will to deserve at my hand; but we must do good against evil. [*Exit.*

Par. An idle lord, I swear.

Ber. I think so.

Par. Why, do you not know him?

Ber. Yes, I do know him well, and common speech
Gives him a worthy pass. Here comes my clog.

Enter Helena.

Hel. I have, sir, as I was commanded from you,
Spoke with the king, and have procured his leave
For present parting; only he desires
Some private speech with you.

Ber. I shall obey his will.
You must not marvel, Helen, at my course,
Which holds not color with the time, nor does
The ministration and required office
On my particular. Prepared I was not
For such a business; therefore am I found
So much unsettled: this drives me to entreat you,
That presently you take your way for home,
And rather muse than ask why I entreat you;
For my respects are better than they seem,

50. *"Have or will to deserve"*; Malone proposed *"have qualities or will,"* etc.; Singer, *"wit or will"*; the later Folios omit *"to"* and read *"have, or will deserve"*; the reading in the text is that of Folio 1.—I. G.

And my appointments have in them a need
Greater than shows itself at the first view
To you that know them not. This to my mother: [*Giving a letter.*
'Twill be two days ere I shall see you; so,
I leave you to your wisdom.

Hel. Sir, I can nothing say,
But that I am your most obedient servant.

Ber. Come, come, no more of that.

Hel. And ever shall
With true observance seek to eke out that
Wherein toward me my homely stars have fail'd
To equal my great fortune.

Ber. Let that go: 80
My haste is very great: farewell; hie home.

Hel. Pray, sir, your pardon.

Ber. Well, what would you say?

Hel. I am not worthy of the wealth I owe;
Nor dare I say 'tis mine, and yet it is;
But, like a timorous thief, most fain would steal
What law does vouch mine own.

Ber. What would you have?

Hel. Something; and scarce so much: nothing, indeed.
I would not tell you what I would, my lord: faith, yes;
Strangers and foes do sunder, and not kiss.

Ber. I pray you, stay not, but in haste to horse. 90

Hel. I shall not break your bidding, good my lord.

Ber. Where are my other men, monsieur? Farewell! [*Exit Helena.*

Ber. "Let that go:
My haste is very great: farewell; hie home."
Hel. "Pray, sir, your pardon."

All's Well That Ends Well. Act 2, Scene 5.

Go thou toward home; where I will never come,
Whilst I can shake my sword, or hear the drum.
Away, and for our flight.

Par. Bravely, coragio! [*Exeunt.*

ACT THIRD

Scene I

Florence. The Duke's palace.

Flourish. Enter the Duke of Florence, attended; the two Frenchmen with a troop of soldiers.

Duke. So that from point to point now have you heard
The fundamental reasons of this war,
Whose great decision hath much blood let forth
And more thirsts after.

First Lord. Holy seems the quarrel
Upon your Grace's part; black and fearful
On the opposer.

Duke. Therefore we marvel much our cousin France
Would in so just a business shut his bosom
Against our borrowing prayers.

Sec. Lord. Good my lord,
The reasons of our state I cannot yield,
But like a common and an outward man,
That the great figure of a council frames
By self-unable motion: therefore dare not

12–13.

"That the great figure of a council frames
By self-unable motion";

probably Clarke's explanation of these difficult lines is the best: —"The reasons of our state I cannot give you, excepting as an ordinary and uninitiated man, whom the august body of a gov-

Say what I think of it, since I have found
Myself in my incertain grounds to fail
As often as I guess'd.

Duke. Be it his pleasure.

First Lord. But I am sure the younger of our nature,
That surfeit on their ease, will day by day
Come here for physic.

Duke. Welcome shall they be;
And all the honors that can fly from us
Shall on them settle. You know your places well;
When better fall, for your avails they fell:
To-morrow to the field. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

Scene II

Rousillon. The Count's palace.

Enter Countess and Clown.

Count. It hath happened all as I would have had it, save that he comes not along with her.

Clo. By my troth, I take my young lord to be a very melancholy man.

Count. By what observance, I pray you?

Clo. Why, he will look upon his boot and sing;

ernment-council creates with power unable of itself to act, or with power incapable of acting of its own accord or independently." Others make *"that"* the subject of *"frames,"* explaining *"motion"* as "mental sight," or "intuition."—I. G.

17. *"the younger of our nature";* as we say at present, our young fellows.—H. N. H.

mend the ruff and sing; ask questions and sing; pick his teeth and sing. I know a man that had this trick of melancholy sold a goodly manor for a song.

Count. Let me see what he writes, and when he means to come. [*Opening a letter.*

Clo. I have no mind to Isbel since I was at court: our old ling and our Isbels o' the country are nothing like your old ling and your Isbels o' the court: the brains of my Cupid 's knocked out, and I begin to love, as an old man loves money, with no stomach.

Count. What have we here?

Clo. E'en that you have there. [*Exit.*

Count. [*reads*] I have sent you a daughter-in-law: she hath recovered the king, and undone me. I have wedded her, not bedded her; and sworn to make the 'not' eternal. You shall hear I am run away: know it before the report come. If there be breadth enough in the world, I will hold a long distance. My duty to you.

Your unfortunate son,

BERTRAM.

This is not well, rash and unbridled boy,
To fly the favors of so good a king;
To pluck his indignation on thy head
By the misprising of a maid too virtuous
For the contempt of empire.

9. *"sold";* so Folios 3, 4; Folios 1, 2, *"hold";* Harness proposed *"hold: a goodly manner for."*—I. G.

Re-enter Clown.

Clo. O madam, yonder is heavy news within between two soldiers and my young lady!
Count. What is the matter?
Clo. Nay, there is some comfort in the news, some comfort; your son will not be killed so soon as I thought he would.
Count. Why should he be killed?
Clo. So say I, madam, if he run away, as I hear he does: the danger is in standing to 't; that 's the loss of men, though it be the getting of children. Here they come will tell you more: for my part, I only hear your son was run away. [*Exit.*

Enter Helena and two Gentlemen.

First Gent. Save you, good madam.
Hel. Madam, my lord is gone, for ever gone.
Sec. Gent. Do not say so.
Count. Think upon patience. Pray you, gentlemen,
I have felt so many quirks of joy and grief,
That the first face of neither, on the start,
Can woman me unto 't: where is my son, I pray you?
Sec. Gent. Madam, he 's gone to serve the duke of Florence:
We met him thitherward; from thence we came,
And, after some dispatch in hand at court,
Thither we bend again.
Hel. Look on his letter, madam; here 's my

passport. [*reads*] When thou can'st get the ring upon my finger which never shall come off, and show me a child begotten of thy body that I am father to, then call me husband: but in such a 'then' I write a 'never.'

This is a dreadful sentence.

Count. Brought you this letter, gentlemen?

First Gent. Aye, madam;
And for the contents' sake are sorry for our pains.

Count. I prithee, lady, have a better cheer;
If thou engrossest all the griefs are thine,
Thou robb'st me of a moiety: he was my son;
But I do wash his name out of my blood,
And thou art all my child. Towards Florence is he?

Sec. Gent. Aye, madam.

Count. And to be a soldier?

Sec. Gent. Such is his noble purpose; and, believe 't,
The Duke will lay upon him all the honor
That good convenience claims.

Count. Return you thither?

First Gent. Aye, madam, with the swiftest wing of speed.

Hel. [*reads*] Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France.

'Tis bitter.

Count. Find you that there?

71. *"If thou engrossest all the griefs are thine";* the omission of the relative is common in Shakespeare. Rowe unnecessarily altered the line to *"all the griefs as thine."*—I. G.

Hel. Aye, madam.
First Gent. 'Tis but the boldness of his hand,
haply, which his heart was not consenting to.
Count. Nothing in France, until he have no wife!
There 's nothing here that is too good for him
But only she; and she deserves a lord
That twenty such rude boys might tend upon
And call her hourly mistress. Who was with him?
First Gent. A servant only, and a gentleman
Which I have sometime known.
Count. Parolles, was it not?
First Gent. Aye, my good lady, he.
Count. A very tainted fellow, and full of wickedness.
My son corrupts a well-derived nature
With his inducement.
First Gent. Indeed, good lady,
The fellow has a deal of that too much,
Which holds him much to have.
Count. Y' are welcome, gentlemen.
I will entreat you, when you see my son,
To tell him that his sword can never win

97. *"holds him much to have";* so the Folios; Theobald conjectured *"soils him much to have";* others suggested, *"hoves him not much to have"; "fouls him much to have,"* etc. Rolfe's view of the passage seems by far the most satisfactory:—"He has a deal of that too-much, *i. e.* excess of vanity, which makes him fancy he has many good qualities."—I. G.

An obscure passage indeed; but perhaps it can be understood well enough, if the reader bear in mind that Parolles' greatest having is in impudence, and at the same time make *him* emphatic. The fellow has a deal too much of impudence; and yet it holds, behooves *him* to have a large stock of that, inasmuch as he has nothing else.—H. N. H.

The honor that he loses; more I 'll entreat you
Written to bear along.
Sec. Gent. We serve you, madam,
In that and all your worthiest affairs.
Count. Not so, but as we change our courtesies.
Will you draw near?
[*Exeunt Countess and Gentlemen.*
Hel. 'Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France.'
Nothing in France, until he has no wife!
Thou shalt have none, Rousillon, none in France;
Then hast thou all again. Poor lord! is 't I
That chase thee from thy country and expose
Those tender limbs of thine to the event
Of the none-sparing war? and is it I
That drive thee from the sportive court, where thou
Wast shot at with fair eyes, to be the mark
Of smoky muskets? O you leaden messengers,
That ride upon the violent speed of fire,
Fly with false aim; move the still-peering air,
That sings with piercing; do not touch my lord.
Whoever shoots at him, I set him there;
Whoever charges on his forward breast,

104. In reply to the gentlemen's declaration that they are her servants, the countess answers—no otherwise than as we return the same offices of civility.—H. N. H.

117. *"still-peering air";* so Folio 1; Folio 2, *"still-piercing";* probably an error for *"still-piecing," i. e.* "still-closing." A passage in *The Wisdom of Solomon* has been appropriately compared, and may be the source of the thought:—*"As when an arrow is shot at a mark, it parteth the air, which immediately cometh together again, so that a man cannot know where it went through."*—I. G.

I am the caitiff that do hold him to 't;
And, though I kill him not, I am the cause
His death was so effected: better 'twere
I met the ravin lion when he roar'd
With sharp constraint of hunger; better 'twere
That all the miseries which nature owes
Were mine at once. No, come thou home, Rousillon,
Whence honor but of danger wins a scar,
As oft it loses all: I will be gone;
My being here it is that holds thee hence:
Shall I stay here to do 't? no, no, although
The air of paradise did fan the house,
And angels officed all: I will be gone,
That pitiful rumor may report my flight,
To consolate thine ear. Come, night; end, day!
For with the dark, poor thief, I 'll steal away.
[*Exit.*

Scene III

Florence. Before the Duke's palace.

Flourish. Enter the Duke of Florence, Bertram, Parolles, Soldiers, Drum, and Trumpets.

Duke. The general of our horse thou art; and we,
Great in our hope, lay our best love and credence
Upon thy promising fortune.

128, 129. The sense is "From that place, where all the advantage that honor usually reaps from the danger it rushes upon, is only a scar in testimony of its bravery, as, on the other hand, it often is the cause of losing all, even life itself."—H. N. H.

Ber. Sir, it is
A charge too heavy for my strength; but yet
We 'll strive to bear it for your worthy sake
To the extreme edge of hazard.
Duke. Then go thou forth;
And fortune play upon thy prosperous helm,
As thy auspicious mistress!
Ber. This very day,
Great Mars, I put myself into thy file:
Make me but like my thoughts, and I shall prove
A lover of thy drum, hater of love. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV

Rousillon. The Count's palace.

Enter Countess and Steward.

Count. Alas! and would you take the letter of her?
Might you not know she would do as she has done,
By sending me a letter? Read it again.
Stew. [*reads*] I am Saint Jaques' pilgrim, thither gone:

6. *"extreme edge of hazard";* so in Shakespeare's *116th Sonnet:* "But bears it out even to the *edge* of doom." And Milton's *Par. Reg.* B. i.: "You see our danger on *the utmost edge of hazard.*"—H. N. H.

7. In *Richard III:* "*Fortune* and victory sit on thy *helm.*"—H. N. H.

4. *"Saint Jaques' pilgrim";* at Orleans was a church dedicated to St. Jaques, to which pilgrims formerly used to resort to adore a part of the cross.—H. N. H.

Ambitious love hath so in me offended,
That barefoot plod I the cold ground upon,
With sainted vow my faults to have amended.
Write, write, that from the bloody course of war
My dearest master, your dear son, may hie:
Bless him at home in peace, whilst I from far
His name with zealous fervor sanctify:
His taken labors bid him me forgive;
I, his despiteful Juno, sent him forth
From courtly friends with camping foes to live,
Where death and danger dogs the heels of worth:
He is too good and fair for death and me;
Whom I myself embrace to set him free.

Count. Ah, what sharp stings are in her mildest words!
Rinaldo, you did never lack advice so much,
As letting her pass so: had I spoke with her,
I could have well diverted her intents,
Which thus she hath prevented.

Stew. Pardon me, madam:
If I had given you this at over-night,
She might have been o'erta'en; and yet she writes,
Pursuit would be but vain.

Count. What angel shall
Bless this unworthy husband? he cannot thrive,
Unless her prayers, whom heaven delights to hear

13. *"I, his despiteful Juno";* alluding to the story of Hercules.—H. N. H.

And loves to grant, reprieve him from the wrath
Of greatest justice. Write, write, Rinaldo,
To this unworthy husband of his wife;
Let every word weigh heavy of her worth
That he does weigh too light: my greatest grief,
Though little he do feel it, set down sharply.
Dispatch the most convenient messenger:
When haply he shall hear that she is gone,
He will return; and hope I may that she,
Hearing so much, will speed her foot again,
Led hither by pure love: which of them both
Is dearest to me, I have no skill in sense
To make distinction: provide this messenger:
My heart is heavy and mine age is weak;
Grief would have tears, and sorrow bids me speak. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V

Florence. Without the walls. A tucket afar off.

Enter an old Widow of Florence, Diana, Violenta, and Mariana, with other Citizens.

Wid. Nay, come; for if they do approach the city, we shall lose all the sight.

Dia. They say the French count has done most honorable service.

Wid. It is reported that he has taken their greatest commander; and that with his own

32. "*weigh*"; value or esteem.—H. N. H.

hand he slew the Duke's brother. [*Tucket.*] We have lost our labor; they are gone a contrary way: hark! you may know by their trumpets.

Mar. Come, let 's return again, and suffice ourselves with the report of it. Well, Diana, take heed of this French earl: the honor of a maid is her name; and no legacy is so rich as honesty.

Wid. I have told my neighbor how you have been solicited by a gentleman his companion.

Mar. I know that knave; hang him! one Parolles: a filthy officer he is in those suggestions for the young earl. Beware of them, Diana; their promises, enticements, oaths, tokens, and all these engines of lust, are not the things they go under: many a maid hath been seduced by them; and the misery is, example, that so terrible shows in the wreck of maidenhood, cannot for all that dissuade succession, but that they are limed with the twigs that threaten them. I hope I need not to advise you further; but I hope your own grace will keep you where you are, though there were no further danger known but the modesty which is so lost.

Dia. You shall not need to fear me.

Wid. I hope so.

Enter Helena, disguised like a Pilgrim.

Look, here comes a pilgrim: I know she will
lie at my house; thither they send one an-
other: I 'll question her. God save you,
pilgrim! whither are you bound?

Hel. To Saint Jaques le Grand.
Where do the palmers lodge, I do beseech you?
Wid. At the Saint Francis here beside the port.
Hel. Is this the way?
Wid. Aye, marry, is 't. [*A march afar.*] Hark
you! they come this way.
If you will tarry, holy pilgrim,
But till the troops come by,
I will conduct you where you shall be lodged;
The rather, for I think I know your hostess
As ample as myself.
Hel. Is it yourself?
Wid. If you shall please so, pilgrim.
Hel. I thank you, and will stay upon your leisure.
Wid. You came, I think, from France?
Hel. I did so.
Wid. Here you shall see a countryman of yours
That has done worthy service.
Hel. His name, I pray you?
Dia. The Count Rousillon: know you such a one?
Hel. But by the ear, that hears most nobly of him:
His face I know not.

58. *"His face I know not";* touching this passage, Coleridge asks, —"Shall we say here, that Shakespeare has unnecessarily made his loveliest character utter a lie? Or shall we dare think that, where to deceive was necessary, he thought a pretended verbal verity a double crime, equally with the other a lie to the hearer, and at the same time an attempt to lie to one's own conscience?" Whatsoever may be the truth in this case, such, no doubt, is often the result of overstraining the rule against deceiving others; it puts people upon

Dia. Whatsom'er he is,
He 's bravely taken here. He stole from France,
As 'tis reported, for the king had married him
Against his liking: think you it is so?
Hel. Aye, surely, mere the truth: I know his lady.
Dia. There is a gentleman that serves the count
Reports but coarsely of her.
Hel. What 's his name?
Dia. Monsieur Parolles.
Hel. O, believe with him,
In argument of praise, or to the worth
Of the great count himself, she is too mean
To have her name repeated: all her deserving
Is a reserved honesty, and that
I have not heard examined.
Dia. Alas, poor lady!
'Tis a hard bondage to become the wife
Of a detesting lord.
Wid. I write good creature, whereso'er she is,
Her heart weighs sadly: this young maid might do her
A shrewd turn, if she pleased.
Hel. How do you mean?
May be the amorous count solicits her
In the unlawful purpose.

skulking behind subterfuges for the deceiving of themselves. We have often seen them use great art to speak the truth in such a way as to deceive, and then hug themselves in the conceit that they had not spoken falsely.—H. N. H.

73. *"I write, good creature,"* so Folio 1; Folios 2, 3, 4, *"I right"*; Rowe, *"Ah! right good creature!"* The Globe edition, *"I warrant, good creature"*; Kinnear, *"I war'nt* (=warrant), good creature."—I. G.

Wid. He does indeed;
And brokes with all that can in such a suit
Corrupt the tender honor of a maid:
But she is arm'd for him, and keeps her guard
In honestest defense.
Mar. The gods forbid else!
Wid. So, now they come:

Drum and Colors.

Enter Bertram, Parolles, and the whole army.

That is Antonio, the Duke's eldest son;
That, Escalus.
Hel. Which is the Frenchman?
Dia. He;
That with the plume: 'tis a most gallant fellow.
I would he loved his wife: if he were honester
He were much goodlier: is 't not a handsome gentleman?
Hel. I like him well.
Dia. 'Tis pity he is not honest: yond 's that same knave
That leads him to these places: were I his lady,
I would poison that vile rascal.
Hel. Which is he?
Dia. That jack-an-apes with scarfs: why is he melancholy?
Hel. Perchance he 's hurt i' the battle.
Par. Lose our drum! well.
Mar. He 's shrewdly vexed at something: look, he has spied us.
Wid. Marry, hang you!

Mar. And your courtesy, for a ring-carrier!

[*Exeunt Bertram, Parolles, and army.*

Wid. The troop is past. Come, pilgrim, I will bring you

Where you shall host: of enjoin'd penitents
There 's four or five, to great Saint Jaques bound,
Already at my house.

Hel. I humbly thank you:
Please it this matron and this gentle maid
To eat with us to-night, the charge and thanking
Shall be for me; and, to requite you further,
I will bestow some precepts of this virgin
Worthy the note.

Both. We 'll take your offer kindly.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene VI

Camp before Florence.

Enter Bertram and the two French Lords.

Sec. Lord. Nay, good my lord, put him to 't; let him have his way.

First Lord. If your lordship find him not a hilding, hold me no more in your respect.

Sec. Lord. On my life, my lord, a bubble.

Ber. Do you think I am so far deceived in him?

Sec. Lord. Believe it, my lord, in mine own direct knowledge, without any malice, but to

speak of him as my kinsman, he 's a most notable coward, an infinite and endless liar, an hourly promise-breaker, the owner of no one good quality worthy your lordship's entertainment.

First Lord. It were fit you knew him; lest, reposing too far in his virtue, which he hath not, he might at some great and trusty business in a main danger fail you.

Ber. I would I knew in what particular action to try him.

First Lord. None better than to let him fetch off his drum, which you hear him so confidently undertake to do.

Sec. Lord. I, with a troop of Florentines, will suddenly surprise him; such I will have, whom I am sure he knows not from the enemy: we will bind and hoodwink him so, that he shall suppose no other but that he is carried into the leaguer of the adversaries, when we bring him to our own tents. Be but your lordship present at his examination: if he do not, for the promise of his life and in the highest compulsion of base fear, offer to betray you and deliver all the intelligence in his power against you, and that with the divine forfeit of his soul upon oath, never trust my judgment in any thing.

First Lord. O, for the love of laughter, let him fetch his drum; he says he has a stratagem for 't: when your lordship sees the bottom of his success in 't, and to what metal this coun-

terfeit lump of ore will be melted, if you give him not John Drum's entertainment, your inclining cannot be removed. Here he comes.

Enter Parolles.

Sec. Lord. [*Aside to Ber.*] O, for the love of laughter, hinder not the honor of his design: let him fetch off his drum in any hand.

Ber. How now, monsieur! this drum sticks sorely in your disposition.

First Lord. A pox on 't, let it go; 'tis but a drum.

Par. 'But a drum'! is 't 'but a drum'? A drum so lost! There was excellent command,—to charge in with our horse upon our own wings, and to rend our own soldiers!

First Lord. That was not to be blamed in the command of the service: it was a disaster of war that Cæsar himself could not have prevented, if he had been there to command.

Ber. Well, we cannot greatly condemn our suc-

43. *"John Drum's Entertainment";* "to give a person John Drum's Entertainment" probably meant to give him such an entertainment as the drum gets; hence "to give a person a drumming," to turn him forcibly out of your company. Theobald quotes the following from Holinshed's *Description of Ireland:*—"His porter, or none other officer, durst not, for both his ears, give the simplest man that resorted to his house, *Tom Drum his entertainment,* which is to hale a man in by the head, and thrust him out by both the shoulders." In Marston's interlude, *Jack Drum's Entertainment* (1601), Jack Drum is a servant who is constantly baffled in his knavish tricks.—I. G.

47. *"the honor of his design"* is the honor he thinks to gain by it. *Honor* has been usually printed *humor;* a change, says Collier, "without either warranty or fitness."—H. N. H.

cess: some dishonor we had in the loss of that drum; but it is not to be recovered.

Par. It might have been recovered.

Ber. It might; but it is not now.

Par. It is to be recovered: but that the merit of service is seldom attributed to the true and exact performer, I would have that drum or another, or 'hic jacet.'

Ber. Why, if you have a stomach, to 't, monsieur: if you think your mystery in stratagem can bring this instrument of honor again into his native quarter, be magnanimous in the enterprise and go on; I will grace the attempt for a worthy exploit: if you speed well in it, the Duke shall both speak of it, and extend to you what further becomes his greatness, even to the utmost syllable of your worthiness.

Par. By the hand of a soldier, I will undertake it.

Ber. But you must not now slumber in it.

Par. I 'll about it this evening: and I will presently pen down my dilemmas, encourage myself in my certainty, put myself into my mortal preparation; and by midnight look to hear further from me.

Ber. May I be bold to acquaint his Grace you are gone about it?

Par. I know not what the success will be, my lord; but the attempt I vow.

Ber. I know thou 'rt valiant; and, to the pos-

sibility of thy soldiership, will subscribe for thee. Farewell.

Par. I love not many words. [*Exit.*

Sec. Lord. No more than a fish loves water. Is not this a strange fellow, my lord, that so confidently seems to undertake this business, which he knows is not to be done; damns himself to do, and dares better be damned than to do 't?

First Lord. You do not know him, my lord, as we do: certain it is, that he will steal himself into a man's favor and for a week escape a great deal of discoveries; but when you find him out, you have him ever after.

Ber. Why, do you think he will make no deed at all of this that so seriously he does address himself unto?

Sec. Lord. None in the world; but return with an invention, and clap upon you two or three probable lies: but we have almost embossed him; you shall see his fall to-night; for indeed he is not for your lordship's respect.

First Lord. We 'll make you some sport with the fox ere we case him. He was first smoked by the old lord Lafeu: when his disguise and he is parted, tell me what a sprat you shall find him; which you shall see this very night.

Sec. Lord. I must go look my twigs: he shall be caught.

122. So in the third scene of this act: "They are limed with the

Ber. Your brother he shall go along with me.
Sec. Lord. As 't please your lordship: I 'll leave you. [*Exit.*
Ber. Now will I lead you to the house, and show you
The lass I spoke of.
First Lord. But you say she 's honest.
Ber. That 's all the fault: I spoke with her but once
And found her wondrous cold; but I sent to her,
By this same coxcomb that we have i' the wind,
Tokens and letters which she did re-send;
And this is all I have done. She 's a fair creature:
Will you go see her?
First Lord. With all my heart, my lord.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene VII

Florence. The Widow's house.

Enter Helena and Widow.

Hel. If you misdoubt me that I am not she,
I know not how I shall assure you further,

twigs that threaten them." To *lime* is to catch or entangle; and *twigs* was a common term for the trap or snare, whether it were made of twigs or of thoughts; of material or mental *wickerwork*.—H. N. H.

129. *"i' the wind"*; this proverbial phrase is thus explained by Cotgrave: *"Estre sur vent,* To be in the wind, or to have the wind of. *To get the wind, advantage, upper hand of; to have a man under his lee."*—H. N. H.

But I shall lose the grounds I work upon.

Wid. Though my estate be fallen, I was well born,
Nothing acquainted with these businesses;
And would not put my reputation now
In any staining act.

Hel. Nor would I wish you.
First, give me trust, the count he is my husband,
And what to your sworn counsel I have spoken
Is so from word to word; and then you cannot,
By the good aid that I of you shall borrow, [11]
Err in bestowing it.

Wid. I should believe you;
For you have show'd me that which well approves
You 're great in fortune.

Hel. Take this purse of gold,
And let me buy your friendly help thus far,
Which I will over-pay and pay again
When I have found it. The count he wooes your daughter,
Lays down his wanton siege before her beauty,
Resolved to carry her: let her in fine consent,
As we 'll direct her how 'tis best to bear it. [20]
Now his important blood will nought deny
That she 'll demand: a ring the county wears,
That downward hath succeeded in his house
From son to son, some four or five descents
Since the first father wore it: this ring he holds
In most rich choice; yet in his idle fire,
To buy his will, it would not seem too dear,

3. That is, by discovering herself to the count.—H. N. H.

Howe'er repented after.

Wid. Now I see
The bottom of your purpose.

Hel. You see it lawful, then: it is no more,
But that your daughter, ere she seems as won,
Desires this ring; appoints him an encounter;
In fine, delivers me to fill the time,
Herself most chastely absent: after this,
To marry her, I 'll add three thousand crowns
To what is past already.

Wid. I have yielded:
Instruct my daughter how she shall persever,
That time and place with this deceit so lawful
May prove coherent. Every night he comes
With musics of all sorts and songs composed
To her unworthiness: it nothing steads us
To chide him from our eaves; for he persists
As if his life lay on 't.

Hel. Why then to-night
Let us assay our plot; which, if it speed,
Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed,
And lawful meaning in a lawful act,
Where both not sin, and yet a sinful fact:
But let 's about it. [*Exeunt.*

45–47. The explanation of this riddle is, that Bertram was to do a lawful deed with a wicked intent; Helena, the same deed with a good intent; and that what was really to be on both sides a lawful embrace, was to seem in them both an act of adultery.—H. N. H.

ACT FOURTH

Scene I

Without the Florentine camp.

Enter Second French Lord, with five or six other Soldiers in ambush.

Sec. Lord. He can come no other way but by this hedge-corner. When you sally upon him, speak what terrible language you will: though you understand it not yourselves, no matter; for we must not seem to understand him, unless some one among us whom we must produce for an interpreter.

First Sold. Good captain, let me be the interpreter.

Sec. Lord. Art not acquainted with him? knows he not thy voice? 10

First Sold. No, sir, I warrant you.

Sec. Lord. But what linsey-woolsey hast thou to speak to us again?

First Sold. E'en such as you speak to me.

Sec. Lord. He must think us some band of strangers i' the adversary's entertainment. Now he hath a smack of all neighboring languages; therefore we must every one be a

19–21. *"therefore . . . purpose";* the sense of this passage

man of his own fancy, not to know what we speak one to another; so we seem to know, is to know straight our purpose: choughs' language, gabble enough, and good enough. As for you, interpreter, you must seem very politic. But couch, ho! here he comes, to beguile two hours in a sleep, and then to return and swear the lies he forges.

Enter Parolles.

Par. Ten o'clock: within these three hours 'twill be time enough to go home. What shall I say I have done? It must be a very plausive invention that carries it; they begin to smoke me; and disgraces have of late knocked too often at my door. I find my tongue is too foolhardy; but my heart hath the fear of Mars before it and of his creatures, not daring the reports of my tongue.

Sec. Lord. This is the first truth that e'er thine own tongue was guilty of.

Par. What the devil should move me to undertake the recovery of this drum, being not ignorant of the impossibility, and knowing I had no such purpose? I must give myself some hurts, and say I got them in exploit: yet slight ones will not carry it; they will say, 'Came you off with so little?' and great ones I dare not give. Wherefore, what 's

appears to be: "We must each fancy a jargon for himself, without aiming to be understood by each other; for, provided we appear to understand, that will be sufficient." The *"chough"* is a bird of the jack-daw kind.—H. N. H.

the instance? Tongue, I must put you into a butter-woman's mouth, and buy myself another of Bajazet's mule, if you prattle me into these perils.

Sec. Lord. Is it possible he should know what he is, and be that he is?

Par. I would the cutting of my garments would serve the turn, or the breaking of my Spanish sword.

Sec. Lord. We cannot afford you so.

Par. Or the baring of my beard; and to say it was in stratagem.

Sec. Lord. 'Twould not do.

Par. Or to drown my clothes, and say I was stripped.

Sec. Lord. Hardly serve.

Par. Though I swore I leaped from the window of the citadel—

Sec. Lord. How deep?

Par. Thirty fathom.

Sec. Lord. Three great oaths would scarce make that be believed.

Par. I would I had any drum of the enemy's: I would swear I recovered it.

Sec. Lord. You shall hear one anon.

47–50. *"Tongue,"* etc.; Parolles is in a quandary: slight wounds will not serve his turn; great ones he dare not give himself; and so he is casting about what scheme he shall light upon next. He then goes on to lecture his tongue for getting him into such a scrape.—H. N. H.

49. *"Bajazet's mule";* the allusion has not yet been explained; perhaps *"Bajazet's"* is a blunder on the part of Parolles for *"Balaam's."*—I. G.

Par. A drum now of the enemy's,—

[*Alarum within.*

Sec. Lord. Throca movousus, cargo, cargo, cargo.

All. Cargo, cargo, cargo, villianda par corbo, cargo.

Par. O, ransom, ransom! do not hide mine eyes.

[*They seize and blindfold him.*

First Sold. Boskos thromuldo boskos.

Par. I know you are the Muskos' regiment:
And I shall lose my life for want of language:
If there be here German, or Dane, low Dutch,
Italian, or French, let him speak to me; I 'll
Discover that which shall undo the Florentine.

First Sold. Boskos vauvado: I understand thee, and can speak thy tongue. Kerelybonto, sir, betake thee to thy faith, for seventeen poniards are at thy bosom.

Par. O!

First Sold. O, pray, pray, pray! Manka revania dulche.

Sec. Lord. Oscorbidulchos volivorco.

First Sold. The general is content to spare thee yet;
And, hoodwink'd as thou art, will lead thee on
To gather from thee: haply thou mayst inform
Something to save thy life.

Par. O, let me live!
And all the secrets of our camp I 'll show,
Their force, their purposes; nay, I 'll speak that
Which you will wonder at.

First Sold. But wilt thou faithfully?

Par. If I do not, damn me.
First Sold. Acordo linta. 100
Come on; thou art granted space.
[*Exit, with Parolles guarded. A short alarum within.*
Sec. Lord. Go, tell the Count Rousillon and my brother,
We have caught the woodcock, and will keep him muffled
Till we do hear from them.
Sec. Sold. Captain, I will.
Sec. Lord. A' will betray us all unto ourselves:
Inform on that.
Sec. Sold. So I will, sir.
Sec. Lord. Till then I 'll keep him dark and safely lock'd. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II

Florence. The Widow's house.

Enter Bertram and Diana.

Ber. They told me that your name was Fontibell.
Dia. No, my good lord, Diana.
Ber. Titled goddess;
And worth it, with addition! But, fair soul,
In your fine frame hath love no quality?
If the quick fire of youth light not your mind,
You are no maiden, but a monument:
When you are dead, you should be such a one
As you are now, for you are cold and stern;
And now you should be as your mother was

When your sweet self was got.
Dia. She then was honest.
Ber. So should you be.
Dia. No:
My mother did but duty; such, my lord,
As you owe to your wife.
Ber. No more o' that;
I prithee, do not strive against my vows:
I was compell'd to her; but I love thee
By love's own sweet constraint, and will for ever
Do thee all rights of service.
Dia. Aye, so you serve us
Till we serve you; but when you have our roses,
You barely leave our thorns to prick ourselves,
And mock us with our bareness.
Ber. How have I sworn!
Dia. 'Tis not the many oaths that makes the truth,
But the plain single vow that is vow'd true.

14. *"vows";* his vows never to treat Helena as his wife.—H. N. H.

20–31. Few passages in Shakespeare have been more belabored than this. To understand it, we must bear in mind what Bertram has been doing and trying to do. He has been swearing love to Diana, and in the strength of that oath wants she should do that which would ruin her. This is what she justly calls *loving* her *ill*, because it is a *love* that seeks to *injure* her. She therefore retorts upon him, that oaths in such a suit are but an adding of perjury to lust. As to the latter part of the passage, we agree entirely with Mr. Collier, that "these lines have not been understood on account of the inversion." The first *him* refers to *Jove*, and *whom*, not to this, but to the second *him;* or rather *whom* and the latter *him* are correlative. The meaning, then, at once appears, if we render the sentence thus: "This has no holding, this will not hold, to swear by Heaven that I will work against him, or seek his hurt, whom I protest to love." What, therefore, does she conclude? why, that his *oaths* are no oaths, but mere *words* and *poor, unseal'd,* unratified *conditions.*—H. N. H.

What is not holy, that we swear not by,
But take the High'st to witness: then, pray you, tell me,
If I should swear by Jove's great attributes,
I loved you dearly, would you believe my oaths,
When I did love you ill? This has no holding,
To swear by him whom I protest to love,
That I will work against him: therefore your oaths
Are words and poor conditions, but unseal'd,
At least in my opinion.

Ber. Change it, change it;
Be not so holy-cruel: love is holy;
And my integrity ne'er knew the crafts
That you do charge men with. Stand no more off,
But give thyself unto my sick desires,
Who then recover: say thou art mine, and ever
My love as it begins shall so persever.

Dia. I see that men make rope's in such a scarre

25. *"Jove's,"* probably substituted for the original God's, in obedience to the statute against profanity. Johnson conjectured *"Love's."* —I. G.

36. *"Who then recover";* the Folios read, *"who then recovers,"* changed unnecessarily by Pope to *"which then recover,"* but *"who"* is often used for "an irrational antecedent personified," though in this passage the antecedent may be *"of me"* implied in *"my"; "my sick desires"*="the sick desires of me"; in this latter case "recovers" is the more common third person singular, instead of the first person after *"who."*—I. G.

38. *"I see that men make rope's in such a scarre,"* the reading of Folios 1, 2; Folio 3, *"make ropes";* Folio 4, *"make ropes . . . scar."* This is one of the standing cruxes in the text of Shakespeare; some thirty emendations have been proposed for *"ropes"* and *"scarre."* e. g. *"hopes . . . affairs"; "hopes . . . scenes"; "hopes . . . scare"; "slopes . . . scarre":* other suggestions are, *"may cope's . . . sorte"; "may rope's . . . snarle";*

That we 'll forsake ourselves. Give me that ring.

Ber. I 'll lend it thee, my dear; but have no power
To give it from me.

Dia. Will you not, my lord?

Ber. It is an honor 'longing to our house,
Bequeathed down from many ancestors;
Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world
In me to lose.

Dia. Mine honor 's such a ring:
My chastity 's the jewel of our house,
Bequeathed down from many ancestors;
Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world
In me to lose: thus your own proper wisdom
Brings in the champion Honor on my part,
Against your vain assault.

Ber. Here, take my ring:
My house, mine honor, yea, my life, be thine,
And I 'll be bid by thee.

Dia. When midnight comes, knock at my chamber-window:
I 'll order take my mother shall not hear.
Now will I charge you in the band of truth,
When you have conquer'd my yet maiden bed,
Remain there but an hour, nor speak to me:

"may rope's . . . snare," &c. The apostrophe in the First and Second Folios makes it almost certain that *"'s"* stands for *"us."* Possibly *"make"* is used as an auxiliary; *"make rope's"* would then mean "do constrain, or ensnare us." Or is *"make rope"* a compound verb? *"Scarre"* may be *"scare"* (*i. e.* "fright"). The general sense seems to be, "I see that men may reduce us to such a fright, that we'll forsake ourselves."—I. G.

My reasons are most strong; and you shall know them
When back again this ring shall be deliver'd:
And on your finger in the night I 'll put
Another ring, that what in time proceeds
May token to the future our past deeds.
Adieu, till then; then, fail not. You have won
A wife of me, though there my hope be done.

Ber. A heaven on earth I have won by wooing thee. [*Exit.*

Dia. For which live long to thank both heaven and me!
You may so in the end.
My mother told me just how he would woo,
As if she sat in 's heart; she says all men
Have the like oaths: he had sworn to marry me
When his wife 's dead; therefore I 'll lie with him
When I am buried. Since Frenchmen are so braid,
Marry that will, I live and die a maid:
Only in this disguise I think 't no sin
To cozen him that would unjustly win. [*Exit.*

73. *"braid";* Richardson derives *braid* from the Anglo-Saxon *brægan,* and explains it to mean hasty, sudden, violent. Mr. Dyce accepts his derivation, but thinks its meaning here to be "violent in desire, lustful." But the balance of authority seems to be with Steevens and Singer, who make it another word, from the Anglo-Saxon *bred,* and explain it as meaning false, deceitful, perfidious. This agrees very well with the old character which foreign writers from Tacitus to Coleridge have generally set upon the French as a nation. And it is noticeable that Diana speaks as if she had now found an individual example of what she considered a national characteristic.—H. N. H.

Scene III

The Florentine camp.

Enter the two French Lords and some two or three Soldiers.

First Lord. You have not given him his mother's letter?

Sec. Lord. I have delivered it an hour since: there is something in 't that stings his nature; for on the reading it he changed almost into another man.

First Lord. He has much worthy blame laid upon him for shaking off so good a wife and so sweet a lady.

Sec. Lord. Especially he hath incurred the everlasting displeasure of the king, who had even tuned his bounty to sing happiness to him. I will tell you a thing, but you shall let it dwell darkly with you.

First Lord. When you have spoken it, 'tis dead, and I am the grave of it.

Sec. Lord. He hath perverted a young gentlewoman here in Florence, of a most chaste renown; and this night he fleshes his will in the spoil of her honor: he hath given her his monumental ring, and thinks himself made in the unchaste composition.

First Lord. Now, God delay our rebellion! as we are ourselves, what things are we!

Sec. Lord. Merely our own traitors. And

as in the common course of all treasons, we still see them reveal themselves, till they attain to their abhorred ends, so he that in this action contrives against his own nobility, in his proper stream o'erflows himself.

First Lord. Is it not meant damnable in us, to be trumpeters of our unlawful intents? We shall not then have his company to-night?

Sec. Lord. Not till after midnight; for he is dieted to this hour.

First Lord. That approaches apace: I would gladly have him see his company anatomized, that he might take a measure of his own judgments, wherein so curiously he had set this counterfeit.

Sec. Lord. We will not meddle with him till he come; for his presence must be the whip of the other.

First Lord. In the mean time, what hear you of these wars?

Sec. Lord. I hear there is an overture of peace.

First Lord. Nay, I assure you, a peace concluded.

27, 28. *"reveal themselves . . . ends";* this may mean, "they are perpetually talking about the mischief they intend to do, till they have obtained an opportunity of doing it."—H. N. H.

29, 30. *"in his proper stream,"* etc.; that is, betrays his own secrets in his talk.—H. N. H.

31. *"damnable"* for *damnably;* the adjective used adverbially.—H. N. H.

36–40. *"I would gladly,"* etc.; this is a very just and moral reason. Bertram, by finding how ill he has judged, will be less confident and more open to admonition. *Counterfeit,* besides its ordinary signification of a person pretending to be what he is not, also meant a *picture:* the word *set* shows that it is used in both senses here.—H. N. H.

Sec. Lord. What will Count Rousillon do then? will he travel higher, or return again into France?

First Lord. I perceive, by this demand, you are not altogether of his council.

Sec. Lord. Let it be forbid, sir; so should I be a great deal of his act.

First Lord. Sir, his wife some two months since fled from his house: her pretense is a pilgrimage to Saint Jaques le Grand; which holy undertaking with most austere sanctimony she accomplished; and, there residing, the tenderness of her nature became as a prey to her grief; in fine, made a groan of her last breath, and now she sings in heaven.

Sec. Lord. How is this justified?

First Lord. The stronger part of it by her own letters, which makes her story true, even to the point of her death: her death itself, which could not be her office to say is come, was faithfully confirmed by the rector of the place.

Sec. Lord. Hath the count all this intelligence?

First Lord. Aye, and the particular confirmations, point from point, to the full arming of the verity.

Sec. Lord. I am heartily sorry that he 'll be glad of this.

First Lord. How mightily sometimes we make us comforts of our losses!

Sec. Lord. And how mightily some other times

we drown our gain in tears! The great dignity that his valor hath here acquired for him shall at home be encountered with a shame as ample.

First Lord. The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together: our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipped them not; and our crimes would despair, if they were not cherished by our virtues.

Enter a Messenger.

How now! where 's your master!

Serv. He met the Duke in the street, sir, of whom he hath taken a solemn leave: his lordship will next morning for France. The Duke hath offered him letters of commendations to the king.

Sec. Lord. They shall be no more than needful there, if they were more than they can commend.

First Lord. They cannot be too sweet for the king's tartness. Here 's his lordship now.

Enter Bertram.

How now, my lord! is 't not after midnight?

Ber. I have to-night dispatched sixteen businesses, a month's length a-piece, by an abstract of success: I have congied with the Duke, done my adieu with his nearest; buried a wife, mourned for her; writ to my lady mother I am returning; entertained my convoy; and between these main parcels

of dispatch effected many nicer needs: the last was the greatest, but that I have not ended yet.

Sec. Lord. If the business be of any difficulty, and this morning your departure hence, it requires haste of your lordship.

Ber. I mean, the business is not ended, as fearing to hear of it hereafter. But shall we have this dialogue between the fool and the soldier? Come, bring forth this counterfeit module, has deceived me, like a double-meaning prophesier.

Sec. Lord. Bring him forth: has sat i' the stocks all night, poor gallant knave.

Ber. No matter; his heels have deserved it, in usurping his spurs so long. How does he carry himself?

Sec. Lord. I have told your lordship already, the stocks carry him. But to answer you as you would be understood; he weeps like a wench that had shed her milk: he hath confessed himself to Morgan, whom he supposes to be a friar, from the time of his remembrance to this very instant disaster of his setting i' the stocks: and what think you he hath confessed?

Ber. Nothing of me, has a'?

Sec. Lord. His confession is taken, and it shall be read to his face: if your lordship be in 't,

117. *"dialogue"*; Mr. Collier thinks this probably refers to some popular stage performance of the time.—H. N. H.

as I believe you are, you must have the patience to hear it.

Enter Parolles guarded, and First Soldier.

Ber. A plague upon him! muffled! he can say nothing of me: hush, hush!

First Lord. Hoodman comes! Portotartarossa.

First Sold. He calls for the tortures: what will you say without 'em?

Par. I will confess what I know without constraint: if ye pinch me like a pasty, I can say no more.

First Sold. Bosko chimurcho.

First Lord. Boblibindo chicurmurco.

First. Sold. You are a merciful general. Our general bids you answer to what I shall ask you out of a note.

Par. And truly, as I hope to live.

First Sold. [*reads*] First demand of him how many horse the Duke is strong. What say you to that?

Par. Five or six thousand; but very weak and unserviceable: the troops are all scattered, and the commanders very poor rogues, upon my reputation and credit, and as I hope to live.

First Sold. Shall I set down your answer so?

Par. Do: I 'll take the sacrament on 't, how and which way you will.

Ber. All 's one to him. What a past-saving slave is this!

First Lord. You 're deceived, my lord: this is

Monsieur Parolles, the gallant militarist,—that was his own phrase,—that had the whole theoric of war in the knot of his scarf, and the practice in the chape of his dagger.

Sec. Lord. I will never trust a man again for keeping his sword clean, nor believe he can have every thing in him by wearing his apparel neatly.

First Sold. Well, that 's set down.

Par. Five or six thousand horse, I said,—I will say true,—or thereabouts, set down, for I 'll speak truth.

First Lord. He 's very near the truth in this.

Ber. But I con him no thanks for 't, in the nature he delivers it.

Par. Poor rogues, I pray you, say.

First Sold. Well, that 's set down.

Par. I humbly thank you, sir: a truth 's a truth, the rogues are marvelous poor.

First Sold. [*reads*] Demand of him, of what strength they are a-foot. What say you to that?

Par. By my troth, sir, if I were to live this present hour, I will tell true. Let me see: Spurio, a hundred and fifty; Sebastian, so many; Corambus, so many; Jaques, so

180. *"con . . . thanks"*; that is, I am not beholden to him for it. To *con thanks* exactly answers to the French *savoir gré*. It is found in several writers of Shakespeare's time. To *con* and to *ken* are from the Saxon *cunnan,* to know, to may or can, to be able.—H. N. H.

189, 190. *"were to live this present hour"*; perhaps we should read, "if I were *but to live this present hour*"; unless the blunder be meant to show the fright of Parolles.—H. N. H.

many; Guiltian, Cosmo, Lodowick, and Gratii, two hundred and fifty each; mine own company, Chitopher, Vaumond, Bentii, two hundred and fifty each: so that the muster-file, rotten and sound, upon my life, amounts not to fifteen thousand poll; half of the which dare not shake the snow from off their cassocks, lest they shake themselves to pieces.

Ber. What shall be done to him?

First Lord. Nothing, but let him have thanks. Demand of him my condition, and what credit I have with the Duke.

First Sold. Well, that 's set down. [*Reads*] You shall demand of him, whether one Captain Dumain be i' the camp, a Frenchman; what his reputation is with the Duke; what his valor, honesty, and expertness in wars; or whether he thinks it were not possible, with well-weighing sums of gold, to corrupt him to a revolt. What say you to this? what do you know of it?

Par. I beseech you, let me answer to the particular of the inter'gatories: demand them singly.

200. *"cassocks";* soldier's cloaks or upper garments. There was a plebeian *cassock,* or gaberdine, worn by country people, which is carefully distinguished from this by Nicot and his follower Cotgrave.—H. N. H.

208. *"Dumain";* we thus learn at last that the French gentleman's name is Dumain. We have already seen, in Act iii. sc. 6, that the French Envoy is his brother. In the original there is a good deal of confusion, both in their entrances, and in the prefixes to their speeches.—H. N. H.

First Sold. Do you know this Captain Dumain?

Par. I know him: a' was a botcher's 'prentice in Paris, from whence he was whipped for getting the shrieve's fool with child,—a dumb innocent, that could not say him nay.

Ber. Nay, by your leave, hold your hands; though I know his brains are forfeit to the next tile that falls.

First Sold. Well, is this captain in the Duke of Florence's camp?

Par. Upon my knowledge, he is, and lousy.

First Lord. Nay, look not so upon me; we shall hear of your lordship anon.

First Sold. What is his reputation with the Duke?

Par. The Duke knows him for no other but a poor officer of mine; and writ to me this other day to turn him out o' the band: I think I have his letter in my pocket.

First Sold. Marry, we 'll search.

Par. In good sadness, I do not know; either it is there, or it is upon a file with the Duke 's other letters in my tent.

First Sold. Here 'tis; here 's a paper: shall I read it to you?

222. *"fool";* not an "allowed fool," or a fool by art and profession, but a natural fool; probably assigned to the sheriff's care and keeping.—H. N. H.

224–226. In Whitney's *Emblems* there is a story of three women who threw dice to ascertain which of them should die first. She who lost affected to laugh at the decrees of fate, when a tile suddenly falling put an end to her existence.—H. N. H.

Par. I do not know if it be it or no.
Ber. Our interpreter does it well.
First Lord. Excellently.
First Sold. [*reads*] Dian, the count 's a fool, and full of gold,—
Par. That is not the Duke's letter, sir; that is an advertisement to a proper maid in Florence, one Diana, to take heed of the allurement of one Count Rousillon, a foolish idle boy, but for all that very ruttish: I pray you, sir, put it up again.
First Sold. Nay, I 'll read it first, by your favor.
Par. My meaning in 't, I protest, was very honest in the behalf of the maid; for I knew the young count to be a dangerous and lascivious boy, who is a whale to virginity and devours up all the fry it finds.
Ber. Damnable both-sides rogue!
First Sold. [*reads*] When he swears oaths, bid him drop gold, and take it;
After he scores, he never pays the score:
Half won is match well made; match, and well make it;
He ne'er pays after-debts, take it before;
And say a soldier, Dian, told thee this,
Men are to mell with, boys are not to kiss:
For count of this, the count 's a fool, I know it,

259. *"whale";* there is probably an allusion here to the Story of Andromeda in old prints, where the monster is frequently represented as a *whale.*—H. N. H.

264. That is, a match well made is half won; make your match therefore, but make it well.—H. N. H.

Who pays before, but not when he does owe it.
Thine, as he vowed to thee in thine ear,
PAROLLES.

Ber. He shall be whipped through the army with this rhyme in 's forehead.

Sec. Lord. This is your devoted friend, sir, the manifold linguist and the armipotent soldier.

Ber. I could endure any thing before but a cat, and now he 's a cat to me.

First Sold. I perceive, sir, by the general's looks, we shall be fain to hang you.

Par. My life, sir, in any case: not that I am afraid to die; but that, my offenses being many, I would repent out the remainder of nature: let me live, sir, in a dungeon, i' the stocks, or any where, so I may live.

First Sold. We 'll see what may be done, so you confess freely; therefore, once more to this Captain Dumain: you have answered to his reputation with the Duke and to his valor: what is his honesty?

Par. He will steal, sir, an egg out of a cloister: for rapes and ravishments he parallels Nessus: he professes not keeping of oaths; in breaking 'em he is stronger than Hercules: he will lie, sir, with such volubility, that you would think truth were a fool: drunkenness is his best virtue, for he will be swine-drunk;

276, 277. For some account of such as "are mad if they behold a cat," see *The Merchant of Venice,* Act iv. sc. 1.—H. N. H.

290. *"He will steal, sir, an egg out of a cloister," i. e.* "anything, however trifling, from any place, however holy."—I. G.

291. *"Nessus";* the Centaur killed by Hercules.—H. N. H.

and in his sleep he does little harm, save to his bed-clothes about him; but they know his conditions and lay him in straw. I have but little more to say, sir, of his honesty: he has every thing that an honest man should not have; what an honest man should have, he has nothing.

First Lord. I begin to love him for this.

Ber. For this description of thine honesty? A pox upon him for me, he 's more and more a cat.

First Sold. What say you to his expertness in war?

Par. Faith, sir, has led the drum before the English tragedians; to belie him, I will not, and more of his soldiership I know not; except, in that country he had the honor to be the officer at a place called there Mile-end, to instruct for the doubling of files: I would do the man what honor I can, but of this I am not certain.

First Lord. He hath out-villained villainy so far, that the rarity redeems him.

Ber. A pox on him, he 's a cat still.

First Sold. His qualities being at this poor price, I need not to ask you if gold will corrupt him to revolt.

Par. Sir, for a quart d'écu he will sell the fee-simple of his salvation, the inheritance of it; and cut the entail from all remainders, and a perpetual succession for it perpetually.

327. *"and a perpetual succession for it";* some such verb as *"grant"*

First Sold. What 's his brother, the other Captain Dumain?

Sec. Lord. Why does he ask him of me?

First Sold. What 's he?

Par. E'en a crow o' the same nest; not altogether so great as the first in goodness, but greater a great deal in evil: he excels his brother for a coward, yet his brother is reputed one of the best that is: in a retreat he outruns any lackey; marry, in coming on he has the cramp.

First Sold. If your life be saved, will you undertake to betray the Florentine?

Par. Aye, and the captain of his horse, Count Rousillon.

First Sold. I 'll whisper with the general, and know his pleasure.

Par. [*Aside*] I 'll no more drumming; a plague of all drums! Only to seem to deserve well, and to beguile the supposition of that lascivious young boy the count, have I run into this danger. Yet who would have suspected an ambush where I was taken?

First Sold. There is no remedy, sir, but you must die: the general says, you that have so traitorously discovered the secrets of your army and made such pestiferous reports of men very nobly held, can serve the world for no honest use; therefore you must die. Come, headsman, off with his head.

is to be supplied. Hanmer altered *"for it"* to *"in it"*; Kinnear conjectured *"free in perpetuity."*—I. G.

Par. O Lord, sir, let me live, or let me see my death!

First Sold. That shall you, and take your leave of all your friends. [*Unblinding him.* So, look about you: know you any here?

Ber. Good morrow, noble captain.

Sec. Lord. God bless you, Captain Parolles.

First Lord. God save you, noble captain.

Sec. Lord. Captain, what greeting will you to my Lord Lafeu? I am for France.

First Lord. Good captain, will you give me a copy of the sonnet you writ to Diana in behalf of the Count Rousillon? an I were not a very coward, I 'ld compel it of you: but fare you well. [*Exeunt Bertram and Lords.*

First Sold. You are undone, captain, all but your scarf; that has a knot on 't yet.

Par. Who cannot be crushed with a plot?

First Sold. If you could find out a country where but women were that had received so much shame, you might begin an impudent nation. Fare ye well, sir; I am for France too: we shall speak of you there. [*Exit with Soldiers.*

Par. Yet am I thankful: if my heart were great,
'Twould burst at this. Captain I 'll be no more;
But I will eat and drink, and sleep as soft
As captain shall: simply the thing I am
Shall make me live. Who knows himself a braggart,
Let him fear this, for it will come to pass
That every braggart shall be found an ass.

Rust, sword! cool, blushes! and, Parolles, live
Safest in shame! being fool'd, by foolery thrive!
There 's place and means for every man alive.
I 'll after them. [*Exit.*

Scene IV

Florence. The Widow's house.

Enter Helena, Widow, and Diana.

Hel. That you may well perceive I have not wrong'd you,
One of the greatest in the Christian world
Shall be my surety; 'fore whose throne 'tis needful,
Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneel:
Time was, I did him a desired office,
Dear almost as his life; which gratitude
Through flinty tartar's bosom would peep forth,
And answer, thanks: I duly am inform'd
His Grace is at Marseilles; to which place
We have convenient convoy. You must know,
I am supposed dead: the army breaking,
My husband hies him home; where, heaven aiding,
And by the leave of my good lord the king,
We 'll be before our welcome.

Wid. Gentle madam,

9. *"Marseilles";* it appears that *Marseilles* was pronounced as a word of three syllables. In the old copy it is written *Marcellæ.*—H. N. H.

You never had a servant to whose trust
Your business was more welcome.

Hel. Nor you, mistress,
Ever a friend whose thoughts more truly labor
To recompense your love: doubt not but heaven
Hath brought me up to be your daughter's dower,
As it hath fated her to be my motive
And helper to a husband. But, O strange men!
That can such sweet use make of what they hate,
When saucy trusting of the cozen'd thoughts
Defiles the pitchy night: so lust doth play
With what it loathes for that which is away.
But more of this hereafter. You, Diana,
Under my poor instructions yet must suffer
Something in my behalf.

Dia. Let death and honesty
Go with your impositions, I am yours
Upon your will to suffer.

Hel. Yet, I pray you:
But with the word the time will bring on summer,
When briers shall have leaves as well as thorns,
And be as sweet as sharp. We must away;
Our wagon is prepared, and time revives us:

23. *"saucy"* was sometimes used in the sense of *wanton.*—H. N. H.

30. *"I pray you";* Blackstone proposed to read,—"Yet I *fray* you but with the word," referring, of course, to the word *suffer.* To *fray* is to *frighten.* There is something of plausibility in this; but, besides that it does not fadge very well with what Diana has just said, the sense runs clear enough, if with Warburton we understand *but with the word* to mean *in a very short time.*—H. N. H.

34. *"revives";* so the Folios; *"reviles," "invites," "requires"* have been variously proposed; it is doubtful whether any change is necessary: "Time," says Helena, "gives us fresh courage."—I. G.

ALL 'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL: still the fine 's the crown;
Whate'er the course, the end is the renown.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V

Rousillon. The Count's palace.

Enter Countess, Lafeu, and Clown.

Laf. No, no, no, your son was misled with a snipt-taffeta fellow there, whose villainous saffron would have made all the unbaked and doughy youth of a nation in his color: your daughter-in-law had been alive at this hour, and your son here at home, more advanced by the king than by that red-tailed humble-bee I speak of.

Count. I would I had not known him; it was the death of the most virtuous gentlewoman that ever nature had praise for creating. If she had partaken of my flesh, and cost me

1–8. In *The Winter's Tale,* Act iv. sc. 2, the Clown says,—"I must have *saffron* to color the warden *pies.*" From which it appears that in Shakespeare's time *saffron* was used to color pastry with. The phrase *"unbak'd and doughy* youth" shows that the same custom is alluded to here. Reference is also had to the coxcombical finery, "the scarfs and the bannerets," which this strutting vacuum cuts his dashes in. *Yellow* was then the prevailing color in the dress of such as Parolles, whose soul was in their clothes. Various passages might be cited in proof of this. Thus Sir Philip Sidney has *"saffron*-colored coat," and Ben Jonson in one of his songs speaks of "ribands, bells, and *safrond* lynnen." The concluding part of Lafeu's description identifies *red* as the color of a fantastical coxcomb's hose.—H. N. H.

the dearest groans of a mother, I could not have owed her a more rooted love.

Laf. 'Twas a good lady, 'twas a good lady: we may pick a thousand salads ere we light on such another herb.

Clo. Indeed, sir, she was the sweet-marjoram of the salad, or rather, the herb of grace.

Laf. They are not herbs, you knave; they are nose-herbs.

Clo. I am no great Nebuchadnezzar, sir; I have not much skill in grass.

Laf. Whether dost thou profess thyself, a knave or a fool?

Clo. A fool, sir, at a woman's service, and a knave at a man's.

Laf. Your distinction?

Clo. I would cozen the man of his wife and do his service.

Laf. So you were a knave at his service, indeed.

Clo. And I would give his wife my bauble, sir, to do her service.

Laf. I will subscribe for thee, thou art both knave and fool.

Clo. At your service.

21. *"nose-herbs";* that is, herbs to be *smelled of,* not herbs to be *eaten.* *"Salad"* is not in the original copy: it was supplied by Rowe, and has been universally received.—H. N. H.

33. *"bauble";* the fool's *bauble,* says Douce, was "a short stick ornamented at the end with the figure of a fool's head, or sometimes with that of a doll or puppet. To this instrument there was frequently annexed an inflated bladder, with which the fool belabored those who offended him, or with whom he was inclined to make sport."—H. N. H.

Laf. No, no, no.

Clo. Why, sir, if I cannot serve you, I can serve as great a prince as you are.

Laf. Who 's that? a Frenchman?

Clo. Faith, sir, a' has an English name; but his fisnomy is more hotter in France than there.

Laf. What prince is that?

Clo. The black prince, sir; alias, the prince of darkness; alias, the devil.

Laf. Hold thee, there 's my purse: I give thee not this to suggest thee from thy master thou talkest of; serve him still.

Clo. I am a woodland fellow, sir, that always loved a great fire; and the master I speak of ever keeps a good fire. But, sure, he is the prince of the world; let his nobility remain in 's court. I am for the house with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for pomp to enter: some that humble themselves may; but the many will be too chill and tender, and they 'll be for the flowery way that leads to the broad gate and the great fire.

Laf. Go thy ways, I begin to be aweary of thee; and I tell thee so before, because I would

42. *"an English name";* Folios 1, 2, *"maine";* Folio 3, *"main";* Folio 4, *"mean";* Rowe first suggested *"name";* the allusion is obviously to the Black Prince.—I. G.

43. *"his fisnomy is more hotter";* Hanmer's proposal *"honor'd"* for *"hotter"* seems to be a most plausible emendation.—I. G.

Warburton thought we should read *honor'd;* but the Clown's allusion is double; to Edward *the Black Prince,* and to the *prince of darkness.* The presence of Edward was indeed *hot* in France: the other allusion is obvious.—H. N. H.

58. *"flowery way";* so in *Macbeth,* Act ii. sc. 3: "That go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire."—H. N. H.

not fall out with thee. Go thy ways: let my horses be well looked to, without any tricks.

Clo. If I put any tricks upon 'em, sir, they shall be jades' tricks; which are their own right by the law of nature. [*Exit.*

Laf. A shrewd knave and an unhappy.

Count. So he is. My lord that 's gone made himself much sport out of him: by his authority he remains here, which he thinks is a patent for his sauciness; and, indeed, he has no pace, but runs where he will.

Laf. I like him well; 'tis not amiss. And I was about to tell you, since I heard of the good lady's death and that my lord your son was upon his return home, I moved the king my master to speak in the behalf of my daughter; which, in the minority of them both, his majesty, out of a self-gracious remembrance, did first propose: his highness hath promised me to do it: and, to stop up the displeasure he hath conceived against your son, there is no fitter matter. How does your ladyship like it?

Count. With very much content, my lord; and I wish it happily effected.

Laf. His highness comes post from Marseilles, of as able body as when he numbered thirty: he will be here to-morrow, or I am deceived by him that in such intelligence hath seldom failed.

Count. It rejoices me, that I hope I shall see him ere I die. I have letters that my son

will be here to-night: I shall beseech your lordship to remain with me till they meet together.

Laf. Madam, I was thinking with what manners I might safely be admitted.

Count. You need but plead your honorable privilege.

Laf. Lady, of that I have made a bold charter; but I thank my God it holds yet.

Re-enter Clown.

Clo. O madam, yonder 's my lord your son with a patch of velvet on 's face: whether there be a scar under 't or no, the velvet knows; but 'tis a goodly patch of velvet: his left cheek is a cheek of two pile and a half, but his right cheek is worn bare.

Laf. A scar nobly got, or a noble scar, is a good livery of honor; so belike is that.

Clo. But it is your carbonadoed face.

Laf. Let us go see your son, I pray you: I long to talk with the young noble soldier.

Clo. Faith, there 's a dozen of 'em, with delicate fine hats and most courteous feathers, which bow the head and nod at every man.

[*Exeunt.*

107. *"pile"*; referring to the pile of the velvet patch.—H. N. H.

ACT FIFTH

Scene I

Marseilles. A street.

Enter Helena, Widow, and Diana, with two Attendants.

Hel. But this exceeding posting day and night
Must wear your spirits low; we cannot help it:
But since you have made the days and nights as one,
To wear your gentle limbs in my affairs,
Be bold you do so grow in my requital
As nothing can unroot you. In happy time;

Enter a Gentleman.

This man may help me to his majesty's ear,
If he would spend his power. God save you, sir.
Gent. And you.
Hel. Sir, I have seen you in the court of France.
Gent. I have been sometimes there. 11

6. *"Enter a Gentleman";* Folio 1 reads *"A gentle Astringer";* Folio 2, *"A gentle Astranger";* Folios 3, 4, *"A Gentleman a stranger."* *"Astringer"*=a keeper of goshawks; the word occurs nowhere else in Shakespeare. There seems, however, no very particular reason for its omission in modern editions, though it is true that in the Folio the speeches given to "the Astringer" all have the prefix *"Gent."*—I. G.

Hel. I do presume, sir, that you are not fallen
From the report that goes upon your goodness;
And therefore, goaded with most sharp occasions,
Which lay nice manners by, I put you to
The use of your own virtues, for the which
I shall continue thankful.
Gent. What 's your will?
Hel. That it will please you
To give this poor petition to the king,
And aid me with that store of power you have
To come into his presence.
Gent. The king 's not here.
Hel. Not here, sir!
Gent. Not, indeed:
He hence removed last night and with more haste
Than is his use.
Wid. Lord, how we lose our pains!
Hel. ALL 'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL yet,
Though time seem so adverse and means unfit.
I do beseech you, whither is he gone?
Gent. Marry, as I take it, to Rousillon;
Whither I am going.
Hel. I do beseech you, sir,
Since you are like to see the king before me,
Commend the paper to his gracious hand,
Which I presume shall render you no blame
But rather make you thank your pains for it.
I will come after you with what good speed
Our means will make us means.
Gent. This I 'll do for you.

Hel. And you shall find yourself to be well thank'd,
Whate'er falls more. We must to horse again.
Go, go, provide. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II

Rousillon. Before the Count's palace.

Enter Clown, and Parolles, following.

Par. Good Monsieur Lavache, give my Lord Lafeu, this letter: I have ere now, sir, been better known to you, when I have held familiarity with fresher clothes; but I am now, sir, muddied in fortune's mood, and smell somewhat strong of her strong displeasure.

Clo. Truly, fortune's displeasure is but sluttish, if it smell so strongly as thou speakest of: I will henceforth eat no fish of fortune's buttering. Prithee, allow the wind.

Par. Nay, you need not to stop your nose, sir; I spake but by a metaphor.

Clo. Indeed, sir, if your metaphor stink, I will

1. *"Good Monsieur Lavache";* Folio 1, *"Lauatch";* Folio 2, *"Lavatch";* Folios, 3, 4, *"Levatch";* Tollet's conjecture *"Lavache"* has been generally adopted. Clarke suggests that it may have been intended for *Lavage,* which, in familiar French, is used to express "slop," "puddle," "washiness." Something is to be said in favor of Jervis' proposed reading, *"Lapatch," i. e.* "patch"= clown, with the prefix *"la"* in imitation of *"Lafeu."*—I. G.

5. *"fortune's mood"* is several times used by Shakespeare for the whimsical *caprice* of fortune.—H. N. H.

10. *"allow the wind";* that is, stand to the leeward of me.—H. N. H.

stop my nose; or against any man's metaphor. Prithee, get thee further.

Par. Pray you, sir, deliver me this paper.

Clo. Foh! prithee, stand away: a paper from fortune's close-stool to give to a nobleman! Look, here he comes himself.

Enter Lafeu.

Here is a purr of fortune's, sir, or of fortune's cat,—but not a musk-cat,—that has fallen into the unclean fishpond of her displeasure, and, as he says, is muddied withal: pray, you, sir, use the carp as you may; for he looks like a poor, decayed, ingenious, foolish, rascally knave. I do pity his distress in my similes of comfort and leave him to your lordship. [*Exit.*

Par. My lord, I am a man whom fortune hath cruelly scratched.

Laf. And what would you have me to do? 'Tis too late to pare her nails now. Wherein have you played the knave with fortune, that she should scratch you, who of herself is a good lady and would not have knaves thrive long under her? There 's a quart d'écu for you: let the justices make you and fortune friends: I am for other business.

Par. I beseech your honor to hear me one single word.

27. *"Similes of comfort";* Theobald's certain emendation for the reading of the Folios, *"smiles of comfort."*—I. G.

Laf. You beg a single penny more: come, you shall ha 't; save your word.

Par. My name, my good lord, is Parolles.

Laf. You beg more than 'word,' then. Cox my passion! give me your hand. How does your drum?

Par. O my good lord, you were the first that found me!

Laf. Was I, in sooth? and I was the first that lost thee.

Par. It lies in you, my lord, to bring me in some grace, for you did bring me out.

Laf. Out upon thee, knave! dost thou put upon me at once both the office of God and the devil? One brings thee in grace and the other brings thee out. [*Trumpets sound.*] The king 's coming; I know by his trumpets. Sirrah, inquire further after me; I had talk of you last night: though you are a fool and a knave, you shall eat; go to, follow.

Par. I praise God for you. [*Exeunt.*

44. *"word"*; a quibble is intended on the word *Parolles,* which in French signifies *words.*—H. N. H.

Scene III

Rousillon. The Count's palace.

Flourish. Enter King, Countess, Lafeu, the two French lords, with Attendants.

King. We lost a jewel of her; and our esteem
Was made much poorer by it: but your son,
As mad in folly, lack'd the sense to know
Her estimation home.
Count. 'Tis past, my liege;
And I beseech your majesty to make it
Natural rebellion, done i' the blaze of youth;
When oil and fire, too strong for reason's force,
O'erbears it and burns on.
King. My honor'd lady,
I have forgiven and forgotten all;
Though my revenges were high bent upon him,
And watch'd the time to shoot.
Laf. This I must say,
But first I beg my pardon, the young lord
Did to his majesty, his mother and his lady
Offense of mighty note; but to himself
The greatest wrong of all. He lost a wife
Whose beauty did astonish the survey
Of richest eyes, whose words all ears took captive,

1, 2. That is, in losing her we lost a large portion of our esteem, which she possessed.—H. N. H.

6. *"blaze"*; the old copy reads *blade*. Theobald proposed the present reading.—H. N. H.

Whose dear perfection hearts that scorn'd to serve
Humbly call'd mistress.

King. Praising what is lost
Makes the remembrance dear. Well, call him hither;
We are reconciled, and the first view shall kill
All repetition: let him not ask our pardon;
The nature of his great offense is dead,
And deeper than oblivion we do bury
The incensing relics of it: let him approach,
A stranger, no offender; and inform him
So 'tis our will he should.

Gent. I shall, my liege. [*Exit.*

King. What says he to your daughter? have you spoke?

Laf. All that he is hath reference to your highness.

King. Then shall we have a match. I have letters sent me
That set him high in fame.

Enter Bertram.

Laf. He looks well on 't.

King. I am not a day of season,
For thou mayst see a sunshine and a hail
In me at once: but to the brightest beams
Distracted clouds give way; so stand thou forth;
The time is fair again.

Ber. My high-repented blames,
Dear sovereign, pardon to me.

King. All is whole:
Not one word more of the consumed time.

Let 's take the instant by the forward top;
For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees
The inaudible and noiseless foot of Time
Steals ere we can effect them. You remember
The daughter of this lord?

Ber. Admiringly, my liege, at first
I stuck my choice upon her, ere my heart
Durst make too bold a herald of my tongue:
Where the impression of mine eye infixing,
Contempt his scornful perspective did lend me,
Which warp'd the line of every other favor;
Scorn'd a fair color, or express'd it stolen;
Extended or contracted all proportions
To a most hideous object: thence it came
That she whom all men praised and whom myself,
Since I have lost, have loved, was in mine eye
The dust that did offend it.

King. Well excused:
That thou didst love her, strikes some scores away
From the great compt: but love that comes too late,
Like a remorseful pardon slowly carried,
To the great sender turns a sour offense,
Crying 'That 's good that 's gone.' Our rash faults
Make trivial price of serious things we have,
Not knowing them until we know their grave:
Oft our displeasures, to ourselves unjust,
Destroy our friends and after weep their dust:
Our own love waking cries to see what 's done,

While shameful hate sleeps out the afternoon.
Be this sweet Helen's knell, and now forget her.
Send forth your amorous token for fair Maudlin:
The main consents are had; and here we 'll stay
To see our widower's second marriage-day.
Count. Which better than the first, O dear heaven, bless!
Or, ere they meet, in me, O nature, cesse!
Laf. Come on, my son, in whom my house's name
Must be digested, give a favor from you
To sparkle in the spirits of my daughter,
That she may quickly come. [*Bertram gives a ring.*] By my old beard,
And every hair that 's on 't, Helen, that 's dead,
Was a sweet creature: such a ring as this,
The last that e'er I took her leave at court,
I saw upon her finger.
Ber. Hers it was not.
King. Now, pray you, let me see it; for mine eye,
While I was speaking, oft was fasten'd to 't.
This ring was mine; and, when I gave it Helen,
I bade her, if her fortunes ever stood

65, 66.

"Our own love waking cries to see what's done,
While shameful hate sleeps out the afternoon."

Johnson conjectured *"slept"* for *"sleeps," i. e.* "love cries to see what was done while hatred slept, and suffered mischief to be done." Mason proposed *"old"* for *"own."* W. G. Clarke ingeniously emended *"shameful hate"* into *"shame full late,"* but the emendation destroys the antithesis between *"love"* and *"hate."* It is best to leave the lines as they stand, though the words *"our own love"* are somewhat doubtful: the general meaning is simple enough.—I. G.

84. *"bade"; I told* her.—H. N. H.

Necessitied to help, that by this token
I would relieve her. Had you that craft, to reave her
Of what should stead her most?

Ber. My gracious sovereign,
Howe'er it pleases you to take it so,
The ring was never hers.

Count. Son, on my life,
I have seen her wear it; and she reckon'd it
At her life's rate.

Laf. I am sure I saw her wear it.

Ber. You are deceived, my lord; she never saw it:
In Florence was it from a casement thrown me,
Wrapp'd in a paper, which contain'd the name
Of her that threw it: noble she was, and thought
I stood engaged: but when I had subscribed
To mine own fortune and inform'd her fully
I could not answer in that course of honor
As she had made the overture, she ceased
In heavy satisfaction and would never
Receive the ring again.

King. Plutus himself,
That knows the tinct and multiplying medicine,
Hath not in nature's mystery more science
Than I have in this ring: 'twas mine, 'twas Helen's,
Whoever gave it you. Then, if you know

93. Johnson remarks that Bertram still has too little virtue to deserve Helen. He did not know it was Helen's ring, but he knew that he had it not from a window.—H. N. H.

102. *"multiplying medicine";* the philosopher's stone. Plutus, the great alchymist, who knows the secrets of the *elixir* and *philosopher's stone,* by which the alchymists pretended that base metals might be transmuted into gold.—H. N. H.

That you are well acquainted with yourself,
Confess 'twas hers, and by what rough enforcement
You got it from her: she call'd the saints to surety
That she would never put it from her finger,
Unless she gave it to yourself in bed,
Where you have never come, or sent it us
Upon her great disaster.

Ber. She never saw it.

King. Thou speak'st it falsely, as I love mine honor;
And makest conjectural fears to come into me,
Which I would fain shut out. If it should prove
That thou art so inhuman,—'twill not prove so;—
And yet I know not: thou didst hate her deadly,
And she is dead; which nothing, but to close
Her eyes myself, could win me to believe,
More than to see this ring. Take him away.

[*Guards seize Bertram.*

My fore-past proofs, howe'er the matter fall,
Shall tax my fears of little vanity,
Having vainly fear'd too little. Away with him!
We 'll sift this matter further.

Ber. If you shall prove
This ring was ever hers, you shall as easy

121. "*my fore-past proofs,*" etc.; *i. e.* "the proofs which I have already had are sufficient to show that my *fears* were not *vain* and irrational. I have rather been hitherto more easy than sought, and have *unreasonably* had *too little fear*" (Johnson).—I. G.

Prove that I husbanded her bed in Florence,
Where yet she never was. [*Exit, guarded.*

King. I am wrapp'd in dismal thinkings.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. Gracious sovereign,
Whether I have been to blame or no, I know not:
Here's a petition from a Florentine,
Who hath for four or five removes come short
To tender it herself. I undertook it,
Vanquish'd thereto by the fair grace and speech
Of the poor suppliant, who by this I know
Is here attending: her business looks in her
With an importing visage; and she told me,
In a sweet verbal brief, it did concern
Your highness with herself.

King. [*reads*] Upon his many protestations to marry me when his wife was dead, I blush to say it, he won me. Now is the Count Rousillon a widower: his vows are forfeited to me, and my honor 's paid to him. He stole from Florence, taking no leave, and I follow him to his country for justice: grant it me, O king! in you it best lies; otherwise a seducer flourishes, and a poor maid is undone.

DIANA CAPILET.

Laf. I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and toll for this: I 'll none of him.

King. The heavens have thought well on thee, Lafeu,

To bring forth this discovery. Seek these suitors:
Go speedily and bring again the count.
I am afeard the life of Helen, lady,
Was foully snatch'd.

Count. Now, justice on the doers!

Re-enter Bertram, guarded.

King. I wonder, sir, sith wives are monsters to you,
And that you fly them as you swear them lordship,
Yet you desire to marry.

Enter Widow and Diana.

What woman 's that?

Dia. I am, my lord, a wretched Florentine,
Derived from the ancient Capilet:
My suit, as I do understand, you know,
And therefore know how far I may be pitied.

Wid. I am her mother, sir, whose age and honor
Both suffer under this complaint we bring,
And both shall cease, without your remedy.

King. Come hither, count; do you know these women?

Ber. My lord, I neither can nor will deny
But that I know them: do they charge me further?

Dia. Why do you look so strange upon your wife?

Ber. She 's none of mine, my lord.

Dia. If you shall marry,

157. *"as,"* means *as soon as.*—H. N. H.
165. *"cease"*; decease, die.—H. N. H.

You give away this hand, and that is mine;
You give away heaven's vows, and those are mine;
You give away myself, which is known mine;
For I by vow am so embodied yours,
That she which marries you must marry me,
Either both or none.

Laf. Your reputation comes too short for my daughter; you are no husband for her.

Ber. My lord, this is a fond and desperate creature,
Whom sometime I have laugh'd with: let your highness
Lay a more noble thought upon mine honor
Than for to think that I would sink it here.

King. Sir, for my thoughts, you have them ill to friend
Till your deeds gain them: fairer prove your honor
Than in my thought it lies.

Dia. Good my lord,
Ask him upon his oath, if he does think
He had not my virginity.

King. What say'st thou to her?

Ber. She 's impudent, my lord,
And was a common gamester to the camp.

Dia. He does me wrong, my lord; if I were so,
He might have bought me at a common price:
Do not believe him. O, behold this ring,
Whose high respect and rich validity
Did lack a parallel; yet for all that
He gave it to a commoner o' the camp,
If I be one.

Count. He blushes, and 'tis it:
Of six preceding ancestors, that gem,
Conferr'd by testament to the sequent issue,
Hath it been owed and worn. This is his wife;
That ring 's a thousand proofs.
King. Methought you said
You saw one here in court could witness it.
Dia. I did, my lord, but loath am to produce
So bad an instrument: his name 's Parolles.
Laf. I saw the man to-day, if man he be.
King. Find him, and bring him hither.
[*Exit an Attendant.*
Ber. What of him?
He 's quoted for a most perfidious slave,
With all the spots o' the world tax'd and de-
bosh'd;
Whose nature sickens but to speak a truth.
Am I or that or this for what he 'll utter,
That will speak any thing?
King. She hath that ring of yours.
Ber. I think she has: certain it is I liked her,
And boarded her i' the wanton way of youth:
She knew her distance, and did angle for me,
Madding my eagerness with her restraint,
As all impediments in fancy's course
Are motives of more fancy; and, in fine,

196. *"He blushes, and 'tis it";* Folios *"'tis hit,"* which has been variously explained as an Archaic form of "it"; as an error for *"'tis his,"* or *"is hit."* It seems unnecessary to alter the Folio; *"'tis hit"* can very well mean "the blow has been well aimed, it has struck home," "it" being used impersonally.—I. G.

206. *"quoted"; quote* was often used for *note, observe,* as in *Hamlet,*—"I am sorry that with better heed and judgment I had not *quoted* him."—H. N. H.

Her infinite cunning, with her modern grace,
Subdued me to her rate: she got the ring;
And I had that which any inferior might
At market-price have bought.

Dia. I must be patient:
You, that have turn'd off a first so noble wife,
May justly diet me. I pray you yet,
Since you lack virtue I will lose a husband,
Send for your ring, I will return it home,
And give me mine again.

Ber. I have it not.

King. What ring was yours, I pray you?

Dia. Sir, much like
The same upon your finger.

King. Know you this ring? this ring was his of late.

Dia. And this was it I gave him, being abed.

King. The story then goes false, you threw it him
Out of a casement.

Dia. I have spoke the truth.

Enter Parolles.

Ber. My lord, I do confess the ring was hers.

217. *"Her infinite cunning, with her modern grace";* Walker's certain emendation of the Folio reading *"her insuite comming";* other suggestions have been made:—*"Her instant comity"* (Bubier); *"Her Jesuit cunning"* (Bulloch); *"Her own suit, coming"* (Perring). —I. G.

217. *"modern";* Shakespeare frequently has *modern* in the sense of common, ordinary; but here it seems to have the force of *youthful, fresh.* Thus Florio: "Modernaglie, moderne things; also taken for *young* wenches." The meaning, however, may be, that though her beauty be but common, yet her solicitation was such, so artful, as to subdue me.—H. N. H.

King. You boggle shrewdly, every feather starts you.
Is this the man you speak of?
Dia. Aye, my lord.
King. Tell me, sirrah, but tell me true, I charge you,
Not fearing the displeasure of your master,
Which on your just proceeding I 'll keep off,
By him and by this woman here what know you?
Par. So please your majesty, my master hath been an honorable gentleman: tricks that he hath had in him, which gentlemen have.
King. Come, come, to the purpose: did he love this woman?
Par. Faith, sir, he did love her; but how?
King. How, I pray you?
Par. He did love her, sir, as a gentleman loves a woman.
King. How is that?
Par. He loved her, sir, and loved her not.
King. As thou art a knave, and no knave. What an equivocal companion is this!
Par. I am a poor man, and at your majesty's command.
Laf. He 's a good drum, my lord, but a naughty orator.
Dia. Do you know he promised me marriage?
Par. Faith, I know more than I 'll speak.
King. But wilt thou not speak all thou knowest?
Par. Yes, so please your majesty. I did go between them, as I said; but more than that, he loved her: for indeed he was mad for her, and

talked of Satan, and of Limbo, and of Furies, and I know not what: yet I was in that credit with them at that time, that I knew of their going to bed, and of other motions, as promising her marriage, and things which would derive me ill will to speak of; therefore I will not speak what I know.

King. Thou hast spoken all already, unless thou canst say they are married: but thou art too fine in thy evidence; therefore stand aside. This ring, you say, was yours?

Dia. Aye, my good lord.

King. Where did you buy it? or who gave it you?

Dia. It was not given me, nor I did not buy it.

King. Who lent it you?

Dia. It was not lent me neither.

King. Where did you find it then?

Dia. I found it not.

King. If it were yours by none of all these ways, How could you give it him?

Dia. I never gave it him.

Laf. This woman 's an easy glove, my lord; she goes off and on at pleasure.

King. This ring was mine; I gave it his first wife.

Dia. It might be yours or hers, for aught I know.

King. Take her away; I do not like her now; To prison with her: and away with him. Unless thou tell'st me where thou hadst this ring, Thou diest within this hour.

Dia. I 'll never tell you.

King. Take her away.

Dia. I 'll put in bail, my liege.
King. I think thee now some common customer.
Dia. By Jove, if ever I knew man, 'twas you.
King. Wherefore hast thou accused him all this while?
Dia. Because he 's guilty, and he is not guilty:
He knows I am no maid, and he 'll swear to 't;
I 'll swear I am a maid, and he knows not.
Great king, I am no strumpet, by my life;
I am either maid, or else this old man's wife.
King. She does abuse our ears: to prison with her.
Dia. Good mother, fetch my bail. Stay, royal sir:
[*Exit Widow.*
The jeweler that owes the ring is sent for,
And he shall surety me. But for this lord,
Who hath abused me, as he knows himself,
Though yet he never harm'd me, here I quit him:
He knows himself my bed he hath defiled;
And at that time he got his wife with child:
Dead though she be, she feels her young one kick:
So there 's my riddle,—One that 's dead is quick:
And now behold the meaning.

Re-enter Widow, with Helena.

King. Is there no exorcist
Beguiles the truer office of mine eyes?
Is 't real that I see?
Hel. No, my good lord;
'Tis but the shadow of a wife you see,
The name and not the thing.

Ber. Both, both. O, pardon!
Hel. O my good lord, when I was like this maid,
I found you wondrous kind. There is your ring;
And, look you, here 's your letter; this it says:
'When from my finger you can get this ring
And are by me with child,' &c. This is done:
Will you be mine, now you are doubly won?
Ber. If she, my liege, can make me know this clearly,
I 'll love her dearly, ever, ever dearly.
Hel. If it appear not plain and prove untrue,
Deadly divorce step between me and you!
O my dear mother, do I see you living?
Laf. Mine eyes smell onions; I shall weep anon:
[*To Parolles*] Good Tom Drum, lend me a handkercher: so,
I thank thee: wait on me home, I 'll make sport with thee:
Let thy courtesies alone, they are scurvy ones.
King. Let us from point to point this story know,
To make the even truth in pleasure flow.
[*To Diana*] If thou be'st yet a fresh uncropped flower,
Choose thou thy husband, and I 'll pay thy dower;
For I can guess that by thy honest aid
Thou kep'st a wife herself, thyself a maid.
Of that and all the progress, more and less,
Resolvedly more leisure shall express:
All yet seems well; and if it end so meet,
The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet.
[*Flourish.*

EPILOGUE

King. The king 's a beggar, now the play is done:
All is well ended, if this suit be won,
That you express content; which we will pay,
With strife to please you, day exceeding day:
Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts;
Your gentle hands lend us, and take our hearts.
[*Exeunt.*

1. *"The King's a beggar";* an allusion to the old story of *"The King and the Beggar"* (*cp.* Percy's *Reliques*), often referred to by Shakespeare.—I. G.

GLOSSARY

By Israel Gollancz, M.A.

A = one; I. iii. 253.

About, "go not about," "do not beat about the bush"; I. iii. 203.

Accordingly, equally; II. v. 9.

Across, "break across," a term used in tilting; here used for a passage at arms of wit; II. i. 71.

Act, action; I. ii. 30.

Admiration, that which excites admiration; II. i. 92.

Adoptious, "a. christendoms" = "adopted christian names"; I. i. 196.

Advertisement, advice; IV. iii. 249.

Advice, discretion; III. iv. 19.

Alone, "alone must think," must only think; I. i. 207.

Ample, amply; III. v. 50.

Anatomized, laid open, shown up; IV. iii. 37.

Antiquity, old age; II. iii. 218.

Appeach'd = impeached, informed against (you); I. iii. 206.

Applications, attempts at healing; I. ii. 74.

Apprehensive, "ruled by imaginations and caprices," fantastic; I. ii. 60.

Approof, "so in a. lives not his epitaph as in your royal speech" = "his epitaph receives by nothing such confirmation and living truth as by your speech"; I. ii. 51; "valiant a." = approved valor; II. v. 3.

Approved, proved; I. ii. 10.

Araise, raise from the dead; II. i. 80.

Armipotent, omnipotent; IV. iii. 274.

Artists, "relinquished of the artists," *i. e.* given up, despaired of by learned doctors; II. iii. 11.

Attempt, venture; I. iii. 269.

Attends, awaits; II. iii. 56.

Authentic, of acknowledged authority; II. iii. 13.

Avails, advantage, promotion; III. i. 22.

Band = bond; IV. ii. 56.

Barber's chair, "like a b.c." a proverbial expression (found in Ray's *Proverbs,* etc.); II. ii. 19.

Baring, shaving; IV. i. 57.

Barnes (the reading of Folio 1; the other Folios "bearns" or "barns"), children; I. iii. 29.

Be, "to be" = to be called; I. ii. 59.

Bestow, guard, treasure up; I. iii. 240.

Better = men your superior; III. i. 22.

Big, haughty; I. iii. 105.

Blaze (Theobald's conjecture for "blade" of the Folios), heat, fire; V. iii. 6.

Blood, nature, disposition; I. iii. 146; passion; III. vii. 21.

Boarded, wooed; V. iii. 212.

Bold, assured; V. i. 5.

Bond, duty, obligation; I. iii. 203.

Both, "both our mothers," the mother of us both; I. iii. 178.

Braid, deceitful; IV. ii. 73.

Braving, defiant; I. ii. 3.

Breaking, breaking up, disbanding; IV. iv. 11.

Breathe, takes exercise; II. iii. 274.

Breathing, exercise, action; I. ii. 17.

Brief, "now-born br." *i. e.* "the contract recently made" (Warburton, "new born"); II. iii. 185.

Bring = take; III. v. 100.

Broken, "my mouth no more were broken," had not lost its teeth; II. iii. 65.

Brokes, uses as a medium; III. v. 78.

Brought, (?) "brought with him" (changed by Theobald to "bought"); II. i. 66.

Bunting, a bird resembling a lark in every particular, but with little or no song; II. v. 7.

Buttock; "pin b., quatch b., brawn b." = thin b., flat b., fleshy b.; II. ii. 20.

By, pass by; (Warburton supposes a line to be lost after *"past"*); II. iii. 246.

Canary, "a quick and lively dance"; II. i. 78.

"Can't no other," can it be no other way; I. iii. 180.

Capable of, apt to receive the impress of, susceptible; I. i. 109; I. i. 232.

"Cap of the time," "they wear themselves in the c." = "they are the very ornaments of the time"; II. i. 54.

Capriccio, caprice, whim; II. iii. 315.

Captious, "recipient, capable of receiving what is put into it" (Malone); others suggest "cap'cious" or "capacious," or = Latin "captiosus," *i. e.* deceitful or fallacious; I. iii. 219.

Carbonadoed, cut across, like meat for broiling; IV. v. 111.

Case, flay, skin; strip off his disguise; III. vi. 117.

Catch'd, caught, perceived; I. iii. 187.

Cesse (the reading of Folio I.; F. 2, *ceasse;* F. 3, *ceass*), cease; V. iii. 72.

Champion, knight who fought for a person; IV. ii. 50.

Change, interchange; III. ii. 104.

Chape, "the metallic part at the end of the scabbard"; IV. iii. 170.

Charge, cost; II. iii. 119.

Choice; "most rich c." choicest treasure; III. vii. 26.

Choughs' language, chattering; IV. i. 22.

Cites, proves; I. iii. 225.

Clew, a ball of thread; I. iii. 197.

Coil, ado, fuss; "kept a coil with," made a fuss about; II. i. 27.

Collateral, indirect; I. i. 102.

Color; "holds not c." is not in keeping; II. v. 63.

Commission, warrant; II. iii. 282.

Commoner, harlot; V. iii. 195.

Companion, fellow (used contemptuously); V. iii. 251.

Company, companion; IV. iii. 37.

Composition, compact; IV. iii. 22.
Compt, account; V. iii. 57.
Condition, character; IV. iii. 204.
Congied with, taken my leave of; IV. iii. 104.
Consolate, console; III. ii. 135.
Convenience, propriety; III. ii. 78.
Conversation, intercourse; I. iii. 249.
Coragio, courage; II. v. 95.
Coranto, a quick, lively dance; II. iii. 48.
Corrupt, misquote; I. iii. 88.
Count of, take c. of; IV. iii. 268.
County, Count; III. vii. 22.
"Cox my passion," a corruption of "God's my passion!"; V. ii. 44.
Credence, trust; III. iii. 2.
Cressid's uncle, *i. e.* Pandarus; II. i. 101.
Crown; "French c."; bald head; II. ii. 25.
Crown, "the fine's the c."; probably a translation of the Latin proverb, *"Finis coronat opus"*; IV. iv. 35.
Curd, curdle; I. iii. 164.
Curious, careful; I. ii. 20.
Curiously, carefully; IV. iii. 39.
Custard; "Like him that leaped into the custard," an allusion to the custom at City banquets for the City fool to leap into a large bowl of custard set for the purpose; II. v. 38.
Customer, harlot; V. iii. 287.

Darkly, secretly; IV. iii. 14.
Deadly (used adverbially); V. iii. 117.
Death; "the white d." the paleness of death; II. iii. 76.
Debate it, strive for the mastery; I. ii. 75.
Debosh'd = debauched, perverted; II. iii. 144.
Default, at need; II. iii. 240.
Deliverance = delivery; II. i. 86.
Delivers, tells; IV. iii. 181.
Dial, clock, watch; II. v. 6.
Diet, to prescribe a regimen or scanty diet (hence "to deny me the full rights of wife"); V. iii. 222; "he is dieted to his hour," *i. e.* "the hour of his appointment is fixed"; IV. iii. 35.
Digested, absorbed; V. iii. 74.
Dilated, prolonged, detailed; II. i. 59.
Dilemmas, perplexing situations; III. vi. 84.
Distinction; "confound d.," make it impossible to distinguish them one from the other; II. iii. 126.
Diurnal, "d. ring," daily circuit; II. i. 166.
Dole, portion, share; II. iii. 175.
Dolphin, possibly used with a quibbling allusion to Dolphin = Dauphin; but perhaps only "the sportive, lively fish" is alluded to; II. iii. 30.

Ears, plows, cultivates; I. iii. 49.
Embossed, inclosed (like game in a wood), a term used in hunting; III. vi. 112.
Embowel'd, exhausted; I. iii. 256.
Encounter, meeting; III. vii. 32.
Entertainment, service, pay; III. vi. 13; IV. i. 17.
Entrenched, cut; II. i. 44.
Estate, rank, social grade; III. vii. 4.

Estates, ranks, social status; I. iii. 124.
Esteem, high estimation, worth; V. iii. 1.
Estimate; "in thee hath e.," is enjoyed by thee; II. i. 184.
Even, act up to; I. iii. 3; "make it e.," grant it; II. i. 195; full; V. iii. 326.
Examined, questioned; III. v. 70.
Exorcist, one who raises spirits; V. iii. 306.
Expedient, (?) expeditious, quick; II. iii. 185.
Expressive, open-hearted; II. i. 53.

Facinerious, Parolles' blunder for "facinorous"; II. iii. 34.
Faith, religious faith; IV. i. 86.
Falls, befalls; V. i. 37.
Fancy, liking, love; II. iii. 174.
Fated, fateful; I. i. 242.
Favor, face, figure, countenance; I. i. 97; V. iii. 49.
Fed; "highly fed," used quibblingly in double sense; (1) well fed, and (2) well bred; perhaps also with an allusion to the proverb "better fed than taught"; II. ii. 3.
Fee-simple, unconditional possession; IV. iii. 324.
Fetch off, rescue; III. vi. 21.
Fine; "in fine" = in short; III. vii. 33.
Fine, artful; V. iii. 271.
Fisnomy, the clown's corruption of "physionomy"; IV. v. 43.
Fleshes, satiates; IV. iii. 19.
Fond; "fond done, done fond," done foolishly, done fondly; I. iii. 80; foolish; V. iii. 179.
Fondness, love; I. iii. 185.
For = because; III. v. 49.
Foregone, gone before, past; I. iii. 149.
Found = found out; II. iii. 215; II. iv. 33.
Frank, liberal, generous; I. ii. 20.

Gamester, harlot; V. iii. 189.
Grace, favor; V. ii. 52.
Gossips, stands gossip, *i. e.* sponsor for; I. i. 197.
Go under, pass for; III. v. 24.
Gross, palpable; I. iii. 187.

Haggish, ugly and wrinkled, like a hag; I. ii. 29.
Hand, "in any h." in any case; III. vi. 48.
Haply, perhaps; III. ii. 84.
Happy; "in h. time," *i. e.* "in the nick of time"; V. i. 6.
Hawking, hawk-like; I. i. 108.
Helm = helmet; III. iii. 7.
Heraldry; "gives you h." entitles you to; II. iii. 283.
Herb of grace, *i. e.* rue; IV. v. 19.
"Hic jacet," the beginning of an epitaph meaning "here lies," die in the attempt; III. vi. 69.
High bent (a metaphor taken from the bending of a bow); V. iii. 10.
Higher, further up (into Italy); IV. iii. 50.
High-repented, deeply repented; V. iii. 36.
Hilding, a base wretch; III. vi. 4.
His, its; I. ii. 41.
Hold, maintain; I. i. 91.
Holding, binding force; IV. ii. 27.
Home, thoroughly; V. iii. 4.
Honesty, chastity; III. v. 68.
Hoodman (an allusion to the

game of "hood-man blind," or "Blindmanbuff"); IV. iii. 142.

Host, lodge; III. v. 101.

Housewife; "I play the noble h. with the time," spoken ironically; II. ii. 65.

Howsome'er (Folios 1, 2, "howsomere"; Folio 3, howsomeere; Folio 4, howsomere), howsoever; I. iii. 60.

Idle, foolish, reckless; II. v. 53; III. vii. 26.

Important, importunate; III. vii. 21.

Importing, full of import; V. iii. 136.

Impositions, things imposed, commands; IV. iv. 29.

In, into; V. ii. 51.

In; "to in," to get in; I. iii. 51.

Inaidible, cureless, incurable; II. i. 123.

Inducement, instigation; III. ii. 96.

Instance, proof; IV. i. 47.

Intenible, incapable of holding or retaining; I. iii. 217.

Intents, intentions; III. iv. 21.

Into (so Folios 1, 2; Folio 3, 4, "unto"), upon; I. iii. 269.

Isbels, waiting women generally; III. ii. 13, 14.

Jack-an-apes, ape, monkey; used as a term of contempt; III. v. 92.

Joul, knock; I. iii. 62.

Justified, proved; IV. iii. 65.

Kicky-wicky, "a ludicrous term for a wife"; II. iii. 302.

Kind, nature; I. iii. 71; I. iii. 194.

Knowingly, from experience; I. iii. 265.

Lack, want, need; III. iv. 19.

Languishings, lingering malady; I. iii. 244.

Last, last time; V. iii. 79.

Late, lately; I. iii. 117.

Leaguer, camp of besieging army; III. vi. 29.

Led, carried; "Has led the drum before the English tragedians"; alluding to the strolling players who were wont to announce their advent by a drum; IV. iii. 310.

Left off, abandoned; I. iii. 256.

Leg; "make a leg," make a bow; II. ii. 11.

Lend it, give love; I. ii. 68.

Lie, lodge; III. v. 37.

Ling, a fish eaten during Lent; here used in the general sense of meager food; III. ii. 14, 15.

Linsey-woolsey, literally a fabric of wool and linen; here a medley of words; IV. i. 13.

List, limit; II. i. 52.

Live, to live; II. i. 135.

Livelihood, liveliness, animation; I. i. 60.

'Longing (Folios correctly "longing"), belonging; IV. ii. 42.

Lordship, conjugal right and duty; V. iii. 157.

Lustic, lusty, sprightly; II. iii. 46.

Madding, maddening; V. iii. 214.

Make, look upon as; V. iii. 5.

Manifest, acknowledged, well-known; I. iii. 238.

Married . . . marr'd; pronounced much alike in Elizabethan English; hence used quibblingly; II. iii. 320.

Marseilles (trisyllabic; Folio 1 spells the name "Marcellæ,";

IV. iv. 9; "Marcellus,"; IV. v. 85).

MAUDLIN, colloquial form of Magdalen; V. iii. 68.

MEASURE, dance; II. i. 58.

MEDICINE, physician; II. i. 76.

MELL, meddle; IV. iii. 267.

MERE, merely, nothing but; III. v. 62.

MERELY, absolutely; IV. iii. 25.

METHINKS 'T, it seems to me; II. iii. 272.

MILE-END; alluding to the fact that the citizens of London used to be mustered and drilled there; IV. iii. 314.

MISDOUBT, mistrust; I. iii. 139.

MISPRISING, despising; III. ii. 34.

MISPRISION, contempt; II. iii. 158.

MODERN, common; II. iii. 2.

MODERN ("modest" has been suggested as an emendation), modish, stylish (rather than "ordinary," "commonplace"); V. iii. 217.

MODEST, "a m. one"; *i. e.* "a moderately favorable one"; II. i. 132.

MODULE, pattern, model; IV. iii. 119.

MOIETY, part, share; III. ii. 72.

MONSTROUS, monstrously; II. i. 188.

MONUMENTAL, memorial; IV. iii. 21.

MORRIS, Morris-dance; II. ii. 28.

"MORT DU VINAIGRE" (Folios "mor du vinager"), a meaningless oath used by Parolles; II. iii. 49.

MOTIVE, instrument; IV. iv. 20.

MURK, murky; II. i. 167.

MUSE, wonder, conjecture; II. v. 69.

MUTE; "all the rest is mute," I have no more to say to you; II. iii. 82.

MYSTERY, professional skill; III. vi. 71.

NATURE, temperament; III. i. 17; way; IV. iii. 181.

NAUGHTY, good for nothing; V. iii. 255.

NECESSITIED TO, in need of; V. iii. 85.

NEXT, nearest; I. iii. 67.

NICE, prudish; V. i. 15.

NOTE, mark of distinction, record; I. iii. 172.

OF, by; I. iii. 212; V. iii. 197; on; II. iii. 254; III. v. 107.

OFFICED ALL, performed all the duties or offices; III. ii. 133.

OF THEM, some of that kind; II. v. 48.

"O LORD, SIR!" An exclamation much used in fashionable society in Shakespeare's time; II. ii. 46.

ON, of; I. iii. 151.

ORDER, precautions, measures; IV. ii. 55.

ORDINARIES, meals, repasts; II. iii. 209.

OUT, over; I. ii. 58.

OUTWARD, not in the secret, uninitiated; III. i. 11.

OVERLOOKING, supervision; I. i. 46.

OWE, own; II. v. 83; OWES, owns; II. i. 9; OWED, owned; V. iii. 199.

PACE, "a certain and prescribed walk"; IV. v. 72.

PALMERS, pilgrims; III. v. 37.

PARTICULAR, part; II. v. 65.

PARTING; "present p." immediate departure; II. v. 60.

Passage, anything that passes, or occurs; an event; I. i. 21.
Passport, sentence of death; III. ii. 61.
Patience, "ours be your p." let your patient hearing be ours; Epil. 5.
Perspective, "a glass so cut as to produce an optical deception"; V. iii. 48.
Picking; "p. a kernel out of a pomegranate"; stealing the most trifling article; II. iii. 279.
"Pilot's glass," hour glass; II. i. 169.
Place, precedence; I. i. 117.
Plausive, plausible, pleasing; I. ii. 53.
Please it, if it please; III. v. 104.
Plutus (Rowe's correction of "Platus," the reading of the Folios), the god of wealth; V. iii. 101.
Poising us, adding the weight of patronage; II. iii. 160.
Port, gate; III. v. 43.
Practicer, practitioner; II. i. 189.
Predominant, in the ascendant; I. i. 219
Prejudicates, prejudices; I. ii. 8.
Present, immediate; II. ii. 70.
Presently, immediately, at once; II. iii. 165.
Prime, flower of life; II. i. 186.
Probable need, apparently necessary; II. iv. 53.
Proceeds, results; IV. ii. 62.
Profession, that which she professes to be able to do; II. i. 87.
Proper, used to emphasize *own;* IV. ii. 49.
Proper, virtuous; IV. iii. 249.
Property, "that which is proper to," "particular quality"; II. i. 191.

Quart d'écu (the Folios "cardecue"; V. ii. 36; Folio 1, "cardceu," Folios 2, 3, 4, "cardecue"; IV. iii. 324; the Folio spellings represent the colloquial pronunciation of the word in English); the quarter of a "French crown"= fifteen pence.
Questant, he who is on the quest, seeker; II. i. 16.
Quick, living; V. iii. 305.
Quit, acquit; V. iii. 301.

Rate, price; V. iii. 218.
Ravin, ravenous; III. ii. 124.
Reave, bereave, deprive; V. iii. 86.
Rebellion; "natural r." rebellion of nature; V. iii. 6; "God delay our r.," *i. e.* "put off the day when our flesh shall rebel"; IV. iii. 23.
Religious, a holy obligation; II. iii. 189.
Remainder (a legal term)= something limited over to a third person on the creation of an estate less than that which the grantor has; IV. iii. 326.
Removes, post-stages; V. iii. 131.
Repairs, restores, does me good; I. ii. 30.
Repeal'd, called back; II. iii. 54.
Repetition, remembrance; V. iii. 22.
Replete, full; II. iii. 182.
Resolvedly, satisfactorily; V. iii. 333.
Respects, reasons; II. v. 70.
Rest, "set up your r." are resolved; II. i. 139.

RICHEST; "r. eyes," *i. e.* eyes having seen the most; V. iii. 17.
RING-CARRIER, go-between, pandar; III. v. 99.
ROUSILLON, an old province of France, separated from Spain by the Pyrenees; I. ii. 18.
RUFF, (?) the ruffle of the boot (that is, the part turned over the top); III. ii. 7.
RUTTISH, lustful; IV. iii. 252.

SACRAMENT; "take the s. on it," take my oath on it; IV. iii. 162.
SADNESS; "in good s." in all seriousness; IV. iii. 239.
SAFFRON; "villainous s.," alluding to the fashion of wearing yellow; IV. v. 3.
SANCTIMONY, sanctity; IV. iii. 60.
SATISFACTION; "heavy s." sorrowful acquiescence; V. iii. 100.
"SCARFS AND BANNERETS," silken ornaments hung upon various parts of the attire; II. iii. 212.
SCHOOLS, medical schools; I. iii. 255.
SEASON; "a day of s." a seasonable day; V. iii. 32.
SENOYS, Sienese, inhabitants of Siena; I. ii. 1.
SENSE, thought; I. i. 250.
SHALL = will assuredly; III. ii. 25.
SHALLOW; "you're shallow in great friends," "you are a superficial judge of the character of great friends"; I. iii. 47.
SHREWD, evil, bad; III. v. 75.
SHREWDLY, highly, badly; III. v. 96.
SICK FOR, pining for; I. ii. 16.
SINISTER, left; II. i. 43.
SITH (Folio 1 reads "sir"; emended by Dyce), since; V. iii. 156.
SITHENCE, since; I. iii. 133.
SMOCK; "the forehorse to a smock," as a squire of ladies; used contemptuously; II. i. 30.
SMOKED, scented; III. vi. 118.
"SNIPT-TAFFETA FELLOW," a fellow dressed in silks and ribbons; IV. v. 2.
SOLELY, absolutely, altogether; I. i. 115.
SOLEMN, ceremonious; IV. iii. 92.
SOVEREIGNTY; "general s." "sovereign remedies in various cases"; I. iii. 239.
SPARK, fashionable young man; II. i. 25.
SPEND, use, employ; V. i. 8.
SPIRIT (monosyllabic = sprite); II. i. 179.
SPOKE, spoken; II. v. 59.
SPORTIVE, pleasure-giving; III. ii. 113.
SPRAT, a worthless fellow, used contemptuously; III. vi. 119.
STAGGERS, "perplexity, bewilderment"; II. iii. 169.
ST. JAQUES LE GRAND, probably St. James of Compostella, in Spain, though probably Shakespeare had no particular shrine of St. James in mind; III. v. 41.
STALL, keep close, conceal; I. iii. 140.
STAR; "the most received s." leader of fashion; II. i. 57.
STEAD, help, aid; V. iii. 87.
STEELY; "virtue's steely bones,"—"steel-boned, unyielding, and uncomplying virtue"; I. i. 117.
STOMACH, inclination; III. vi. 70.
STRAIGHT, directly, straightway; IV. i. 22.

STRANGERS, foreign troops; IV. i. 17.
STRONGER, most important; IV. iii. 66.
SUBSCRIBED TO, "acknowledged the state of"; V. iii. 96.
SUCCESS, issue; III. vi. 90.
SUCCESS; "abstract of s." successful summary proceeding; IV. iii. 104.
SUCCESSION, others from doing the same; III. v. 25.
SUGGEST, tempt; IV. v. 48.
SUPERFLUOUS, having more than enough; I. i. 119.
SUPPOSITION, "beguile the s." deceive the opinion; set at rest the doubt; IV. iii. 347.
SURPRISED, to be surprised; I. iii. 128.
SWORD; "Spanish s." (swords of Toledo were famous); IV. i. 55.
SWORN COUNSEL, pledge of secrecy; III. vii. 9.

TABLE, tablet; I. i. 109.
TAX, reproach; II. i. 174.
THEORIC, theory; IV. iii. 169.
THITHERWARD, on his way thither; III. ii. 57.
THOSE OF MINE, those kinsmen of mine; I. iii. 268.
TINCT, tincture; V. iii. 102.
TITLE, want of rank; II. iii. 123.
TO, for; II. iii. 312.
TOLL (Folio 1 "toule"), probably = "pay a tax for the liberty of selling"; V. iii. 150.
TOO MUCH, excess; III. ii. 96.
TOOK = TAKEN; II. i. 151.
TOP, head; I. ii. 43.
TRAVAILS IN, works for; II. iii. 164.
TRIPLE, third; II. i. 112.
TUCKET, a flourish on the trumpet; III. v. 7.

UNDONE, used quibblingly; IV. iii. 373.
UNHAPPY, mischievous; IV. v. 67.
UNSEASON'D, inexperienced; I. i. 84.
USE, custom; V. i. 24.
USED, treated; I. ii. 42.

VALIDITY, value; V. iii. 192.

WANTED, was lacking; I. i. 12.
WARD, guardianship; I. i. 6.
WAS = had; III. ii. 48.
WEAR, wear out; V. i. 4.
WELL-ENTER'D, being well-initiated; II. i. 6.
WELL FOUND, of known skill; II. i. 106.
WHENCE, from that place where; III. ii. 128.
WHEREOF, with which; I. iii. 244.
WHOM, which (*i. e.* death); III. iv. 17.
WING; "of a good w.," a term derived from falconry = strong in flight; I. i. 228.
WOMAN, make me weak as a woman; III. ii. 55.
WOODCOCK, a popular name for a brainless fellow, a fool; IV. i. 103.
WORD, promise; *i. e.* thy word, or promise; II. i. 214.
WORLD; "to go to the world," = to get married; I. iii. 20–21.
WORTHY, well-deserved; IV. iii. 7.
WRITE, call myself, claim to be; II. iii. 206.

YIELD, supply, tell; III. i. 10.

STUDY QUESTIONS

By Emma D. Sanford

GENERAL

1. Give a reason for the assumption that this play was not produced during Shakespeare's life-time.

2. To what one of Shakespeare's plays did he probably write *All's Well that Ends Well* as a companion play?

3. What is the dominant characteristic of Helena?

4. Give a brief synopsis of the source and compare it with Shakespeare's plot. To what other Shakespearean plays is this play similar?

ACT I

5. In what country does the action first take place? What is the next change of scene?

6. Explain (scene i) the expressions "in ward," and "that 'had'!"

7. Define the sorrow which Helena says she *affects* and that which she says she *has*.

8. In the opening scene of the play, what idea is given us of Helena's birth, and of her social aspirations?

9. Which kind of clown was the one of this play—an "idiot," one "silly by nature," or an "artificial" clown?

10. In scene iii, what Biblical phrase is suggested by "barnes are blessings"?

11. What religious controversy of the period is alluded to in "*wear the surplice* of humility over the *black gown* of a big heart"?

12. How does the Countess prevail upon Helena to dis-

close her love for Bertram? Is she sincere in her pose of a mother?

13. Does the Countess suspect Helena's true motive for rendering aid to the king (scene i)?

ACT II

14. What might the king's admonitions to the young Lords, upon their conduct in time of war, indicate regarding national characteristics?

15. Give one explanation of "higher Italy" (scene i).

16. Why is the king not in favor of Bertram's going to the war?

17. In Helena's speech to the king (scene i) what Biblical knowledge does Shakespeare reveal?

18. What spirit does Helena evince, in her choice of Bertram for a husband, when she says, "I dare not say I *take* you; but *give* . . . . ." (scene iii)?

19. Briefly narrate Bertram's rejection, and subsequent acceptance of, Helena's proposal. What sentiment does his conduct arouse—favorable, or unfavorable to himself?

20. Explain the allusion to "leaping into the custard" (scene v).

21. How does Helena show her great faith in eventually winning Bertram's love, upon his farewell to her?

ACT III

22. What word does Helena receive from Bertram in regard to their marriage? What effect does this letter have upon his mother's attitude towards him and towards Helena?

23. In scenes iii and iv what are the changed situations of Bertram and Helena?

24. Why is scene v an important one, dramatically?

25. Explain Helena's final speech in scene vii.

ACT IV

26. What is the similarity of the characters Parolles and Falstaff?

27. What addition to the plot is made in scene ii?

28. Does Bertram know of his wife's (reported) death when he makes love to Diana (scene iii)?

29. What dramatic use is served by the examination of Parolles (scene iii)?

30. What is the meaning of "the fine's the crown" (scene iv)?

31. In scene v, what proposition does Lafeu make to the Countess?

32. Explain the phrase "patch of velvet . . . . . two pile and a half . . . . ." (scene v).

ACT V

33. What odd metaphor is used by the Clown in scene ii?

34. Explain Lafeu's allusions to Parolles' drum.

35. In scene iii, what does Lafeu mean to convey by "richest eyes"?

36. What character and scene in *Much Ado About Nothing* are we reminded of, when Bertram expresses his willingness to wed Lafeu's daughter?

37. Whose ring does Bertram use in plighting his troth with Lafeu's daughter?

38. What falsehood is Bertram guilty of and why does he, therefore, seem to be vastly unworthy of the love of Helena?

39. How does the episode of the two rings finally work out?

40. How is Parolles made use of in humiliating Bertram?

41. What is the significance of the name "Parolles" and why is it an appropriate one?

42. Is the flippancy of Diana's replies to the king merely to lengthen out the examination? If so, why?

43. Is the quick action of the last scene a strong, or, a weak, point?

44. Are we led to suppose that, through the deception practised by Helena on Bertram, the latter had actually become enamored of his wife? Does this account for his pledge to "love her dearly"?

45. In the Epilogue, explain the use of "the king's a beggar."

46. How many times is the title of the play quoted in the text?

47. Compare the Countess with other Shakespearean mothers.

48. Name some other plays in which Shakespeare has for his plot the testing of marital fidelity.

49. Is the character of Helena used by Shakespeare to demonstrate the possible superiority of a noble character over a noble birth?

50. Does the fact that Helena "stoops to conquer" make her character any the less attractive?

THE TRAGEDY OF MACBETH

All the unsigned footnotes in this volume are by the writer of the article to which they are appended. The interpretation of the initials signed to the others is: I. G. = Israel Gollancz, M.A.; H. N. H.= Henry Norman Hudson, A.M.; C. H. H.= C. H. Herford, Litt.D.

PREFACE

By Israel Gollancz, M.A.

THE FIRST EDITION

Macbeth was first printed in the First Folio, where it occupies pp. 131 to 151, and is placed between *Julius Cæsar* and *Hamlet*. It is mentioned among the plays registered in the books of the Stationers' Company by the publishers of the Folio as "not formerly entered to other men." The text is perhaps one of the worst printed of all the plays, and textual criticism has been busy emending and explaining away the many difficulties of the play. Even the editors of the Second Folio were struck by the many hopeless corruptions, and attempted to provide a better text. The first printers certainly had before them a very faulty transcript, and critics have attempted to explain the discrepancies by assuming that Shakespeare's original version had been tampered with by another hand.

"MACBETH" AND MIDDLETON'S "WITCH"

Some striking resemblances in the incantation scenes of *Macbeth* and Middleton's *Witch* have led to a somewhat generally accepted belief that Thomas Middleton was answerable for the alleged un-Shakespearean portions of *Macbeth*. This view has received confirmation from the fact that the stage-directions of *Macbeth* contain allusions to two songs which are found in Middleton's *Witch* (viz. "*Come away, come away,*" III, v; "*Black Spirits and white,*" IV, i). Moreover, these very songs are found in D'Avenant's re-cast of *Macbeth* (1674).[1] It is, however,

[1] The first of these songs is found in the edition of 1673, which contains also two other songs not found in the Folio version.

possible that Middleton took Shakespeare's songs and expanded them, and that D'Avenant had before him a copy containing additions transferred from Middleton's cognate scenes. This view is held by the most competent of Middleton's editors, Mr. A. H. Bullen, who puts forward strong reasons for assigning the *Witch* to a later date than *Macbeth*, and rightly resents the proposals on the part of able scholars to hand over to Middleton some of the finest passages of the play.[1] Charles Lamb had already noted the essential differences between Shakespeare's and Middleton's Witches. "Their names and some of the properties, which Middleton has given to his hags, excites smiles. The Weird Sisters are serious things. Their presence cannot co-exist with mirth. But in a lesser degree, the Witches of Middleton are fine creatures. Their power, too, is in some measure over the mind. They raise jars, jealousies, strifes, *like a thick scurf o'er life*" (*Specimens of English Dramatic Poets*).

THE PORTER'S SPEECH

Among the passages in *Macbeth*, that have been doubted are the soliloquy of the Porter, and the short dialogue that follows between the Porter and Macduff. Even Coleridge objected to "the low soliloquy of the Porter"; he believed them to have been written for the mob by some other hand, perhaps with Shakespeare's consent, though he was willing to make an exception in the case of the Shake-

[1] The following are among the chief passages supposed to resemble Middleton's style, and rejected as Shakespeare's by the Clarendon Press editors:—Act I. Sc. ii. iii. 1–37; Act II. Sc. i. 61, iii. (Porter's part); Act III. Sc. v.; Act IV. Sc. i. 39–47, 125–132; iii. 140–159; Act V. (?) ii., v. 47–50; viii. 32–33, 35–75.

The second scene of the First Act is certainly somewhat disappointing, and it is also inconsistent (*cp.* ll. 52, 53, with Sc. iii., ll. 72, 73, and 112, etc.), but probably the scene represents the compression of a much longer account. The introduction of the superfluous Hecate is perhaps the strongest argument for rejecting certain witch-scenes, viz.: Act III. Sc. v.; Act IV. Sc. i. 39–47, 125–132.

spearean words, "*I'll devil-porter it no further: I had thought to let in some of all professions, that go the primose way to the everlasting bonfire.*" But the Porter's Speech is as essential a part of the design of the play as is the Knocking at the Gate, the effect of which was so subtly analyzed by De Quincey in his well-known essay on the subject. "The effect was that it reflected back upon the murderer a peculiar awfulness and a depth of solemnity . . . . . when the deed is done, when the work of darkness is perfect, then the world of darkness passes away like a pageantry in the clouds; the knocking at the gate is heard; and it makes known audibly that the reaction has commenced; the human has made its reflex upon the fiendish; the pulses of life are beginning to beat again; and the reëstablishment of the goings-on of the world in which we live first makes us profoundly sensible of the awful parenthesis that had suspended them."

The introduction of the Porter, a character derived from the Porter of Hell in the old Mysteries, is as dramatically relevant, as are the grotesque words he utters; and both the character and the speech are thoroughly Shakespearean in conception (*cp. The Porter in Macbeth, New Shak. Soc.*, 1874, by Prof. Hales).

DATE OF COMPOSITION

The undoubted allusion to the union of England and Scotland under James I (Act IV, sc. i, 120), gives us one limit for the date of *Macbeth*, viz., March, 1603, while a notice in the MS. diary of Dr. Simon Forman, a notorious quack and astrologer, gives 1610 as the other limit; for in that year he saw the play performed at the Globe.[1] Between these two dates, in the year 1607, "*The Puritan*,

[1] The Diary is among the Ashmolean MSS. (208) in the Bodleian Library; its title is a *Book of Plaies and Notes thereof for common Pollicie.* Halliwell-Phillipps privately reprinted the valuable and interesting booklet. The account of the play as given by Forman is not very accurate.

or, the Widow of Watling Street," was published, containing a distinct reference to Banquo's Ghost—"*Instead of a jester we'll have a ghost in a white sheet sit at the upper end of the table.*" [1]

It is remarkable that when James visited Oxford in 1605 he was "addressed on entering the city by three students of St. John's College, who alternately accosted his Majesty, reciting some Latin verses, founded on the prediction of the weird sisters relative to Banquo and Macbeth." The popularity of the subject is further attested by the insertion of the *Historie of Macbeth* in the 1606 edition of *Albion's England.* The former incident may have suggested the subject to Shakespeare; the latter fact may have been due to the popularity of Shakespeare's play. At all events authorities are almost unanimous in assigning *Macbeth* to 1605–1606; and this view is borne out by minor points of internal evidence.[2] As far as metrical characteristics are concerned the comparatively large number of light-endings, twenty-one in all (contrasted with eight in *Hamlet,* and ten in *Julius Cæsar*) places *Macbeth* near the plays of the Fourth Period.[3] With an early play of this period, viz. *Antony and Cleopatra,* it has strong ethical affinities.

[1] Similarly, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle,* produced in 1611:—

> *"When thou art at the table with thy friends,*
> *Merry in heart and fill'd with swelling wine,*
> *I'll come in midst of all thy pride and mirth,*
> *Invisible to all men but thyself."*

[2] *E. g.* II. iii. 5, *"expectation of plenty"* probably refers to the abundance of corn in the autumn of 1606; the reference to the *"Equivocator"* seems to allude to Garnet and other Jesuits who were tried in the spring of 1606.

[3] Macbeth numbers but two weak-endings, while *Hamlet* and *Julius Cæsar* have none. *Antony and Cleopatra* has not less than seventy-one light-endings and twenty-eight weak-endings. It would seem that Shakespeare, in this latter play, broke away from his earlier style as with a mighty bound.

THE SOURCES OF THE PLOT

Shakespeare derived his materials for *Macbeth* from Holinshed's *Chronicle of England and Scotland*, first published in 1577, and subsequently in 1587; the latter was in all probability the edition used by the poet. Holinshed's authority was Hector Boece, whose *Scotorum Historiæ* was first printed in 1526; Boece drew from the work of the Scotch historian Fordun, who lived in the fourteenth century. Shakespeare's indebtedness to Holinshed for the plot of the present play is not limited to the chapters dealing with Macbeth; certain details of the murder of Duncan belong to the murder of King Duffe, the great grandfather of Lady Macbeth. Shakespeare's most noteworthy departure from his original is to be found in his characterization of Banquo.

The Macbeth of legend has been whitened by recent historians; and the Macbeth of history, according to Freeman, seems to have been quite a worthy monarh; (*cp.* Freeman's *Norman Conquest*, Skene's *Celtic Scotland*, etc.).

Shakespeare, in all probability, took some hints from Scot's *Discoverie of Witchcraft* (1584) for his witch-lore. It should also be noted that King James, a profound beliver in witchcraft, published in 1599 his *Demonologie*, maintaining his belief against Scot's skepticism. In 1604 a statute was passed to suppress witches.

There may have been other sources for the plot; possibly an older play existed on the subject of Macbeth; in Kempe's *Nine Days' Wonder* (1600) occur the following words:—"I met a proper upright youth, only for a little stooping in the shoulders, all heart to the heel, a penny poet, whose first making was the miserable story of Macdoel, or Mac-dobeth, or Mac-somewhat," etc. Furthermore, a ballad (? a stage-play) on Macdobeth was registered in the year 1596.

DURATION OF ACTION

The Time of the play, as analyzed by Mr. P. A. Daniel (*New Shakespeare Soc.*, 1877–79) is nine days represented on the stage, and intervals:—

Day 1. Act I, sc. i to iii.
Day 2. Act I, sc. iv to vii.
Day 3. Act II, sc. i to iv. *An interval*, say a couple of weeks.
Day 4. Act III, sc. i to v. [Act III, sc. vi, an impossible time.]
Day 5. Act IV, sc. i.
Day 6. Act IV, sc. ii. *An interval.* Ross's journey to England.
Day 7. Act IV, sc. iii, Act V, sc. 1. *An interval.* Malcolm's return to Scoland.
Day 8. Act V, sc. ii and iii.
Day 9. Act V, sc. iv to viii.

INTRODUCTION

By Henry Norman Hudson, A.M.

In the folio of 1623 *The Tragedy of Macbeth*, as it is there called, makes the seventh in the list of Tragedies. In modern editions generally, the Chiswick among others, it stands as first in the division of Histories—an order clearly and entirely wrong. Macbeth has indeed something of an historical basis, and so have *Hamlet* and *Lear;* but in all three the historical matter is so merged in the form and transfigured with the spirit of tragedy, as to put it well nigh out of thought to class them as histories; since this is subjecting them to wrong tests, implies the right to censure them for not being what they were never meant to be. In them historical truth was nowise the Poet's aim; they are to be viewed simply as works of Art: so that the proper question concerning them is, whether and how far they have that truth to nature, that organic proportion and self-consistency which the laws of Art require.

The tragedy was never printed that we know of till in the folio, and was registered in the Stationers' books by Blount and Jaggard, November 8, 1623, as one of the plays "not formerly entered to other men." The original text is remarkably clear and complete, the acts and scenes being regularly marked throughout.

Malone and Chalmers agreed upon the year 1606 as the time when *Macbeth* was probably written; their chief ground for this opinion being what the Porter says in Act II, sc. iii: "Here's a farmer that hang'd himself on the expectation of plenty"; and again,—"Here's an equivocator, that could swear in both scales against either scale;

who committed treason enough for God's sake, yet could not equivocate to Heaven." As 1606 was indeed a year of plenty, Malone thought the former passage referred to that fact; and that the latter "had a direct reference to the doctrine of equivocation avowed and maintained by Henry Garnet, superior of the order of Jesuits in England, at his trial for the Gunpowder Treason, March 28, 1606." These arguments, we confess, neither seem strong enough to uphold the conclusion, nor so weak, on the other hand, as to warrant the scorn which Mr. Knight has vented upon them. And, however inadequate the basis, the conclusion appears to be about right; at least no better one has been offered.

That *Macbeth* was probably written after the union of the three kingdoms, has been justly inferred from what the hero says in his last interview with the Weird Sisters, Act IV, sc. i: "And some I see, that twofold balls and treble scepters carry." James I came to the throne of England in March, 1603; but the English and Scottish crowns were not *formally* united, at least the union was not proclaimed, till October, 1604. That they *were to be united*, was doubtless well understood some time before it actually took place: so that the passage in question does not afford a *certain* guide to the date of the composition. The most we can affirm is, that the writing was *probably* after 1604, and *certainly* before 1610; the ground of which certainty is from Dr. Simon Forman's *Book of Plays, and Notes thereof, for common Policy;* a manuscript discovered by Mr. Collier in the Ashmolean Museum. Forman gives a minute and particular account of the plot and leading incidents of Macbeth, as he saw it played at the Globe Theater, April 20, 1610. The notice is too long for our space.

The play in hand yields cause, in the accuracy of local description and allusion, for thinking the Poet had been in Scotland. And these internal likelihoods are not a little strengthened by external arguments. It hath been fully ascertained that companies of English players did

visit Scotland several times during Shakespeare's connection with the stage. The earliest visit of this kind that we hear of was in 1589, when Ashby, the English minister at the Scottish court, wrote to Burleigh how "my Lord Bothwell sheweth great kindness to our nation, using *Her Majesty's Players* and Canoniers with all courtesy." And a like visit was again made in 1599, as we learn from Archbishop Spottiswood, who writing the history of that year has the following: "In the end of the year happened some new jars betwixt the King and the ministers of Edinburgh; because of a company of English comedians whom the King had licensed to play within the burgh. The ministers, being offended with the liberty given them, did exclaim in their sermons against stage-players, their unruliness and immodest behavior; and in their sessions made an act, prohibiting people to resort unto their plays, under pain of church censures. The King, taking this to be a discharge of his license, called the sessions before the council, and ordained them to annul their act, and not to restrain the people from going to these comedies: which they promised, and accordingly performed; whereof publication was made the day after, and all that pleased permitted to repair unto the same, to the great offense of the ministers."

This account is confirmed by the public records of Scotland, which show that the English players were liberally rewarded by the King, no less a sum than 828*l.* 5*s.* 4*d.* being distributed to them between October, 1599, and December, 1601. And it appears from the registers of the Town Council of Aberdeen, that the same players were received by the public authorities of that place, under the sanction of a special letter from the King, styling them "our servants." There, also, they had a gratuity of 32 marks, and the freedom of the city was conferred upon "Laurence Fletcher, Comedian to His Majesty," who, no doubt, was the leader of the company. That this was the same company to which Shakespeare belonged, or a part of it, is highly probable from the patent which was

made out by the King's order, May 7, 1603, authorizing Laurence Fletcher, William Shakespeare, Richard Burbage, and others, to perform plays in any part of the kingdoms. In this instrument the players are termed "our servants,"—the same title whereby the King had recommended them to the authorities of Aberdeen. All which, to be sure, is no positive proof that Shakespeare was of the number who went to Scotland; yet we do not well see how it can fail to impress any one as making strongly that way, there being no positive proof to the contrary. And the probability thence arising, together with the internal likelihoods of Macbeth, may very well warrant a belief of the thing in question.

At the date of Shakespeare's tragedy the story of Macbeth, as handed down by tradition, had been told by Holinshed, whose *Chronicles* first appeared in 1577, and by George Buchanan, the learned preceptor of James I, who has been termed the Scotch Livy, and whose *History of Scotland* came forth in 1582. In the main features of the story, so far as it is adopted by the Poet, both these writers agree, save that Buchanan represents Macbeth to have merely dreamed of meeting with the Weird Sisters, and of being hailed by them successively as Thane of Angus, of Murray, and as King. We shall see hereafter that Holinshed was Shakespeare's usual authority in matters of British history. And in the present case the Poet shows no traces of obligation to Buchanan, unless, which is barely possible, he may have taken a hint from the historian, where, speaking of Macbeth's reign, he says,—"Multa hic fabulose quidam nostrorum affingunt; sed quia *theatris* aut Milesiis fabulis sunt aptiora quam historiæ, ea omitto." A passage which, as showing the author's care for the truth of what he wrote, perhaps should render us wary of trusting too much in later writers, who would have us believe that, a war of factions breaking out, Duncan was killed in battle, and Macbeth took the crown by just and lawful title. It is considerable that both Hume and Lingard acquiesce in the old account which represents Mac-

beth to have murdered Duncan and usurped the throne. The following outline of the story as told by Holinshed may suffice to show both whence and how much the Poet borrowed.

Malcolm, king of Scotland, had two daughters, Beatrice and Doada, severally married to Abbanath Crinen and to Sinel, thanes of the Isles and of Glamis, by whom they had each a son, named Duncan and Macbeth. The former succeeded his grandfather in the kingdom; and, being of a soft and gentle nature, his reign was at first very quiet and peaceable, but afterwards, by reason of his slackness, greatly harassed with troubles and seditions, wherein his cousin, who was of a valiant and warlike spirit, did great service to the state. His first exploit was in company with Banquo, thane of Lochquaber, against Macdowald, who had headed a rebellion, and drawn together a great power of natives and foreigners. The rebels being soon broken and routed, Macdowald sought refuge in a castle with his family, and when he saw he could no longer hold the place, he first slew his wife and children, then himself; whereupon Macbeth entered, and, finding his body among the rest, had his head cut off, set upon a pole, and sent to the king. Macbeth was very severe, not to say cruel, towards the conquered; and when some of them murmured thereat he would have let loose his revenge upon them, but that he was partly appeased by their gifts, and partly dissuaded by his friends. By the time this trouble was well over, Sweno, king of Norway, arrived with an army in Fife, and began to slaughter the people without distinction of age or sex. Which caused Duncan to bestir himself in good earnest: he went forth with all the forces he could rally, himself, Macbeth, and Banquo leading them, and met the invaders at Culros, where after a fierce fight the Scots were beaten. Then Sweno, thinking he could now have the people for his own without killing them, gave order that none should be hurt but such as were found in an attitude of resistance. Macbeth went forthwith to gathering a new power, and Duncan, having fled into the castle

of Bertha, and being there hotly besieged by Sweno, opened a communication with him to gain time, and meanwhile sent a secret message to Macbeth to wait at a certain place till he should hear further. When all things were ready, Duncan, having by this time settled the terms of surrender, offered to send forth a good supply of food and refreshment to the besiegers; which offer they gladly accepted, being much straitened for the means of living: whereupon the Scots mixed the juice of mekilwort berries in the bread and ale, and thereby got their enemies into so sleepy a state that they could make no defense; in which condition Macbeth fell upon them, and cut them to pieces, only Sweno himself and ten others escaping to the ships. While the people were giving thanks for this victory word came that a fleet of Danes had landed at Kingcorn, sent thither by Canute, Sweno's brother. Macbeth and Banquo, being sent against the new invaders, slew part of them, and chased the rest back to their ships. Thereupon a peace was knit up between the Scots and Danes, the latter giving a great sum of gold for the privilege of burying their dead in Colmes Inch.

Not long after, Macbeth and Banquo being on their way to Fores where the king then lay, as they were passing through the fields without other company, three women in strange and wild apparel suddenly met them; and while they were rapt with wonder at the sight, the first woman said,—All hail, Macbeth, thane of Glamis; the second,—Hail, Macbeth, thane of Cawdor; the third,—All hail, Macbeth, that hereafter shalt be king of Scotland. Then said Banquo,—What manner of women are you, that to my fellow here, besides high offices, ye assign the kingdom, but promise nothing at all to me? Yes, said the first, we promise greater things to thee; for he shall reign indeed, but with an unlucky end, and shall have no issue to succeed him; whereas thou indeed shalt not reign, but from thee shall spring a long line of kings. Then the women immediately vanished. At first Macbeth and Banquo thought this was but a fantastical illusion, insomuch that

Banquo would call Macbeth king in jest, and Macbeth in like sort would call him father of many kings. But afterwards the women were believed to be the Weird Sisters; because, the thane of Cawdor being condemned for treason, his lands and titles were given to Macbeth. Whereupon Banquo said to him jestingly,—Now, Macbeth, thou hast what two of the Sisters promised; there remaineth only what the other said should come to pass. And Macbeth began even then to devise how he might come to the throne, but thought he must wait for time to work his way, as in the former preferment. But when, shortly after, the king made his oldest son Prince of Cumberland, thereby in effect appointing him successor, Macbeth was sorely troubled thereat, as it seemed to cut off his hope; and, thinking the purpose was to defeat his title to the crown, he studied how to usurp it by force. For the law of Scotland then was, that if at the death of a king the lineal heir were not of sufficient age for the government, the next in blood should take it in his stead. Encouraged by the words of the Weird Sisters, and urged on by his wife, who was "burning with unquenchable desire to bear the name of queen," Macbeth at length whispered his design to some trusty friends, of whom Banquo was chief, and, having a promise of their aid, slew the king at Inverness: then, by the help of his confederates, he got himself proclaimed king, and forthwith went to Scone where, by common consent, he was invested after the usual manner. Duncan's body was first buried at Elgin, but afterwards removed to Colmekill, and laid in a sepulcher with his predecessors.

Macbeth now set himself about the administration of the state, as though he would fain make up for his want of title by his fitness for the office; using great liberality towards the nobles, enforcing justice on all offenders, and correcting the abuses that had grown up in Duncan's feeble reign; insomuch that he was accounted the sure defense and buckler of innocent people: he made many wholesome laws, and, in short, so good was his government,

that had he attained it by lawful means, and continued as just and upright as he began, he might well have been numbered among the best princes that ever were. But it turned out that all this was done but to gain popular favor. For the pricking of conscience made him fear lest another should serve him as he had served Duncan; and the promise of the Weird Sisters to Banquo would not out of his mind. So he had a great supper, and invited Banquo and his son Fleance, having hired certain murderers to kill them as they were going home, that himself might seem clear of the crime, should it ever be laid to his charge. It chanced, however, through the darkness, that Fleance escaped, and, being afterwards warned of what was in plot against him, he fled into Wales. Thenceforth nothing went well with Macbeth. For men began to fear for their lives, so that they scarce dared come in his presence; and as many feared him, so he stood in fear of many, and therefore by one pretense or another made away with such as were most able to work him any danger. And he had double profit by this course, in that both those whom he feared were got rid of, and his coffers were enriched with their goods, thus enabling him to keep a guard of armed men about his person: for which causes he at length found such sweetness in putting the nobles to death, that his thirst of blood might nowise be satisfied. For better security against the growing dangers, he resolved to build a strong castle on the top of a very high hill called Dunsinane, and to make the thanes of each shire come and help on the building in turn. When the turn fell to Macduff, thane of Fife, he sent his men well furnished, telling them to be very diligent in the work, but himself stayed away; which when Macbeth knew, he said,—I perceive this man will never obey me till he be ridden with a snaffle: nor could he afterwards bear to look upon Macduff, either because he thought him too powerful for a subject, or because he had been warned to beware of him by certain wizards in whom he trusted; and indeed he would have put him to death, had not the same counselors assured him

that he should never be slain by any man born of a woman, nor be vanquished till the wood of Birnam came to the castle of Dunsinane. Trusting in this prophecy, he now became still more cruel from security than he had been from fear. At last Macduff, to avoid peril of life, purposed with himself to flee into England; which purpose Macbeth soon got wind of, for in every nobleman's house he had one sly fellow or another in fee, to let him know all that was going on: so he hastened with a power into Fife, to besiege Macduff's castle; which being freely opened to him, when he found Macduff was already gone, he caused his wife and children to be slain, confiscated his goods, and proclaimed him a traitor.

After the murder of Duncan his two sons, named Malcolm and Donaldbain, had taken refuge, the one in England, where he was well received by Edward the Confessor, and the other in Ireland, where he also was kindly treated by the king of that land. The mother of these two princes was sister to Siward, Earl of Northumberland. Macduff, therefore, went straight to Malcolm as the only hope of poor Scotland, and earnestly besought him to undertake the deliverance of his suffering country, assuring him that the hearts and hands of the people would be with him, if he would but go and claim the crown. But the prince feigned to excuse himself, because of his having certain incurable vices which made him totally unfit to be king. For, said he, so great is my lust that I should seek to deflower all the young maids and matrons; which intemperance would be worse than Macbeth's cruelty. Macduff answered that this was indeed a very great fault, and had ruined many kings: nevertheless, said he, there are women enough in Scotland: make thyself king, and I will procure you satisfaction herein so secretly that no man shall know of it. Malcolm then said, I am also the most avaricious being on earth, insomuch that, having the power, I should make pretenses for slaying most of the nobles, that I might enjoy their estates. The other replied,—This is a far worse fault than the former, for avarice is the root of

all evil: notwithstanding, follow my counsel; there are riches enough in Scotland to satisfy thy greediness. Then said the prince again, I am furthermore given to lying and all kinds of deceit, and nothing delights me more than to betray all such as put any trust in my words. Thereupon Macduff gave over the suit, saying, This is the worst of all, and here I leave thee. O miserable Scotchmen, ye have one cursed tyrant now reigning over you without any right; and this other that hath the right is nothing fit to reign; for by his own confession he is not only full of lust and avarice, but so false withal that no trust is to be put in aught he says. Adieu, Scotland, for now I account myself a banished man forever. Then, he being about to depart, the prince said, Be of good cheer, Macduff, for I have none of those vices, and have only jested with thee, to prove thy mind; for Macbeth hath often sought by such means to get me into his hands: but the slower I have seemed to entertain thy request the more diligent I shall be to accomplish it. Hereupon, after embracing and swearing mutual fidelity, they fell to consulting how they might bring their wishes to good effect. Macduff soon repaired to the borders of Scotland, and sent letters thence to the nobles, urging them to assist the prince with all their powers, to recover the crown out of the usurper's hands.

Now the prince, being much beloved of good King Edward, procured that his uncle Siward might go with ten thousand men to aid him in the enterprise. Meanwhile the Scottish nobles, apprised of what was on foot, drew into two factions, some siding with Malcolm, others with Macbeth. When Macbeth saw how the prince was strengthening with allies, he retreated to Dunsinane, meaning to abide there in a fortified camp; and, being advised to withdraw into the Isles and there wait for better times, he still refused, trusting in the prophecies of the Weird Sisters. Malcolm, following close upon his retreat, came at night to Birnam wood, where, his men having taken food and rest, he gave order for them to get each a bough

as big as he could carry, and march therewith, so as to hide their strength from the enemy. The next day Macbeth, seeing their approach, at first marveled what it meant, then, calling to mind the prophecy, thought it was like to be fulfilled: nevertheless, he resolved to fight, and drew up his men in order of battle; but when those of the other side cast away their boughs, and he saw how many they were, he betook himself to flight. Macduff was hot in pursuit, and overhauled him at Lanfanan, where at last Macbeth sprung from his horse, saying, Thou traitor, why dost thou thus follow me in vain, who am not to be slain by any man that was born of a woman? Macduff answered,—It is true, Macbeth; and now shall thy cruelty end; for I am even he that the wizards told thee of, who was never born of my mother, but ripped out of her womb: therewithal he stepped forth and slew him, then cut off his head, and set it upon a pole, and brought it to Malcolm.—The murder of Duncan took place in 1039, and Macbeth was killed in 1054; so that the events of the play, viewed historically, stretch over a period of more than fifteen years.

From another part of the same history Shakespeare took several circumstances of the assassination. It is where Holinshed relates how King Duff, being the guest of Donwald and his wife at their castle in Fores, was there murdered. We will condense so much of the narrative as bears upon the matter in hand.

The king having retired for the rest of the night, his two chamberlains, as soon as they saw him well abed, came forth again, and fell to banqueting with Donwald and his wife, who had prepared many choice dishes and drinks for their rear-supper; wherewith they so gorged themselves, that their heads no sooner got to the pillow than they were so fast asleep that the chamber might have been removed without waking them. Then Donwald, goaded on by his wife, though in heart he greatly abhorred the act, called four of his servants, whom he had already framed to the purpose with large gifts, and instructed them how

to proceed; and they, entering the king's chamber a little before cock's crow, without any bustle cut his throat as he lay asleep, and immediately carried the body forth into the fields. In the morning, a noise being made that the king was slain, Donwald ran thither with the watch, as though he knew nothing of it, and finding cakes of blood in the bed and on the floor, forthwith slew the chamberlains as guilty of the murder.

Thomas Middleton has a play called *The Witch*, wherein are delineated with considerable skill the vulgar hags of old superstition, whose delight was to "raise jars, jealousies, strifes, and heart-burning disagreements, like a thick scurf o'er life." Much question has been had whether this or *Macbeth* were written first, with the view on one side, as would seem, to make out for Middleton the honor of contributing somewhat towards the Poet's Weird Sisters. Malone has perhaps done all the case admits of, to show that *The Witch* was not written before 1613; but in truth there is hardly enough to ground an opinion upon one way or the other. And the question may be safely dismissed as altogether vain; for the two plays have nothing in common, but what may well enough have been derived from Scot's *Discoverie of Witchcraft*, or from the floating witchcraft lore of the time, some relics of which have drifted down in the popular belief to a period within our remembrance.

The old witches of superstition were foul, ugly, mischievous beings, generally actuated by vulgar envy or hate; not so much wicked as mean, and therefore apt to excite disgust, but not to inspire terror or awe; who could inflict injury, but not guilt; could work men's physical ruin, but not win them to work their own spiritual ruin. The Weird Sisters of Shakespeare, as hath been often remarked, are essentially different, and are beholden to them for little if any thing more than the drapery of the representation. Resembling old women, save that they have long beards, they bubble up in human shape, but own no human relations; are without age, or sex, or kin; with-

out birth or death: passionless and motiveless. A combination of the terrible and the grotesque, unlike the Furies of Eschylus they are petrific, not to the senses, but to the thoughts. At first, indeed, on merely looking *at* them, we can scarce help laughing, so uncouth and grotesque is their appearance: but afterwards, on looking *into* them, we find them terrible beyond description; and the more we look, the more terrible do they become; the blood almost curdling in our veins, as, dancing and singing their infernal glees over embryo murders, they unfold to our thoughts the cold, passionless, inexhaustible malignity and deformity of their nature. Towards Macbeth they have nothing of personal hatred or revenge: their malice is of a higher strain, and savors as little of any such human ranklings as the thunderstorms and elemental perturbations amidst which they come and go. But with all their essential wickedness there is nothing gross, or vulgar, or sensual about them. They are the very purity of sin incarnate; the vestal virgins, so to speak, of hell; in whom every thing seems reversed; whose ascent is downwards; whose proper eucharist is a sacrament of evil; and the law of whose being is violation of law!

The later critics, Coleridge, especially, dwell much on what they conceive to be the most distinctive and essential feature of Shakespeare's art, affirming it to be the organic involution of the universal in the particular; that his characters are classes individualized; that his men and women are those of his own age and nation indeed, yet not in such sort but that they are equally the men and women of all ages and nations; for which cause they can never become obsolete, or cease to be natural and true. Herein the Weird Sisters are thoroughly Shakespearean, there being nothing in his whole circle of character, wherein this method of art is more profoundly exemplified. Probably no form of superstition ever prevailed to any great extent, but that it had a ground and principle of truth. The old system of witchcraft was no doubt an embodiment of some natural law, a local and temporary out-

growth from something as general and permanent as human nature itself. Our moral being must breathe, and because it must have breath, therefore, in defect of other provision, it puts forth some such arrangement of breathing organs, as a tree puts forth leaves. The point of art, then, in this case was to raise and transfigure the literal into the symbolical; to take the body, so brittle and perishable in itself, and endow it with immortality; which of course could be done only by filling and animating it with the efficacy of imperishable truth. Accordingly the Poet took enough of current and traditionary matter to enlist old credulity in behalf of agents suited to his peculiar purpose; representing to the age its own thoughts, and at the same time informing the representation with a deep moral significance suited to all ages alike. In *The Witch* we have but the literal form of a transient superstition: in *Macbeth* that form is made the transparent vehicle of a truth coeval and coextensive with the workings of human guilt. In their literal character the Weird Sisters answer to something that was, and is not; in their symbolical character they answer to something that was, and is, and will abide; for they represent the mysterious action and reaction between the evil mind and external nature.

For the external world serves in some sort as a looking-glass, wherein man beholds the image of his fallen nature; and he still regards that image as his friend or his foe, and so parleys with it or turns from it, according as his will is more disposed to evil or to good. For the evil suggestions, which seem to us written in the face or speaking from the mouth of external objects and occasions, are in reality but projections from our own evil hearts: these are instances wherein "we do receive but what we give": the things we look upon seem inviting us to crime, whereas in truth our wishes construe their innocent meanings into wicked invitations. In the spirit and virtue of which principle the Weird Sisters symbolize the inward moral history of each and every man, and therefore may be expected to

live in the faith of reason so long as the present moral order of things shall last. So that they may be aptly enough described as poetical or mythical impersonations of evil influences; as bodying forth in living form the fearful echo which the natural world gives back to the evil that speaks out from the human heart. And the secret of their power over Macbeth lies mainly in that they present to him his embryo wishes and half-formed thoughts: at one time they harp his fear aright, at another time his hope; and that, too, even before such hope and fear have distinctly reported themselves in his consciousness; and by thus harping them, strengthen them into resolution and develop them into act. As men often know they would something, yet know not clearly what, until they hear it spoken by another; and sometimes even dream of being told things which their minds have been tugging at, but could not put into words.

All which may serve to suggest the real nature and scope of the effect which the Weird Sisters have on the action of the play; that their office is not so properly to deprave as to develop the characters whereon they act; not to create the evil heart, but to untie the evil hands. They put nothing into Macbeth's mind, but only draw out what was already there, breathing fructification upon his indwelling germs of sin, and thus acting as mediators, so to speak, between the secret upspringing purpose and the final accomplishment of crime. It is quite worthy of remark how Buchanan represents their appearance and prophecies to have been the coinage of his dreams; as if his mind were so swollen with ambitious thoughts, that they must needs haunt his pillow and people his sleep; and afterwards, when a part of the dream came to pass without his help, this put him upon working out for himself the fulfillment of the remainder. And in this view of the matter it is not easy to see but that a dream would every way satisfy the moral demands of the case, though it would by no means answer the purposes of the drama.

And the Poet evidently supposes from the first that

Macbeth already had the will, and that what he wanted further was an earnest and assurance of success. And it is the ordering of things so as to meet this want, and the tracing of the mental processes and the subtle workings of evil consequent thereon, that renders this drama such a paragon of philosophy organized into art. The Weird Sisters rightly strike the key-note and lead off the terrible chorus, because they embody and realize to us, and even to the hero himself, that secret preparation of evil within him, out of which the whole action proceeds. In their fantastical and unearthly aspect, awakening mingled emotions of terror and mirth; in their mysterious reserve and oracular brevity of speech, so fitted at once to sharpen curiosity and awe down skepticism; in the circumstances of their prophetic greeting,—a blasted heath, as a spot sacred to infernal orgies,—the influences of the place thus falling in with the preternatural style and matter of their disclosures;—in all this we may discern a peculiar aptness to generate even in strong minds a belief in their predictions. And such belief, for aught appears, takes hold on Banquo equally as on Macbeth; yet the only effect thereof in the former is to test and approve his virtue. He sees and hears them with simple wonder; has no other interest in them than that of a natural and innocent curiosity; questions them merely with a view to learn what they are, not to draw out further promises; remains calm, collected, and perfectly planless, his thoughts being wholly taken up with what is before him; and because he sees nothing of himself in them, and has no germs of wickedness for them to work upon, therefore he "neither begs nor fears their favors nor their hate." Macbeth, on the other hand, kindles and starts at their words, his heart leaps forth to catch what they say, and he is eager and impatient to have them speak further; they seem to mean more than meets the ear, and he craves to hear that meaning expressed in full: all which is because they show him his own mind, and set astir the wicked desires his breast is teeming with: his mind all at once becomes strangely introversive, self-

occupied, and absent from what is before him, "that he seems rapt withal"; and afterwards, as soon as his ear is saluted with a partial fulfillment of their promise he forthwith gets lost in thought, and shudders and goes into an ecstasy of terror at the horrid suggestions awakened within him, and his shuddering at them is even because of his yielding to them.

It is observable that Macbeth himself never thinks of making the Weird Sisters anywise responsible for his acts or intentions. The workings of his mind all along manifestly infer that he feels himself just as free to do right, and therefore just as guilty in doing wrong, as if no supernatural soliciting had come near him. He therefore never offers to soothe his conscience or satisfy his reason on the score of his being drawn or urged on by any fatal charm or fascination of hell; it being no less clear to him than to us, that whatsoever of such mighty magic there may be in the prophetic greeting is all owing to his own moral predisposition. For, in truth, the promise of the throne by the Weird Sisters, how firmly soever believed in, is no more an instigation to murder for it, than a promise of wealth in like sort would be to steal. To a truly just and virtuous man such a promise, in so far as he had faith therein, would preclude the motives to theft; his argument would be, that inasmuch as he was fated to be rich he had nothing to do but wait for the riches to come. If, however, he were already a thief at heart, and kept from stealing only by fear of the consequences, he would be apt to construe the promise of wealth into a promise of impunity in theft. Which appears to strike something near the difference between Banquo and Macbeth; for, in effect, with Banquo the prophetic words preclude, but with Macbeth themselves become, the motives to crime. So much for the origin of the murderous purpose, and the agency of the Weird Sisters in bringing it to a head.

Henceforth Macbeth's doubts and difficulties, his shrinkings and misgivings, spring from the peculiar structure and movement of his intellect, as sympathetically inflamed

and wrought upon by the poison of meditated guilt. His whole state of man suffers an insurrection; conscience forthwith sets his understanding and imagination into morbid, irregular, convulsive action, insomuch that the former disappears in the tempestuous agitations of thought which itself stirs up: his will is buffeted and staggered with prudential reasonings and fantastical terrors, both of which are self-generated out of his disordered and unnatural state of mind. Here begins his long and fatal course of self-delusion. He misderives his scruples, misplaces his apprehensions, mistranslates the whispers and writhings of conscience into the suggestions of prudence, the forecastings of reason, the threatenings of danger. His strong and excitable imagination, set on fire of conscience, fascinates and spell-binds the other faculties, and so gives an objective force and effect to its internal workings. Under this guilt-begotten hallucination, "present fears are less than horrible imaginings." Thus, instead of acting directly in the form of remorse, conscience comes to act circuitously through imaginary terrors, which again react on the conscience, as fire is kept burning by the current of air which itself generates. Hence his apparent freedom from compunctious visitings even when he is really most subject to them. It is probably from oversight of this that some have set him down as a timid, cautious, remorseless villain, withheld from crime only by a shrinking, selfish apprehensiveness. He does indeed seem strangely dead to the guilt and morbidly alive to the dangers of his enterprise; free from remorses of conscience, and filled with imaginary fears: but whence his uncontrollable irritability of imagination? how comes it that his mind so swarms with horrible imaginings, but that his imagination itself is set on fire of hell? So that he seems remorseless, because in his mind the agonies of remorse project and translate themselves into the specters of a conscience-stricken imagination.

His conscience thus acting, as it were, in disguise and masquerade, the natural effect at first is, to make him wav-

ering and irresolute: the harrowings of guilty fear have a certain prospective and preventive operation, causing him to recoil, he scarce knows why, from the work he has in hand. So that he would never be able to go through, but for the coming in of a partner and helpmeet in the wicked purpose. But afterwards, the first crime having passed from prospect into retrospect, the self-same working of conscience has the effect of goading and hurrying him on from crime to crime. He still mistakes his inward pangs for outward perils: guilt peoples his whereabout with fantastical terrors, which in seeking to beat down he only multiplies. Amidst his efforts to dissimulate he loses his self-control, and spills the awful secret he is trying to hide; and in giving others cause to suspect him, he makes himself cause to suspect them. Thus his cowardice of conscience urges him on to fresh murders, and every murder but adds to that cowardice; the very blood which he spills to quiet his fears sprouting up in "gorgons and chimeras dire" to awaken new fears and call for more victims.

The critics of a certain school have in characteristic fashion found fault with the huddling together and confusion of metaphors, which Macbeth pours forth when his mind is preternaturally heated and wrought up. Doubtless they would have him talk always according to the rules of grammar and rhetoric. Shakespeare was content to let him talk according to his state of mind and the laws of his character. Nor, in this view, could any thing better serve the Poet's purpose, than this preternatural rush and redundancy of imagination, hurrying on from thought to thought, and running and massing a multitude of half-formed images together. And such a cast of mind in the hero was necessary to the health of the drama: otherwise such a manifold tragedy had been in danger of turning out an accumulation of horrors. As it is, the impression is at once softened and deepened, after a style of art which Shakespeare alone could evoke and manage: the terrible is made to tread, sometimes to tremble, on the outmost edge, yet never passes into the horrible; what were else too

frightful to be born being thus kept within the limits of pleasurable emotion. Macbeth's imagination so overwrought and self-accelerating, this it is that glorifies the drama with such an interfusion of tragic terror and lyrical sweetness, and pours over the whole that baptism of terrible beauty which forms its distinctive excellence.

In the structure and working of her mind and moral frame Lady Macbeth is the opposite of her husband, and for that reason all the better fitted to piece out and make up his deficiency. Of a firm, sharp, wiry, matter-of-fact intellect, doubly charged with energy of will she has little in common with him save a red-hot ambition; for which cause, while the prophetic disclosures have the same effect on her will as on his, and she forthwith jumps into the same purpose, the effect on her mind is just the reverse; she being subject to no such involuntary and uncontrollable tumults of thought: without his irritability of understanding and imagination, she therefore has no such prudential misgivings or terrible illusions to make her shake, and falter, and recoil. So that what terrifies him, transports her; what stimulates his reflective powers, stifles hers.

Almost any other dramatist would have brought the Weird Sisters to act immediately upon Lady Macbeth, and through her upon her husband, as thinking her more open to superstitious allurements and charms. Shakespeare seems to have understood that aptness of mind for them to work upon would have unfitted her for working upon her husband in aid of them. Enough of such influence has already been brought to bear: what is wanted further is quite another sort of influence; such a sort as could only be wielded by a mind not much accessible to the former. There was strong dramatic reason, therefore, why nothing should move or impress her, when awake, but facts; why she should not be of a constitution and method of mind, that the evil which has struck its roots so deep within should come back to her in the elements and aspects of nature, either to mature the guilty purpose, or to obstruct the guilty act. It is quite remarkable that she never once

recurs to the Weird Sisters, or lays any stress on their salutations: they seem to have no weight with her but for the impression they have made on Macbeth; that which impression may grow to the desired effect she refrains from using it or meddling with it, and seeks only to fortify it with such other impressions as lie in her power to make. Does not all this look as though she were skeptical touching the contents of his letter, and durst not attempt to influence him with arguments that had no influence with herself, lest her want of sincerity therein should still further unknit his purpose? And what could better set forth her incomparable shrewdness and tact, than that, instead of overstraining this one motive, and thereby weakening it, she should thus let it alone, and endeavor to strengthen it by mixing others with it? Moreover, it does not elude her penetration, that his fears still more than his hopes are wrought up by the preternatural soliciting: for the Weird Sisters represent in most appalling sort the wickedness of the purpose which they suggest; and the thought of them scares up a throng of horrid images, and puts him under a fascination of terror: the instant he reverts to them his imagination springs into action,—an organ whereof while ambition works the bellows, conscience still governs the stops and keys. So that her surest course is to draw his thoughts off to the natural motives and solicitings of the opportunity that has made itself to his hands: otherwise there is danger that the opportunity will unmake him; for, so long as his mind is taken up with those stimulants of imagination, outward facilities for his purpose augment his inward recoilings from the act.

Coleridge justly remarks upon her consummate art in first urging in favor of the deed those very circumstances which to her husband's conscience plead most movingly against it. That the King has unreservedly cast himself upon their loyalty and hospitality, this she puts forth as the strongest argument for murdering him. An awful stroke of character indeed! and therefore awful, because natural. By thus anticipating his greatest drawbacks,

and urging them as the chief incentives, she forecloses all debate, and leaves him nothing to say; which is just what she wants; for she knows well enough that the thing is a horrible crime, and will not stand the tests of reason a moment; and therefore that the more he talks the less apt he will be for the work. And throughout this dreadful wrestling-match she surveys the whole ground and darts upon the strongest points with all the quickness and sureness of instinct: her powers of foresight and self-control seem to grow as the horrors thicken; the exigency being to her a sort of practical inspiration. The finishing touch in this part of the picture is when, her husband's resolution being all in a totter, she boldly cuts the very sinews of retreat by casting the thing into a personal controversy and making it a theme of domestic war, so that he has no way but either to fall in with her leading or else to take her life. To gain the crown she literally hazards all, putting it out of the question for them to live together, unless he do the deed, and thus embattling all the virtues and affections of the husband against the conscience of the man. He accordingly goes about the deed, and goes through it, with an assumed ferocity caught from her.

Nor is it to be supposed that this ferocity is native to her own breast: in her case, too, surely it is assumed; for though in her intense overheat of expectant passion it be temporarily fused and absorbed into her character, it is disengaged and thrown off as soon as that heat passes away. Those will readily take our meaning, who have ever seen how, from the excitement of successful effort, men will sometimes pass for a while into and become identified with a character which they undertake to play. And so Lady Macbeth, for a special purpose, begins with acting a part which is really foreign to her, but which, notwithstanding, such is her iron fixedness of will, she braves out to issues so overwhelming as to make her husband and many others believe it is her own. In herself, indeed, she is a great bad woman whom we fear and pity; yet neither so great nor so bad, we are apt to think, as she is generally repre-

sented. She has closely studied her husband, and penetrated far into the heart of his mystery; yet she knows him rather as he is to her than as he is in himself: hence in describing his character she interprets her own, and shows more of the warm-hearted wife than of the cool-headed philosopher. Mr. Verplanck, with great felicity, distinguishes her as "a woman of high intellect, bold spirit, and lofty desires, who is mastered by a fiery thirst for power, and that for her husband as well as herself."

Two very different characters, however, may easily be made out for her, according as we lay the chief stress on what she says, or what she does. For surely none can fail to remark, that the promise of a fiend conveyed in her earlier speeches is by no means made good in her subsequent acts. That Shakespeare well understood the principle whereon Sophocles sprinkled the songs of nightingales amid the grove of the Furies, could not be better shown than in that, when Lady Macbeth looks upon the face of her sleeping Sovereign, at whose heart her steel is aimed, and sees the murderous thought passing, as it were, into a fact before her, a gush of womanly feeling or of native tenderness suddenly stays her uplifted arm. And, again, when she hears from Macbeth how he has done two or more murders to screen the first, she sinks down at the tale, thus showing that the woman she had so fearfully disclaimed has already returned to torment and waste her into the grave. So that the sequel proves her to have been better than she was herself aware; for at first her thoughts were so centered and nailed to the object she was in quest of, that she had no place for introversion, and did not suspect what fires of hell she was planting in her bosom. In truth, she had undertaken too much: in her efforts to screw her own and her husband's courage to the sticking-place there was exerted a force of will which answered the end indeed, but at the same time cracked the sinews of nature; though that force of will still enables her to hide the dreadful work that is doing within. She has quite as much if not more of conscience than Macbeth; but its workings are

retrospective, proceed upon deeds, not thoughts; and she is not so made, she has no such sensitive redundancy of imagination, that conscience should be in her senses, causing the howlings of the storm to syllable the awful notes of remorse. And as her conscience is without an organ to project and body forth its revenges, so she may indeed possess them in secret, but she can never repress them: subject to no fantastical terrors nor moral illusions, she therefore never loses her self-control: the unmitigable corrodings of her rooted sorrow may destroy, but cannot betray her, unless when her energy of will is bound up in sleep. And for the same cause she is free alike from the terrible apprehensions which make her husband flinch from the first crime, and from the maddening and merciless suspicions of guilty fear that lash and spur him on to other crimes. But the truth of her inward state comes out with an awful mingling of pathos and terror, in the scene where her conscience, sleepless amid the sleep of nature, nay, most restless even when all other cares are at rest, drives her forth, open-eyed, yet sightless, to sigh and groan over spots on her hands, that are visible to none but herself, nor even to herself, but when she is blind to every thing else. And what an awful mystery, too, hangs about her death! We know not, the Poet himself seems not to know, whether the gnawings of the undying worm drive her to suicidal violence, or themselves cut asunder the cords of her life: all we know is, that the death of her body springs somehow from the inextinguishable life and the immedicable wound of her soul. What a history of her woman's heart is written in her thus sinking, sinking away whither imagination shrinks from following, under the violence of an invisible yet unmistakable disease, which still sharpens its inflictions and at the same time quickens her sensibility!

This guilty couple are patterns of conjugal virtue. A tender, delicate, respectful affection sweetens and dignifies their intercourse; the effect of which is rather heightened than otherwise by their ambition, because they seem to thirst for each other's honor as much as for their own.

And this sentiment of mutual respect even grows by their crimes, since their inborn greatness is developed through them, not buried beneath them. And when they find that the crown, which they have waded through so much blood to grasp, does but scald their brows and stuff their pillow with thorns, this begets a still deeper and finer play of sympathies between them. Thenceforth, (and how touching its effect!) a soft subdued undertone of inward sympathetic woe and anguish mingles audibly in the wild rushing of the moral tempest that hangs round their footsteps. Need we add how free they are from any thing little or mean, vulgar or gross? the very intensity of their wicked passion seeming to have assoiled their minds of all such earthly and ignoble incumbrances. And so manifest withal is their innate fitness to reign, that their ambition almost passes as the instinct of faculty for its proper sphere.

Dr. Johnson observes with rare infelicity that this play "has no nice discriminations of character." How far from just is this remark, we trust hath already been made clear enough. In this respect the hero and heroine are equaled only by the Poet's other masterpieces,—by Shylock, Hamlet, Lear, and Iago; while the Weird Sisters, so seemingly akin (though whether as mothers, or sisters, or daughters, we cannot tell) to the thunder-storms that keep them company, occupy the summit of his preternatural creations. Nevertheless it must be owned that the grandeur of the dramatic combination oversways our impression of the individual characters, and, unless we make a special effort that way, prevents a due notice of their merits; that the delicate limning of the agents is apt to be lost sight of in the magnitude, the manifold unity, and thought-like rapidity of the action.

The style of this drama is pitched in the same high tragic key as the action: throughout we have an explosion, as of purpose into act, so also of thought into speech, both literally kindling with their own swiftness. No sooner thought than said, no sooner said than done, is everywhere

the order of the day. And, therewithal, thoughts and images come crowding and jostling each other in so quick succession that none can gain full utterance, a second still leaping upon the tongue before the first is fairly off. Thus the Poet seems to have endeavored his utmost how much of meaning could be conveyed in how little of expression; with the least touching of the ear to send vibrations through all the chambers of the mind. Hence the large manifold suggestiveness that lurks in the words; they seem instinct with something which the speakers cannot stay to unfold. And between these invitations to linger and the continual drawings onward, the reader's mind is kindled into an almost preternatural illumination and activity. Doubtless this prolonged stretch and tension of thought would at length grow wearisome, and cause an inward flagging and faintness, but that the play, moreover, is throughout a fierce conflict of antagonist elements and opposite extremes, which are so managed as to brace up the interest on every side; so that the effect of the whole is to refresh, not exhaust the powers, the mind being sustained in its long and lofty flight by the wings that grow forth of their own accord from its superadded life. In general, the lyrical, instead of being interspersed here and there in the form of musical lulls and pauses, is thoroughly interfused with the dramatic; while the ethical sense underlies them both, and is occasionally forced up through them by their own pressure. May we not say, in short, that the entire drama is, as it were, a tempest set to music?

Many writers have spoken strongly against the Porter-scene; Coleridge denounces it as unquestionably none of Shakespeare's work. Which makes us almost afraid to trust our own judgment concerning it; yet we cannot but feel it to be in the true spirit of the Poet's method. This strain of droll broad humor, oozing out, so to speak, amid such a congregation of terrors, has always in our case deepened their effect, the strange but momentary diversion causing them to return with the greater force. Of the murder scene, the banquet scene, and the sleep-walking

scene, with their dagger of the mind, and Banquo of the mind, and blood-spots of the mind, it were vain to speak. Yet over these sublimely-terrific passages there hovers a magic light of poetry, at once disclosing the horrors, and annealing them into matter of delight.—Hallam sets Macbeth down as being, in the language of Drake, "the greatest effort of our author's genius, the most sublime and impressive drama which the world has ever beheld";—a judgment from which most readers will probably be less inclined to dissent, the older they grow.

COMMENTS

By Shakespearean Scholars

MACBETH

To the Christian moralist Macbeth's guilt is so dark that its degree cannot be estimated, as there are no shades in black. But to the mental physiologist, to whom nerve rather than conscience, the function of the brain rather than the power of the will, is an object of study, it is impossible to omit from calculation the influences of the supernatural event, which is not only the starting-point of the action, but the remote causes of the mental phenomena. —Bucknill, *The Mad Folk of Shakespeare.*

Macbeth wants no disguise of his natural disposition, for it is not bad; he does not affect more piety than he has: on the contrary, a part of his distress arises from a real sense of religion: which makes him regret that he could not join the chamberlains in prayer for God's blessing, and bewail that he has "given his eternal jewel to the common enemy of man." He continually reproaches himself for his deeds; no use can harden him; confidence cannot silence, and even despair cannot stifle, the cries of his conscience. By the first murder he put "rancor in the vessel of his peace"; and of the last he owns to Macduff, "My soul is too charged with blood of thine already."—Whately, *Remarks on Some Characters of Shakespere.*

LADY MACBETH

We may be sure that there were few "more thoroughbred or fairer fingers" in the land of Scotland than those of its queen, whose bearing in public towards Duncan,

Banquo and the nobles, is marked by elegance and majesty; and, in private, by affectionate anxiety for her sanguinary lord. He duly appreciated her feelings, but it is a pity that such a woman should have been united to such a man. If she had been less strong of purpose, less worthy of confidence, he would not have disclosed to her his ambitious designs; less resolute and prompt of thought and action, she would not have been called upon to share his guilt; less sensitive or more hardened, she would not have suffered it to prey forever like a vulture upon her heart. She affords, as I consider it, only another instance of what women will be brought to, by a love which listens to no considerations, which disregards all else beside, when the interests, the wishes, the happiness, the honor, or even the passions, caprices, and failings of the beloved object are concerned: and if the world, in a compassionate mood, will gently scan the softer errors of sister-woman, may we not claim a kindly construing for the motives which plunged into the Aceldama of the blood-washed tragedy the sorely-urged and broken-hearted Lady Macbeth?—MAGINN, *Shakespeare Papers.*

Lady Macbeth is not thoroughly hateful, for she is not a virago, not an adulteress, not impelled by revenge. On the contrary, she expresses no feeling of personal malignity towards any human being in the whole course of her part. Shakespeare could have easily displayed her crimes in a more commonplace and accountable light, by assigning some feudal grudge as a mixed motive of her cruelty to Duncan; but he makes her a murderess in cold blood, and from the sole motive of ambition, well knowing that if he had broken up the inhuman serenity of her remorselessness by the ruffling of anger, he would have vulgarized the features of the splendid Titaness.

By this entire absence of petty vice and personal virulence, and by concentrating all the springs of her conduct into the one determined feeling of ambition, the mighty poet has given her character a statue-like simplicity, which,

though cold, is spirit-stirring, from the wonder it excites, and which is imposing, although its respectability consists, as far as the heart is concerned, in merely negative decencies. How many villains walk the earth in credit to their graves, from the mere fulfillment of these negative decencies! Had Lady Macbeth been able to smother her husband's babblings, she might have been one of them.—CAMPBELL, *Life of Mrs. Siddons.*

As she is commonly represented, Lady Macbeth is *nothing* more than the maximum of ambition, a person, who, in order to obtain a crown, avails herself of every means, even the most horrible. Such, indeed, is she, and much more. It may be said that she would set half the earth on fire to reach the throne of the other half. But,—and here lies the depth of her peculiar character,—not for herself alone; but for him, her *beloved* husband. She is a tigress who could rend all who oppose her; but her mate, who, in comparison with her, is gentle, and disposed somewhat to melancholy, him she embraces with genuine love. In relation to him her affection is great and powerful, and bound up with all the roots and veins of her life, and consequently it passes into *weakness.* The connection of this fearful pair is not without a certain touching passionateness, and it is through this that the Lady first *lives* before us, as otherwise she would be almost without distinctive features, and would appear only as the *idea* of the most monstrous criminality. Ambition without Love is cold, French-tragic, and incapable of awakening deep interest. Here Love is the more moving as it reigns in the conjugal relation; and truly, to the atrocious crimes perpetrated by this pair, there was need of such a counterpoise, in order that they may appear as *human beings* suffering wreck, and not as perfect devils.—HORN, *Shakespeare Erläutert.*

This is certain, that Shakespeare in the part of Lady Macbeth, as in all his parts, actually relied upon the young

actor to whom the part might be assigned to carry out and complete the representation; and therefore at the present day it becomes the special duty of the actress in this part not in tone, look, or gesture to aggravate the abhorrence which might thus be excited, but to alleviate it, so that to intelligent spectators will be presented not the picture of a Northern Fury, nor of a monster, still less of a heroine or martyr to conjugal love, but that of a woman capable of the greatest elevation, but seized mysteriously by the magic of Passion, only to fall the more terribly, and thus, in spite of our horror at her crime, wringing from us our deepest sympathy.—Von Friesen, *Jahrbuch der deutschen Shakespeare-Gesellschaft.*

THE GHOST

It is the skepticism as to the objective reality of Banquo's Ghost which has originated the question as to whether he should be made visible to the spectators in the theater, since, as the skeptics observe, he is invisible to all the assembled guests, and does not speak at all. But for this skepticism, it would never have been doubted that the Ghost should be made visible to the theater, although he is invisible to Macbeth's company, and although no words are assigned to him. This doubt existing, illustrates to us how stage-management itself is affected by the philosophy which may prevail upon certain subjects. Upon the Spiritualist view, Banquo's Ghost, and the Witches themselves, are all in the same category, all belonging to the spiritual world, and seen by the spiritual eye; and the mere fact that the Ghost does not speak, is felt to have no bearing at all upon the question of his presentation as an objective reality.

The Spiritualist, when contending for the absolute objectivity of Banquo's Ghost, may possibly be asked whether he also claims a *like* reality for "the air-drawn dagger." To this he would reply, that, to the best of his belief, a *like* reality was *not* to be affirmed of that

dagger, which he conceives to have been a *representation*, in the spiritual world, of a dagger, not, however, being on that account less real (if by unreality we are to understand that it was, in some incomprehensible way, generated in the material brain), but only differing from what we should term a real *bonâ fide* dagger, as a painting of a dagger differs from a real one.—ROFFE, *An Essay upon the Ghost Belief of Shakespeare.*

THE WEIRD SISTERS

The Weird Sisters who preside over the play as the ministers of evil are partly "metaphysical," as Coleridge, following Lady Macbeth's phrase of "metaphysical aid," justly called them. It has been said that Shakespeare meant them to be no more than the witches of his day as they were commonly conceived. This is quite incredible when we think of that high poetic genius in him which could not have left them unspiritualized by imagination, and which must have felt that these personages, if conceived only as the vulgar witches, would be below the dignity of his tragedy. It is also said that all that was not vulgar in them was in the soul of Macbeth, and not in them. That is a credible theory, but it is not borne out by the text; and it seems to assert that Shakespeare did not believe in, or at least did not as a poet conceive of, spiritual creatures, other than ghosts, who dwelt in a world outside of humanity, and yet could touch it at intervals when certain conditions were fulfilled. These spiritual creatures, as he conceived them, had chiefly to do with nature; were either embodiments of its elemental forces, or their masters. Such were Oberon and Ariel, but they had most to do with the beneficent forces of nature. Here the Weird Sisters command its evil forces. Whether Shakespeare believed in this half-spiritual world of beings, dwelling and acting in a supposed zone between us and the loftier spiritual world, and having powers over the natural world—I cannot tell, but at least he conceived this realm;

and if he believed in it, there were hundreds of persons at his time who were with him in that belief, as there are numbers now who share in it, in spite of science. I do not think, then, that the spiritual part of his conception of the witches was intended by him to exist solely in the mind of Macbeth. On the contrary, I hold that it is incredible Shakespeare should have taken up witches into his tragedy and left them as James I and the rest of the world commonly conceived them. His imagination was far too intense, his representing power much too exacting, to allow him to leave them unidealized. It is true he kept their vulgar elements for the sake of the common folk who did not think; but for those who did, Shakespeare unvulgarized the witches. They materialize themselves only for their purpose of temptation; their normal existence is impalpable, invisible, unearthly.—Brooke, *Lectures on Shakespeare.*

Shakespeare's picture of the witches is truly magical: in the short scenes where they enter, he has created for them a peculiar language, which, although composed of the usual elements, still seems to be a collection of formulæ of incantation. The sound of the words, the accumulation of rhymes, and the rhythmus of the verse, form, as it were, the hollow music of a dreary dance of witches. These repulsive things, from which the imagination shrinks back, are here a symbol of the hostile powers which operate in nature, and the mental horror outweighs the repugnance of our senses. The witches discourse with one another like women of the very lowest class, for this was the class to which witches were supposed to belong; when, however, they address Macbeth, their tone assumes more elevation; their predictions, which they either themselves pronounce, or allow their apparitions to deliver, have all the obscure brevity, the majestic solemnity, by which oracles have in all times contrived to inspire mortals with reverential awe. We here see that the witches are merely instruments; they are governed by an invisible

spirit, or the ordering of such great and dreadful events would be above their sphere.—SCHLEGEL, *Lectures on Shakespeare.*

THE INCANTATION SCENES

It has been objected to the incantation scenes in Macbeth, that the subjects and language in them are revolting. They are so; nothing, however, can be more irrational than to take exception against them on that score. The witches are an impersonation of those qualities which are antagonist to all that is gentle, and lovely, and peaceful, and good. They are loathsome abstractions of the "evil principle," and are the precursors, as well as providers of all the stormy passions that shake this poor citadel of man. They represent the repulsive as well as the cruel propensities of our nature; every one, therefore, who is a slave to his lower passions, is spell-bound by the "weird sisters"; and this, I have little doubt, was the moral that Shakespeare intended to read to his brother mortals: for, we should bear in mind that Macbeth was, by nature, an honorable and even generous man; but as he was unable to withstand the impulse of an unworthy ambition, and could not resist the sneers of his uncompromising partner, he rushed into that bottomless hell of torment—a guilty and an upbraiding conscience.—CLARKE, *Shakespeare-Characters.*

THE INFLUENCE OF THE UNSEEN WORLD

Every device of Shakespeare has been designed to accentuate the overweening influence of the unseen world. So long as Macbeth is striving to bring about the fulfillment of the prophecy, he is a bungler; but at every turn the unseen agency brings fortune to his aid. So soon, however, as he bends his efforts to defeat the intentions of the supernatural world, fortune deserts him. Everything goes wrong. Fleance escapes. Suspicion seizes his nobles. Macduff flies, and Macbeth's insensate revenge has

the effect of bringing to a head the smouldering anger of the nobility. Finally, the unseen universe interferes directly in the scene, and by its deceitful oracles lulls him into a state of false security. Were it not for the prophecy about Birnam wood, Macbeth would have met his foes in the field, and not cooped himself up in his castle of Dunsinane, where, as he says himself, "he is tied as a bear to the stake." Had it not been for his belief in his charmed existence he would never have risked his life in single combat with all and sundry of the besieging host. He the *protégé* of destiny had attempted to defy his patron; and to the last farthing he was called upon to pay the price of his temerity.—Ransome, *Short Studies in Shakespeare's Plots.*

THE KEYNOTE

The keynote of this, the most picturesque, the most lurid and fiercely rapid of all tragedies, is struck in the first scene by a miracle of imagination, and maintained to the end in spite of inequalities. A storm of fear blows through the short five acts. Macbeth's imagination appals him; he struggles entangled in a hellish net. His wife screws her courage to a point at which it will not stick, and the cord snaps under the tension.—Seccombe and Allen, *The Age of Shakespeare.*

DARKNESS IN THIS TRAGEDY

Darkness, we may even say blackness, broods over this tragedy. It is remarkable that almost all the scenes which at once recur to memory take place either at night or in some dark spot. The vision of the dagger, the murder of Duncan, the murder of Banquo, the sleep-walking of Lady Macbeth, all come in night-scenes. The Witches dance in the thick air of a storm, or, "black and midnight hags," receive Macbeth in a cavern. The blackness of night is to the hero a thing of fear, even of horror; and that which he

feels becomes the spirit of the play. The faint glimmerings of the western sky at twilight are here menacing: it is the hour when the traveler hastens to reach safety in his inn, and when Banquo rides homeward to meet his assassins; the hour when "light thickens," when "night's black agents to their prey do rouse," when the wolf begins to howl, and the owl to scream, and withered murder steals forth to his work. Macbeth bids the stars hide their fires that his "black" desires may be concealed; Lady Macbeth calls on thick night to come, palled in the dunnest smoke of hell. The moon is down and no stars shine when Banquo, dreading the dreams of the coming night, goes unwillingly to bed, and leaves Macbeth to wait for the summons of the little bell. When the next day should dawn, its light is "strangled," and "darkness does the face of earth entomb." In the whole drama the sun seems to shine only twice: first, in the beautiful but ironical passage where Duncan sees the swallows flitting round the castle of death; and, afterwards, when at the close the avenging army gathers to rid the earth of its shame. Of the many slighter touches which deepen this effect I notice only one. The failure of nature in Lady Macbeth is marked by her fear of darkness; "she has light by her continually." And in the one phrase of fear that escapes her lips even in sleep, it is of the darkness of the place of torment that she speaks.—Bradley, *Shakespearean Tragedy.*

POPULARITY OF "MACBETH"

One might have expected that *Macbeth* would prove the most popular of Shakespeare's tragedies, both with the actors and with audiences. Such has, however, not been the case. Except on rare occasions, *Macbeth*, despite its apparent supremacy as an "acting play," has less attraction than *Lear*, *Othello*, and, above all, *Hamlet*. Nor is the reason far to seek. Of the two elements which Aristotle's definition requires in tragedy, it has but one. It works by terror alone, and does not touch the springs of pity. It

has no bursts and swells of pathos, no outpours of tenderness, no sweet dews of hapless love. Lacking these, it lacks charm. The characters on whom the interest is concentrated are not the innocent sufferers, but the guilty workers of woe, and, if not outcasts from our sympathy in the woe they thereby bring upon themselves, they are far from making any demands upon our affection. *Macbeth* stands alone among Shakespeare's great productions as a picture of crime and retribution unrelieved by any softer features. Like some awful Alpine peak, girdled with glaciers and abysses, with no glimpses of flower-bespangled vales and pastures.—KIRKE, *Atlantic Monthly*, April, 1895.

THE TRAGEDY OF MACBETH

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

DUNCAN, *king of Scotland*
MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, } *his sons*
MACBETH, BANQUO, } *generals of the King's army*
MACDUFF, LENNOX, ROSS, MENTEITH, ANGUS, CAITHNESS, } *noblemen of Scotland*
FLEANCE, *son to Banquo*
SIWARD, *earl of Northumberland, general of the English forces*
Young SIWARD, *his son*
SEYTON, *an officer attending on Macbeth*
Boy, *son to Macduff*
An English Doctor
A Scotch Doctor
A Sergeant
A Porter
An Old Man

Lady MACBETH
Lady MACDUFF
Gentlewoman attending on Lady Macbeth

HECATE
Three Witches
Apparitions

Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Murderers, Attendants, and Messengers

SCENE: *Scotland; England*

SYNOPSIS

By J. Ellis Burdick

ACT I

The Thane of Cawdor, who has rebelled against his king, Duncan of Scotland, is defeated by Macbeth and Banquo, two Scottish generals. Three witches meet the victorious generals on their return from the battle and greet Macbeth as Thane of Glamis, Thane of Cawdor, and he that shall be king of Scotland hereafter. To Banquo they promise that he shall be the father of kings, though he be not one himself. While Macbeth is still talking of these prophecies, messengers arrive from Duncan and address him by the king's order, and as a reward for his services, as Thane of Cawdor. As Macbeth is already Thane of Glamis, he begins to hope that he may one day be king of Scotland. He tells his desire to his wife and she plots the murder of Duncan, who comes on a visit to their castle.

ACT II

Macbeth, assisted by his wife, murders Duncan, laying the crime on the king's drunken guard. Malcolm and Donalbain, Duncan's sons, flee, the former to England and the latter to Ireland, and therefore they are believed to have suborned the servants to do the deed. Macbeth, as the next heir, is crowned king of Scotland at Scone.

ACT III

The three prophecies have been fulfilled for Macbeth and now he fears that what was promised Banquo may also come true, and that for Banquo's children has he mur-

dered Duncan and destroyed his own peace of mind. He desires the death of Banquo and his only son Fleance, believing that the succession would then be secured to his own descendants. To accomplish this purpose he makes a great feast, particularly inviting Banquo and Fleance. But on their way to the dinner they are set upon by men in Macbeth's pay. Banquo is slain but Fleance escapes. The guests are all assembled except Banquo and the king, about to take his place at the table, when in comes Banquo's ghost. Although it is invisible to all but Macbeth, his fear and remarks break up the feast.

ACT IV

Macbeth consults the witches about the future. They call up apparitions; the first tells him to beware Macduff; the second, "Laugh to scorn the power of man, for none of woman born shall harm Macbeth"; the third, that he "shall never vanquished be until great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill shall come against him." He then asks plainly, "Shall Banquo's issue ever reign in this kingdom?" In reply he is shown the shadows of eight kings, followed by the ghost of Banquo, and is convinced that Banquo's descendants will reign. Joining his followers after his interview with the witches, he is greeted with the news that Macduff has fled to England. Macbeth surprises the castle of Macduff and kills Lady Macduff and her children.

ACT V

Lady Macbeth is unable to throw aside the thought of the murders she and her husband have or have had committed. They trouble her sleeping hours, and she rises from her bed in her sleep, walks the floor, tries to wash imaginary blood-spots from her hands, and talks aloud of the murders. Macbeth fortifies his castle of Dunsinane in preparation for an attack by Macduff, but, relying on the witches' promises, he tries to cast off his fears. Word is

brought him of Lady Macbeth's death, probably by her own hand, and almost at the same moment, a messenger announces that Birnam wood is coming toward the castle. This illusion of the moving wood was caused by each man of the attacking army lopping off a limb of a tree as he passed through Birnam wood to use as a covering for his advance. Macbeth, although his nerves are shaken by this materializing of the witch's threat, leads his men forth from the castle, saying, "At least we 'll die with harness on our back." He meets Macduff and they fight till Macbeth remembers the words of the spirit, and he tells Macduff that his labor is in vain, for he, Macbeth, bears a charmed life which cannot yield to one born of woman. But his last hope is taken from him when Macduff replies, "Despair thy charm. Macduff was from his mother's womb untimely ripped." The fight is continued and Macbeth is killed. Malcolm, son of Duncan, is proclaimed king of Scotland.

THE TRAGEDY OF MACBETH

ACT FIRST

Scene I

A desert place.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter three Witches.

First Witch. When shall we three meet again
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?
Sec. Witch. When the hurlyburly 's done,
When the battle 's lost and won.
Third Witch. That will be ere the set of sun.
First Witch. Where the place?

1. Perhaps we should follow the punctuation of the Folio, and place a note of interrogation after *"again."*—I. G.

3. *"hurlyburly";* the original and sense of this word are thus given by Peacham in his *Garden of Eloquence,* 1577: "Onomatopeia, when we invent, devise, fayne, and make a name imitating the sound of that it signifyeth, as *hurlyburly,* for an *uprore* and *tumultuous stirre."* Thus also in Holinshed: "There were such *hurlie burlies* kept in every place, to the great danger of overthrowing the whole state of all government in this land." Of course the word here refers to the tumult of battle, not to the storm, the latter being their element.—The reason of this scene is thus stated by Coleridge: "In *Macbeth* the Poet's object was to raise the mind at once to the high tragic tone, that the audience might be ready for the precipitate consummation of guilt in the early part of the play. The true reason for the first appearance of the Witches is to strike the key note of the character of the whole drama, as is proved by their re-appearance in the third scene, after such an order of the king's as establishes their supernatural power of information."—H. N. H.

Sec. Witch. Upon the heath.
Third Witch. There to meet with Macbeth.
First Witch. I come, Graymalkin.
All. Paddock calls:—anon! 10
Fair is foul, and foul is fair.
Hover through the fog and filthy air. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II

A camp near Forres.

Alarum within. Enter Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lennox, with Attendants, meeting a bleeding Sergeant.

Dun. What bloody man is that? He can report,
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt
The newest state.
Mal. This is the sergeant

Exeunt. "The Weird Sisters," says Coleridge, "are as true a creation of Shakespeare's, as his Ariel and Caliban,—fates, furies, and materializing witches being the elements. They are wholly different from any representation of witches in the contemporary writers, and yet presented a sufficient external resemblance to the creatures of vulgar prejudice to act immediately on the audience. Their character consists in the imaginative disconnected from the good; they are the shadowy obscure and fearfully anomalous of physical nature, the lawless of human nature,—elemental avengers without sex or kin." Elsewhere he speaks of the "direful music, the wild wayward rhythm, and abrupt lyrics of the opening of Macbeth." Words scarcely less true to the Poet's, than the Poet's are to the characters.—H. N. H.

3. *"sergeant"; sergeants,* in ancient times, were not the petty officers now distinguished by that title; but men performing one kind of feudal military service, in rank next to esquires. In the stage-direction of the original this *sergeant* is called a *captain.*—H. N. H.

Who like a good and hardy soldier fought
'Gainst my captivity. Hail, brave friend!
Say to the king the knowledge of the broil
As thou didst leave it.

Ser. Doubtful it stood;
As two spent swimmers, that do cling together
And choke their art. The merciless Macdonwald—
Worthy to be a rebel, for to that
The multiplying villainies of nature
Do swarm upon him—from the western isles
Of kerns and gallowglasses is supplied;
And fortune, on his damned quarrel smiling,
Show'd like a rebel's whore: but all 's too weak:
For brave Macbeth—well he deserves that name—
Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd steel
Which smoked with bloody execution,
Like valor's minion carved out his passage
Till he faced the slave;

13. *"Of"* here bears the sense of *with,* the two words being then used indiscriminately.—Thus in Holinshed: "Out of Ireland in hope of the spoile came no small number of *Kernes* and *Galloglasses,* offering gladlie to serve under him, whither it should please him to lead them." Barnabe Rich thus describes them in his *New Irish Prognostication:* "The *Galloglas* succeedeth the Horseman, and he is commonly armed with a scull, a shirt of maile, and a Galloglas-axe. . . . The *Kernes* of Ireland are next in request, the very drosse and scum of the countrey, a generation of villaines not worthy to live. . . . These are they that are ready to run out with every rebel, and these are the very hags of hell, fit for nothing but the gallows."—H. N. H.

14. *"damned quarrel";* Johnson's, perhaps unnecessary, emendation of Ff., *"damned quarry"* (*cp.* IV. iii. 206); but Holinshed uses "quarrel" in the corresponding passage.—I. G.

"damned" is *doomed,* fated to destruction.—H. N. H.

20–21. Many emendations and interpretations have been advanced

Which ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him,
Till he unseam'd him from the nave to the chaps,
And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

Dun. O valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!

Ser. As whence the sun 'gins his reflection
Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders break,
So from that spring whence comfort seem'd to come
Discomfort swells. Mark, king of Scotland, mark:
No sooner justice had, with valor arm'd,
Compell'd these skipping kerns to trust their heels,
But the Norweyan lord, surveying vantage,
With furbish'd arms and new supplies of men,
Began a fresh assault.

Dun. Dismay'd not this
Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?

Ser. Yes;
As sparrows eagles, or the hare the lion.
If I say sooth, I must report they were
As cannons overcharged with double cracks; so they

for this passage; Koppel's explanation (*Shakespeare Studien,* 1896) is as follows:—"he faced the slave, who never found time for the preliminary formalities of a duel, *i. e.* shaking hands with and bidding farewell to the opponent"; seemingly, however, *"which"* should have *"he"* (*i. e.* Macbeth) and not *"slave"* as its antecedent.—I. G.

25, 26. "As storms often come from the east, the region of the dawn, so victory may be the starting-point for a fresh attack."—C. H. H.

37. *"so they";* Ff. give these words at the beginning of l. 38. The

Doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe:
Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
Or memorize another Golgotha,
I cannot tell—
But I am faint; my gashes cry for help.

Dun. So well thy words become thee as thy wounds;
They smack of honor both. Go get him surgeons.

[*Exit Sergeant, attended.*

Who comes here?

Enter Ross.

Mal. The worthy thane of Ross.

Len. What a haste looks through his eyes! So should he look
That seems to speak things strange.

Ross. God save the king!

Dun. Whence camest thou, worthy thane?

Ross. From Fife, great king;
Where the Norweyan banners flout the sky
And fan our people cold. Norway himself
With terrible numbers,
Assisted by that most disloyal traitor
The thane of Cawdor, began a dismal conflict;
Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapp'd in proof,

two lines cannot be made into normal verse; but the present arrangement is less harsh to the ear.—C. H. H.

40. To *"memorize"* is to make memorable. "The style," says Coleridge, "and rhythm of the Captain's speeches in the second scene should be illustrated by reference to the interlude in *Hamlet,* in which the epic is substituted for the tragic, in order to make the latter be felt as the real life diction."—H. N. H.

54. Steevens chuckles over the Poet's ignorance in making Bellona the wife of Mars. Surely a man must be ignorant not to see

Confronted him with self-comparisons,
Point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm,
Curbing his lavish spirit: and, to conclude,
The victory fell on us.

Dun. Great happiness!

Ross. That now
Sweno, the Norway's king, craves composition;
Nor would we deign him burial of his men
Till he disbursed, at Saint Colme's inch,
Ten thousand dollars to our general use.

Dun. No more that thane of Cawdor shall deceive
Our bosom interest: go pronounce his present death,
And with his former title greet Macbeth.

Ross. I 'll see it done.

Dun. What he hath lost, noble Macbeth hath won.

[*Exeunt.*

that the Poet makes Macbeth the husband of Bellona.—*"Lapp'd in proof"* is covered with armor of proof.—H. N. H.

55. By *"him"* is meant *Norway,* and by *"self-comparisons"* is meant that he gave him as good as he brought, showed that he was his equal.—H. N. H.

Scene III

A heath.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

First Witch. Where hast thou been, sister?
Sec. Witch. Killing swine.
Third Witch. Sister, where thou?
First Witch. A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap,
And mounch'd, and mounch'd, and mounch'd. 'Give me,' quoth I:
'Aroint thee, witch!' the rump-fed ronyon cries.
Her husband 's to Aleppo gone, master o' the Tiger;
But in a sieve I 'll thither sail,
And, like a rat without a tail,

6. The meaning of *"aroint,"* says Collier, is, *"begone, stand off,* and it is still used in the Craven district, and generally in the north of England, as well as in Cheshire. In some places it has assumed the form of *rynt,* but it is the same word." Richardson, however, puts it down as from *Rodere* or *Ronger,* to gnaw, to eat. So that the meaning here would be, as we still say, *"pox* on you," or "a *plague* take you."—H. N. H.

"rump-fed ronyon"; a scabby or mangy woman fed on offals; the *rumps* being formerly part of the kitchen fees of the cooks in great houses.—H. N. H.

8. *"sieve";* Scot, in his *Discoverie of Witchcraft,* 1584, says it was believed that witches "could sail in an egg-shell, a cockle or muscle-shell through and under the tempestuous seas." And in another pamphlet: *Declaring the damnable Life of Doctor Fian, a notable Sorcerer:* "All they together went to sea, each one in a riddle or cive, and went in the same very substantially, with flaggons of wine making merrie, and drinking by the way in the same riddles or cives." It was the belief of the times that though a witch could assume the form of any animal she pleased, the *tail* would still be wanting.—H. N. H.

I 'll do, I 'll do, and I 'll do.
Sec. Witch. I 'll give thee a wind.
First Witch. Thou 'rt kind.
Third Witch. And I another.
First Witch. I myself have all the other;
And the very ports they blow,
All the quarters that they know
I' the shipman's card.
I will drain him dry as hay:
Sleep shall neither night nor day
Hang upon his pent-house lid;
He shall live a man forbid:
Weary se'nnights nine times nine
Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine:
Though his bark cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be tempest-tost.
Look what I have.
Sec. Witch. Show me, show me.

10. *"I'll do"; i. e.* like a rat, gnaw a hole in the ship's bottom.—C. H. H.

11. This free gift of a wind is to be considered as an act of sisterly friendship; for witches were supposed to sell them.—H. N. H.

15. *"And the very ports they blow"*; Johnson conj. *"various"* for *"very"*; Pope reads *"points"* for *"ports"*; Clar. Press edd. *"orts"*: *"blow"*="blow upon."—I. G.

23. This was supposed to be done by means of a waxen figure. Holinshed, speaking of the witchcraft practiced to destroy King Duff, says that they found one of the witches roasting, upon a wooden broach, an image of wax at the fire, resembling in each feature the king's person; "for as the image did waste afore the fire, so did the bodie of the king break forth in sweat: and as for the words of the inchantment, they served to keepe him still waking from *sleepe*."—H. N. H.

25. In the pamphlet about Dr. Fian, already quoted: "Againe it is confessed, that the said christined cat was the cause of the *Kinge's majestie's shippe, at his coming forth of Denmarke, had a contrarie winde to the rest of his shippes* then being in his companie."—H. N. H.

First Witch. Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wreck'd as homeward he did come.

[*Drum within.*

Third Witch. A drum, a drum!
Macbeth doth come.

All. The weird sisters, hand in hand,
Posters of the sea and land,
Thus do go about, about:
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
And thrice again, to make up nine.
Peace! the charm 's wound up.

Enter Macbeth and Banquo.

Macb. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

Ban. How far is 't call'd to Forres? What are these
So wither'd, and so wild in their attire,
That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,
And yet are on 't? Live you? or are you aught

32. *"weird"*; Ff., *"weyward"* (prob.=*"weird"*); Keightley, *"wey-ard."*—I. G.

"weird" is from the Saxon *wyrd,* and means the same as the Latin *fatum;* so that *weird sisters* is the *fatal sisters,* or the *sisters of fate.* Gawin Douglas, in his translation of Virgil, renders *Parcæ* by *weird sisters.* Which agrees well with Holinshed in the passage which the Poet no doubt had in his eye: "The common opinion was, that these women were either the *weird sisters,* that is (as ye would say) the *goddesses of destinie,* or else some nymphs or feiries, indued with knowledge of prophesie by their necromanticall science, bicause everie thing came to passe as they had spoken."—H. N. H.

38. "On one of those days when sunshine and storm struggle for the mastery," Macbeth stands at the critical moment of his fortunes. His surroundings harmonize with the moral strife; and he is significantly made to echo unconsciously the parting cry of the witches in the first scene (l. 11):—

"Fair is foul, and foul is fair."—C. H. H.

That man may question? You seem to understand me,
By each at once her choppy finger laying
Upon her skinny lips: you should be women,
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
That you are so.

Macb. Speak, if you can: what are you?

First Witch. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Glamis!

Sec. Witch. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Cawdor!

Third Witch. All hail, Macbeth, thou shalt be king hereafter!

Ban. Good sir, why do you start, and seem to fear
Things that do sound so fair? I' the name of truth,
Are ye fantastical, or that indeed
Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner
You greet with present grace and great prediction
Of noble having and of royal hope,
That he seems rapt withal: to me you speak not:
If you can look into the seeds of time,
And say which grain will grow and which will not,
Speak then to me, who neither beg nor fear
Your favors nor your hate.

First Witch. Hail!

Sec. Witch. Hail!

Third Witch. Hail!

First Witch. Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

Sec. Witch. Not so happy, yet much happier.

Third Witch. Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none:
So all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!
First Witch. Banquo and Macbeth, all hail!
Macb. Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more:
By Sinel's death I know I am thane of Glamis;
But how of Cawdor? the thane of Cawdor lives,
A prosperous gentleman; and to be king
Stands not within the prospect of belief,
No more than to be Cawdor. Say from whence
You owe this strange intelligence? or why
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way
With such prophetic greeting? Speak, I charge you.

[*Witches vanish.*

Ban. The earth hath bubbles as the water has,
And these are of them: whither are they vanish'd?
Macb. Into the air, and what seem'd corporal melted
As breath into the wind. Would they had stay'd!
Ban. Were such things here as we do speak about?
Or have we eaten on the insane root
That takes the reason prisoner?
Macb. Your children shall be kings.
Ban. You shall be king.
Macb. And thane of Cawdor too: went it not so?
Ban. To the selfsame tune and words. Who 's here?

84. *"insane root";* henbane or hemlock.—H. N. H.

Enter Ross and Angus.

Ross. The king hath happily received, Macbeth,
The news of thy success: and when he reads
Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight,
His wonders and his praises do contend
Which should be thine or his: silenced with that,
In viewing o'er the rest o' the selfsame day,
He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks,
Nothing afeard of what thyself did'st make,
Strange images of death. As thick as hail
Came post with post, and every one did bear
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defense,
And pour'd them down before him.

Ang. We are sent
To give thee, from our royal master, thanks;
Only to herald thee into his sight,
Not pay thee.

Ross. And for an earnest of a greater honor,
He bade me, from him, call thee thane of Cawdor:
In which addition, hail, most worthy thane!
For it is thine.

Ban. What, can the devil speak true?

Macb. The thane of Cawdor lives: why do you dress me
In borrow'd robes?

Ang. Who was the thane lives yet,
But under heavy judgment bears that life

97–98. *"As thick as hail Came post"*; Rowe's emendation; Ff. read *"As thick as tale Can post."*—I. G.

That is, posts come as *fast* as you can *count*.—H. N. H.

Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was combined
With those of Norway, or did line the rebel
With hidden help and vantage, or that with both
He labor'd in his country's wreck, I know not;
But treasons capital, confess'd and proved,
Have overthrown him.

Macb. [*Aside*] Glamis, and thane of Cawdor:
The greatest is behind.—Thanks for your pains.—
Do you not hope your children shall be kings,
When those that gave the thane of Cawdor to me
Promised no less to them?

Ban. That, trusted home, 120
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,
Besides the thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange:
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths,
Win us with honest trifles, to betray 's
In deepest consequence.
Cousins, a word, I pray you.

Macb. [*Aside*] Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme.—I thank you, gentlemen.—
[*Aside*] This supernatural soliciting 130
Cannot be ill; cannot be good: if ill,
Why hath it given me earnest of success,

120. *"that trusted home";* such trust, pushed to its logical consequence.—C. H. H.

Commencing in a truth? I am thane of Cawdor:
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
Against the use of nature? Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings:
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
Shakes to my single state of man that function
Is smother'd in surmise, and nothing is
But what is not.

Ban. Look, how our partner 's rapt.

Macb. [*Aside*] If chance will have me king, why, chance may crown me,
Without my stir.

141, 142. *"and nothing is but what is not";* that is, *facts* are lost sight of, I *see* nothing, but what is unreal, nothing but the specters of my own fancy. So, likewise, in the preceding clause: the mind is crippled, disabled for its proper function or office by the apprehensions and surmises that throng upon him. Macbeth's conscience here acts through his imagination, sets it all on fire, and he is terror-stricken and lost to the things before him, as the elements of evil, hitherto latent within him, gather and fashion themselves into the wicked purpose. His mind has all along been grasping and reaching forward for grounds to build criminal designs upon; yet he no sooner begins to build them than he is seized and shaken with horrors which he knows to be imaginary, yet cannot allay. Of this wonderful development of character Coleridge justly says,—"So surely is the guilt in its germ anterior to the supposed cause and immediate temptation." And again,—"Every word of his soliloquy shows the early birthdate of his guilt." How greedily the swelling evil of his conception has kept snatching at and sucking in, one after another, the offerings of occasion! thus proving indeed that the *elements* of crime were all in him before; yet his being surprised with such an ecstasy of terror equally proves that the guilty *purpose* is new to him, that his thoughts are unused to it.—H. N. H.

Ban. New honors come upon him,
Like our strange garments, cleave not to their mold
But with the aid of use.
Macb. [*Aside*] Come what come may,
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.
Ban. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.
Macb. Give me your favor: my dull brain was wrought
With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your pains
Are register'd where every day I turn
The leaf to read them. Let us toward the king.
Think upon what hath chanced, and at more time,
The interim having weigh'd it, let us speak
Our free hearts each to other.
Ban. Very gladly.
Macb. Till then, enough. Come, friends.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV

Forres. The palace.

Flourish. Enter Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lennox, and Attendants.

Dun. Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not
Those in commission yet return'd?
Mal. My liege,
They are not yet come back. But I have spoke

With one that saw him die, who did report
That very frankly he confess'd his treasons,
Implored your highness' pardon and set forth
A deep repentance: nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it; he died
As one that had been studied in his death,
To throw away the dearest thing he owed
As 'twere a careless trifle.

Dun. There 's no art
To find the mind's construction in the face:
He was a gentleman on whom I built
An absolute trust.

Enter Macbeth, Banquo, Ross, and Angus.

O worthiest cousin!
The sin of my ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me: thou art so far before,
That swiftest wing of recompense is slow
To overtake thee. Would thou hadst less deserved,
That the proportion both of thanks and payment
Might have been mine! only I have left to say,
More is thy due than more than all can pay.

Macb. The service and the loyalty I owe,

9. *"studied";* that is, well instructed in the art of dying. The behavior of the thane of Cawdor corresponds in almost every circumstance with that of the unfortunate earl of Essex, as related by Stowe. His asking the queen's forgiveness, his confession, repentance, and concern about behaving with propriety on the scaffold, are minutely described by that historian.—H. N. H.

13. *"He was a gentleman,"* etc. The entrance of Macbeth as these words are spoken gives them the effect of tragic irony.—C. H. H.

22–27. "Here, in contrast with Duncan's 'plenteous joys,' Macbeth

In doing it, pays itself. Your highness' part
Is to receive our duties: and our duties
Are to your throne and state children and servants;
Which do but what they should, by doing everything
Safe toward your love and honor.

Dun. Welcome hither:
I have begun to plant thee, and will labor
To make thee full of growing. Noble Banquo,
That hast no less deserved, nor must be known
No less to have done so: let me infold thee
And hold thee to my heart.

Ban. There if I grow.
The harvest is your own.

Dun. My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fullness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow. Sons, kinsmen, thanes,
And you whose places are the nearest, know,
We will establish our estate upon
Our eldest, Malcolm, whom we name hereafter
The Prince of Cumberland: which honor must

has nothing but the commonplaces of loyalty, in which he hides himself with 'our duties.' Note the exceeding effort of Macbeth's addresses to the king, his reasoning on his allegiance, and then especially when a new difficulty, the designation of a successor, suggests a new crime." Such is Coleridge's comment on the text.—H. N. H.

38, 39. Holinshed says, "Duncan, having two sons, made the elder of them, called Malcolm, prince of Cumberland, as it was thereby to appoint him his successor in his kingdome immediatelie after his decease. Macbeth sorely troubled herewith, for that he saw by this means his hope sore hindered, (where, by the old laws of the realme the ordinance was, that if he that should succeed were

Not unaccompanied invest him only, 40
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine
On all deservers. From hence to Inverness,
And bind us further to you.

Macb. The rest is labor, which is not used for you:
I 'll be myself the harbinger, and make joyful
The hearing of my wife with your approach;
So humbly take my leave.

Dun. My worthy Cawdor!

Macb. [*Aside*] The Prince of Cumberland! that is a step
On which I must fall down, or else o'erleap,
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires;
Let not light see my black and deep desires: 51
The eye wink at the hand; yet let that be
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see.
[*Exit.*

Dun. True, worthy Banquo; he is full so valiant,
And in his commendations I am fed;
It is a banquet to me. Let 's after him,
Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome:
It is a peerless kinsman. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

not of able age to take the charge upon himself, he that was next of blood unto him should be admitted,) he began to take counsel how he might usurpe the kingdome by force, having a just quarrel so to doe, (as he tooke the matter,) for that Duncane did what in him lay to defraud him of all manner of title and claime, which he might in time to come pretend, unto the crowne." Cumberland was then held in fief of the English crown.—H. N. H.

54–58. Of course during Macbeth's last speech Duncan and Banquo were conversing apart, he being the subject of their talk. The beginning of Duncan's speech refers to something Banquo has said in praise of Macbeth. Coleridge says,—"I always think there is something especially Shakespearean in Duncan's speeches throughout this scene, such pourings-forth, such abandonments, compared with the language of vulgar dramatists, whose characters seem to have made their speeches as the actors learn them."—H. N. H.

Scene V

Inverness. Macbeth's castle.

Enter Lady Macbeth, reading a letter.

Lady M. 'They met me in the day of success; and I have learned by the perfectest report, they have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burned in desire to question them further, they made themselves air, into which they vanished. Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came missives from the king, who all-hailed me "Thane of Cawdor;" by which title, before, these weird sisters saluted me, and referred me to the coming on of time, with "Hail, king that shalt be!" This have I thought good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of greatness, that thou mightst not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatness is promised thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell.'
Glamis thou art, and Cawdor, and shalt be
What thou art promised: yet do I fear thy nature;
It is too full o' the milk of human kindness
To catch the nearest way: thou wouldst be great;
Are not without ambition, but without
The illness should attend it: what thou wouldst highly,

That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play
false,
And yet wouldst wrongly win; thou 'ldst have,
great Glamis,
That which cries 'Thus thou must do, if thou
have it;
And that which rather thou dost fear to do
Than wishest should be undone.' Hie thee
hither,
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear,
And chastise with the valor of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round,
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
To have thee crown'd withal.

Enter a Messenger.

What is your tidings?

Mess. The king comes here to-night.

Lady M. Thou 'rt mad to say it:
Is not thy master with him? who, were 't so,
Would have inform'd for preparation.

25–27. The difficulty of these lines arises from the repeated words *"that which"* in line 26, and some editors have consequently placed the inverted commas after *"undone";* but *"that which"* is probably due to the same expression in the previous line, and we should perhaps read *"and that's which"* or *"and that's what."*—I. G.

"Macbeth," says Coleridge, "is described by Lady Macbeth so as at the same time to reveal her own character. Could he have every thing he wanted, he would rather have it innocently;—ignorant, as, alas! how many of us are, that he who wishes a temporal end for itself does in truth will the means; and hence the danger of indulging fancies."—H. N. H.

32. *"To have thee crown'd"* is to *desire* that you should be crowned. Thus in *All's Well that Ends Well,* Act i. sc. 2: "Our dearest friend prejudicates the business, and would *seem to have* us make denial."—H. N. H.

Mess. So please you, it is true: our thane is coming:
One of my fellows had the speed of him,
Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
Than would make up his message.
Lady M. Give him tending;
He brings great news. [*Exit Messenger.*
The raven himself is hoarse
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan 41
Under my battlements. Come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,
And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full
Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood,
Stop up the access and passage to remorse,
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
The effect and it! Come to my woman's breasts,

40–42. *"The raven himself,"* etc.; this passage is often sadly marred in the reading by laying peculiar stress upon *"my";* as the next sentence also is in the printing by repeating *"come,"* thus suppressing the pause wherein the speaker gathers and nerves herself up to the terrible strain that follows.—H. N. H.

42. The *"spirits"* here addressed are thus described in Nashe's *Pierce Pennilesse:* "The second kind of devils, which he most employeth, are those northern *Martii,* called the *spirits of revenge,* and the authors of massacres, and seedsmen of mischief; for they have commission to incense men to rapines, sacrilege, theft, murder, wrath, fury, and all manner of cruelties: and they command certain of the southern spirits to wait upon them, as also great Arioch, that is termed *the spirit of revenge.*"—H. N. H.

48, 49. *"nor keep peace . . . it";* one might naturally think this should read,—"Nor *break* peace between the effect and it"; that is, nor make the effect contradict, or fall at strife with, the purpose. The sense, however, doubtless is, nor make any delay, any rest, any *pause for thought,* between the purpose and the act. Thus in Davenant's alteration of this play: "That no relapses into mercy may

And take my milk for gall, you murdering ministers,
Wherever in your sightless substances
You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick night,
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
To cry 'Hold, hold!'

Enter Macbeth.

Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor!
Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!
Thy letters have transported me beyond
This ignorant present, and I feel now
The future in the instant.

shake my design, nor make it fall before 'tis ripen'd to effect."—H. N. H.

54. At the outset Lady Macbeth is ready to commit the murder with her own hands.—C. H. H.

55. A similar expression occurs in Drayton's *Mortimeriados,* 1596: "The sullen night in mistie *rugge* is wrapp'd."—This appalling speech has been aptly commented on by Coleridge: "Lady Macbeth, like all in Shakespeare, is a class individualized;—of high rank, left much alone, and feeding herself with day-dreams of ambition, she mistakes the courage of fantasy for the power of bearing the consequences of the realities of guilt. Hers is the mock fortitude of a mind deluded by ambition; she shames her husband with a superhuman audacity of fancy which she cannot support, but sinks in the season of remorse, and dies in suicidal agony. Her speech is that of one who had habitually familiarized her imagination to dreadful conceptions, and was trying to do so still more. Her invocations and requisitions are all the false efforts of a mind accustomed only hitherto to the shadows of the imagination, vivid enough to throw the every-day substances of life into shadow, but never as yet brought into direct contact with their own correspondent realities."—H. N. H.

Macb. My dearest love,
Duncan comes here to-night.
Lady M. And when goes hence?
Macb. To-morrow, as he purposes.
Lady M. O, never
Shall sun that morrow see!
Your face, my thane, is as a book where men
May read strange matters. To beguile the time,
Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent flower,
But be the serpent under 't. He that 's coming
Must be provided for: and you shall put
This night's great business into my dispatch;
Which shall to all our nights and days to come
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.
Macb. We will speak further.
Lady M. Only look up clear;
To alter favor ever is to fear:
Leave all the rest to me. [*Exeunt.*

65. *"To beguile the time";* to deceive the world.—C. H. H.

Scene VI

Before Macbeth's castle.

Hautboys and torches. Enter Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Banquo, Lennox, Macduff, Ross, Angus, and Attendants.

Dun. This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.
Ban. This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve
By his loved mansionry that the heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here: no jutty, frieze,
Buttress, nor coign of vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendant bed and procreant cradle:

1. "The subject of this quiet and easy conversation gives that repose so necessary to the mind after the tumultuous bustle of the preceding scenes, and perfectly contrasts the scene of horror that immediately succeeds. It seems as if Shakespeare asked himself, What is a prince likely to say to his attendants on such an occasion? Whereas the modern writers seem, on the contrary, to be always searching for new thoughts, such as would never occur to men in the situation which is represented. This also is frequently the practice of Homer, who, from the midst of battles and horrors, relieves and refreshes the mind of the reader, by introducing some quiet rural image or picture of familiar domestic life" (Sir J. Reynolds).—H. N. H.

4. *"martlet";* Rowe's emendation of Ff., *"Barlet."*—I. G.

5. *"loved mansionry";* Theobald's emendation of Ff., *"loved mansonry";* Pope (ed. 2), *"loved masonry."*—I. G.

6. *"jutty, frieze";* Pope, *"jutting frieze";* Staunton conj. *"jutty, nor frieze,"* &c.—I. G.

Where they most breed and haunt, I have observed
The air is delicate.

Enter Lady Macbeth.

Dun. See, see, our honor'ed hostess! 10
The love that follows us sometime is our trouble,
Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you
How you shall bid God 'ild us for your pains,
And thank us for your trouble.

Lady M. All our service
In every point twice done, and then done double,
Were poor and single business to contend
Against those honors deep and broad wherewith
Your majesty loads our house: for those of old,
And the late dignities heap'd up to them,
We rest your hermits.

Dun. Where 's the thane of Cawdor?

9. *"most"*; Rowe's emendation of Ff., *"must"*; Collier MS., *"much."* —I. G.

13. To *"bid"* is here used in the Saxon sense of to *pray*. *"God 'ild us,"* is God *reward* us. Malone and Steevens were perplexed by what they call the obscurity of this passage. If this be obscure, we should like to know what isn't. Is anything more common than to thank people for annoying us, as knowing that they do it from love? And does not Duncan clearly mean, that his love is what puts him upon troubling them thus, and therefore they will be grateful to him for the pains he causes them to take?—H. N. H.

14. Here again we must quote from Coleridge: "The lyrical movement with which this scene opens, and the free and unengaged mind of Banquo, loving nature, and rewarded in the love itself, form a highly dramatic contrast with the labored rhythm and hypocritical over-much of Lady Macbeth's welcome, in which you cannot detect a ray of personal feeling, but all is thrown upon the *dignities,* the general duty."—H. N. H.

We coursed him at the heels, and had a purpose
To be his purveyor: but he rides well,
And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath holp him
To his home before us. Fair and noble hostess,
We are your guest to-night.

Lady M. Your servants ever
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in compt,
To make their audit at your highness' pleasure,
Still to return your own.

Dun. Give me your hand;
Conduct me to mine host: we love him highly,
And shall continue our graces towards him.
By your leave, hostess. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VII

Macbeth's castle.

Hautboys and torches. Enter a Sewer, and divers Servants with dishes and service, and pass over the stage. Then enter Macbeth.

Macb. If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly: if the assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch,
With his surcease, success; that but this blow

"Enter a Sewer"; an officer so called from his placing the dishes on the table. *Asseour,* French; from *asseoir,* to *place.*—H. N. H.

4. *"his"* for *its,* referring to assassination.—H. N. H.

Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,
We 'ld jump the life to come. But in these cases
We still have judgment here; that we but teach
Bloody instructions, which being taught return
To plague the inventor: this even-handed justice
Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice
To our own lips. He 's here in double trust:
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,
Who should against his murderer shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels trumpet-tongued against
The deep damnation of his taking-off;
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubin horsed
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind. I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself
And falls on the other.

6. *"shoal"*; Theobald's emendation of Ff. 1, 2, *"schoole."*—I. G.
8. *"that"*; so that.—C. H. H.
23. *"the sightless couriers of the air"* are what the Poet elsewhere calls the *viewless winds*.—H. N. H.
28. Hanmer inserted *side* here upon conjecture, and some editors

Enter Lady Macbeth.

How now! what news?

Lady M. He has almost supp'd: why have you left the chamber?

Macb. Hath he ask'd for me?

Lady M. Know you not he has?

Macb. We will proceed no further in this business:
He hath honor'd me of late; and I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
Not cast aside so soon.

Lady M. Was the hope drunk
Wherein you dress'd yourself? hath it slept since?
And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
At what it did so freely? From this time
Such I account thy love. Art thou afeard
To be the same in thine own act and valor
As thou art in desire? Would'st thou have that
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own esteem,
Letting 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would,'
Like the poor cat i' the adage?

have followed him. *Side* may have been meant by the Poet, but it was not said. And the sense *feels* better without it, as this shows the speaker to be in such an eagerly-expectant state of mind as to break off the instant he has a prospect of any news.—It hath been ingeniously proposed to change *itself* into *its sell,* an old word for *saddle.* But no change is necessary, the using of *self* for *aim* or *purpose* being quite lawful and idiomatic; as we often say, such a one *overshot himself,* that is, overshot his mark, his aim.—H. N. H.

45. *"Like the poor cat i' the adage";* "The cat would eat fyshe, and would not wet her feete," Heywood's *Proverbs;* the low Latin form of the same proverb is:—

"Catus amat pisces, sed non vult tingere plantas."—I. G.

Macb. Prithee, peace:
I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more is none.
Lady M. What beast was 't then
That made you break this enterprise to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a man;
And, to be more than what you were, you would
Be so much more the man. Nor time nor place
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:
They have made themselves, and that their fitness now
Does unmake you. I have given suck, and know
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me:
I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums,
And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn as you
Have done to this.
Macb. If we should fail?
Lady M. We fail!

47. *"do more";* Rowe's emendation of Ff., *"no more."*—I. G.

50. *"to be";* by being.—C. H. H.

54–59. *"I have given,"* etc.; it is said that Mrs. Siddons, in her personation of Lady Macbeth, used to utter the horrible words of this speech in a scream, as though she were almost frightened out of her wits by the audacity of her own tongue. And we can easily conceive how a spasmodic action of fear might lend her the appearance of superhuman or inhuman boldness. At all events, it should be observed that Lady Macbeth's energy and intensity of purpose overbears the feelings of the woman, and that some of her words are spoken more as suiting the former, than as springing from the latter. And her convulsive struggle of feeling against that overbearing violence of purpose might well be expressed by a scream.—H. N. H.

59. *"We fail!";* three modes of pointing have been pitched upon

But screw your courage to the sticking-place,
And we 'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep—
Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey
Soundly invite him—his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassail so convince,
That memory, the warder of the brain,
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason
A limbec only: when in swinish sleep
Their drenched natures lie as in a death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
The unguarded Duncan? what not put upon
His spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt
Of our great quell?

Macb. Bring forth men-children only;
For thy undaunted mettle should compose
Nothing but males. Will it not be received,
When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two
Of his own chamber, and used their very daggers,
That they have done 't?

Lady M. Who dares receive it other,
As we shall make our griefs and clamor roar
Upon his death?

here by different critics, namely, (!) (?) (.). Here, again, we have recourse to Mrs. Siddons, who, it is said, tried "three different intonations in giving the words *We fail.* At first, a quick contemptuous interrogation, *We fail?* Afterwards, with a note of admiration, *We fail!* and an accent of indignant astonishment, laying the principal emphasis on the word *we.* Lastly, she fixed on the simple period, modulating her voice to a deep, low, resolute tone, which settled the issue at once; as though she had said, 'If we fail, why, then we fail, and all is over.' This is consistent with the dark fatalism of the character, and the sense of the following lines; and the effect was sublime."—H. N. H.

Macb. I am settled, and bend up
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.
Away, and mock the time with fairest show:
False face must hide what the false heart doth know. [*Exeunt.*

ACT SECOND

Scene I

Inverness. Court of Macbeth's castle.

Enter Banquo, and Fleance bearing a torch before him.

Ban. How goes the night, boy?
Fle. The moon is down; I have not heard the clock.
Ban. And she goes down at twelve.
Fle. I take 't, 'tis later, sir.
Ban. Hold, take my sword. There 's husbandry in heaven,
Their candles are all out. Take thee that too.
A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,
And yet I would not sleep. Merciful powers,
Restrain in me the cursed thoughts that nature
Gives way to in repose!

5. *"that";* some other part of his accoutrement, probably the shield or targe. "On the stage the action would explain, and all Shakespeare's plays were written for the stage" (Chambers).—C. H. H.

7–9. *"Merciful powers . . . repose!";* it is apparent from what Banquo says afterwards, that he had been solicited in a dream to attempt something in consequence of the prophecy of the witches, that his waking senses were shocked at; and Shakespeare has here most exquisitely contrasted his character with that of Macbeth. Banquo is praying against being tempted to encourage thoughts of guilt even in his sleep; while Macbeth is hurrying into temptation, and revolving in his mind every scheme, however flagitious, that may assist him to complete his purpose.—H. N. H.

Enter Macbeth, and a Servant with a torch.

Give me my sword
Who 's there?
Macb. A friend.
Ban. What, sir, not yet at rest? The king 's a-bed:
He hath been in unusual pleasure, and
Sent forth great largess to your offices:
This diamond he greets your wife withal,
By the name of most kind hostess; and shut up
In measureless content.
Macb. Being unprepared,
Our will became the servant to defect,
Which else should free have wrought.
Ban. All 's well.
I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters:
To you they have show'd some truth.
Macb. I think not of them:
Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,
We would spend it in some words upon that business,
If you would grant the time.
Ban. At your kind'st leisure.
Macb. If you shall cleave to my consent, when 'tis,
It shall make honor for you.

14. *"offices";* so in the original, but usually changed to *officers.* Of course the bounty was sent forth for those employed in the *offices.*—H. N. H.

23. *"We";* perhaps an involuntary anticipation of the kingly "we." Macbeth's acting is, at this stage, far inferior to his wife's.—C. H. H.

24–26. *"At your kind'st leisure . . . for you";* a deal of critical and editorial ink has been needlessly spent about this innocent passage. The meaning evidently is, if you will stick to my side, to what has my *consent;* if you will tie yourself to my fortunes and counsel. —H. N. H.

Ban. So I lose none
In seeking to augment it, but still keep
My bosom franchised and allegiance clear,
I shall be counsel'd.
Macb. Good repose the while!
Ban. Thanks, sir: the like to you!
[*Exeunt Banquo and Fleance.*
Macb. Go bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed.
[*Exit Servant.*
Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee.
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.
Thou marshal'st me the way that I was going;
And such an instrument I was to use.
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,
Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still;
And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood,
Which was not so before. There 's no such thing:
It is the bloody business which informs
Thus to mine eyes. Now o'er the one half-world

Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtain'd sleep; witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings; and wither'd murder,
Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design
Moves like a ghost. Thou sure and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear

50. *"Nature seems dead";* in the second part of Marston's *Antonio and Mellida,* 1602, we have the following lines:

"'Tis yet the dead of night, yet all the earth is clutch'd
In the dull leaden hand of snoring sleep:
No breath disturbs the quiet of the air,
No spirit moves upon the breast of earth,
Save howling dogs, night-crows, and screeching owls,
Save meagre ghosts, Piero, and black thoughts.
. . . . . I am great in blood,
Unequall'd in revenge:—you horrid scouts
That sentinel swart night, give loud applause
From your large palms."—H. N. H.

51. *"sleep";* Steevens conj. *"sleeper,"* but no emendation is necessary; the pause after *"sleep"* is evidently equivalent to a syllable.—I. G.

55. *"Tarquin's ravishing strides";* Pope's emendation; Ff., *"Tarquins ravishing sides."*—I. G.

The original has *sides,* which Pope changed to *strides.* This, however, has been objected to as not cohering with "stealthy pace," and "moves like a ghost." But *strides* did not always carry an idea of violence or noise. Thus in the *Faerie Queene,* book iv. can. 8, stan. 37:

"They passing forth kept on their readie way,
With *easie* steps so *soft* as foot could *stryde.*"—H. N. H.

56. *"sure";* Pope's conj., adopted by Capell; Ff. 1, 2, *"sowre."*—I. G.

57. *"which way they walk";* Rowe's emendation; Ff., *"which they may walk."*—I. G.

Thy very stones prate of my whereabout,
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it. Whiles I threat, he lives:
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.
[*A bell rings.*
I go, and it is done: the bell invites me.
Hear it not, Duncan, for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven, or to hell.
[*Exit.*

Scene II

The same.

Enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady M. That which hath made them drunk hath made me bold;
What hath quench'd them hath given me fire.
Hark! Peace!
It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bellman,

60. *"which now suits with it";* Macbeth would have nothing break through the universal silence that added such horror to the night, as well suited with the bloody deed he was about to perform. Burke, in his *Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful,* observes, that "all general privations are great because they are terrible." The poets of antiquity have many of them heightened their scenes of terror by dwelling on the silence which accompanied them.—H. N. H.

3. *"the fatal bellman";* the owl, as a bird of ill omen, is compared to the "bellman" sent to condemn persons the night before they suffer.

Webster imitated this in the *Duchess of Malfi,* iv. 2:—

"Hark now everything is still
The screech-owl and the whistler shrill
Call upon our dame aloud,
And bid her quickly don her shroud."—C. H. H.

Which gives the stern'st good-night. He is about it:
The doors are open, and the surfeited grooms
Do mock their charge with snores. I have drugg'd their possets,
That death and nature do contend about them,
Whether they live or die.

Macb. [*Within*] Who 's there? what, ho!

Lady M. Alack, I am afraid they have awaked
And 'tis not done: the attempt and not the deed
Confounds us. Hark! I laid their daggers ready;
He could not miss 'em. Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had done 't.

Enter Macbeth.

My husband!

Macb. I have done the deed. Didst thou not hear a noise?

Lady M. I heard the owl scream and the crickets cry.

13, 14. *"had he not resembled,"* etc.; Warburton has remarked upon the fine art discovered in this "one touch of nature." That some fancied resemblance to her father should thus rise up and stay her uplifted arm, shows that in her case conscience works quite as effectually through the feelings, as through the imagination in case of her husband. And the difference between imagination and feeling is, that the one acts most at a distance, the other on the spot. This gush of native tenderness, coming in thus after her terrible audacity of thought and speech, has often reminded us of a line in Schiller's noble drama, *The Piccolomini,* Act iv. sc. 4: "Bold were my words, because my deeds were *not.*" And we are apt to think that the hair-stiffening extravagance of her previous speeches arose in part from the sharp conflict between her feelings and her purpose; she endeavoring thereby to school and steel herself into a firmness and fierceness of which she feels the want.—H. N. H.

Did not you speak?
Macb. When?
Lady M. Now.
Macb. As I descended?
Lady M. Aye.
Macb. Hark!
Who lies i' the second chamber?
Lady M. Donalbain.
Macb. This is a sorry sight.
[*Looking on his hands.*
Lady M. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.
Macb. There 's one did laugh in 's sleep, and one cried 'Murder!'
That they did wake each other: I stood and heard them:
But they did say their prayers, and address'd them
Again to sleep.
Lady M. There are two lodged together.
Macb. One cried 'God bless us!' and 'Amen' the other,
As they had seen me with these hangman's hands:
Listening their fear, I could not say 'Amen,'
When they did say 'God bless us!'
Lady M. Consider it not so deeply.
Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce 'Amen'?
I had most need of blessing, and 'Amen'
Stuck in my throat.
Lady M. These deeds must not be thought

27. *"as"*; as if.—C. H. H.

After these ways; so, it will make us mad.

Macb. Methought I heard a voice cry 'Sleep no more!
Macbeth does murder sleep'—the innocent sleep,
Sleep that knits up the ravel'd sleave of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labor's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast,—

Lady M. What do you mean?

Macb. Still it cried 'Sleep no more!' to all the house:
'Glamis hath murder'd sleep, and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more: Macbeth shall sleep no more.'

Lady M. Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy thane,
You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brainsickly of things. Go get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?

35–36. There are no inverted commas in the Folios. The arrangement in the text is generally followed (similarly, ll. 42–43).—I. G.

35–40. This whole speech is commonly printed as what Macbeth imagines himself to have heard; whereas all from *the innocent sleep* is evidently his own conscience-stricken reflections on the imaginary utterances.—Upon this appalling scene Coleridge thus remarks: "Now that the deed is done or doing,—now that the first reality commences, Lady Macbeth shrinks. The most simple sound strikes terror, the most natural consequences are horrible; whilst previously every thing, however awful, appeared a mere trifle: conscience, which before had been hidden to Macbeth in selfish and prudential fears, now rushes upon him in her own veritable person."—H. N. H.

They must lie there: go carry them, and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.

Macb. I 'll go no more:
I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on 't again I dare not.

Lady M. Infirm of purpose!
Give me the daggers: the sleeping and the dead
Are but as pictures: 'tis the eye of childhood
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I 'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it must seem their guilt.

[*Exit. Knocking within.*

Macb. Whence is that knocking?
How is 't with me, when every noise appals me?
What hands are here? ha! they pluck out mine eyes!
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making the green one red.

53–55. *"Give me . . . devil";* with her firm self-control, this bold bad woman, when awake, was to be moved by nothing but *facts:* when her powers of self-control were unknit by sleep, then was the time for her to see things that were not, save in her own conscience.—H. N. H.

60. *"Will all great Neptune's ocean,"* etc.; this is one of the most remarkable reminiscences of Seneca in Shakespeare:—

> "Quis eluet me Tanais? aut quae barbaris
> Maeotis undis pontico incumbens mari?
> non ipse toto magnus oceano páter
> tantum expiarit sceleris" (*Hippolytus,* 723).—C. H. H.

63. To *"incarnadine,"* is to color red.—H. N. H.

64. *"Making the green one red";* of course the sense of the line is "Making the green *water all red.*" Milton's *Comus* has a like expression: "And makes *one* blot of all the air."—H. N. H.

Re-enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady M. My hands are of your color, but I shame
To wear a heart so white. [*Knocking within.*]
I hear a knocking
At the south entry: retire we to our chamber:
A little water clears us of this deed:
How easy is it then! Your constancy
Hath left you unattended. [*Knocking within.*]
Hark! more knocking:
Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us
And show us to be watchers: be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts.
Macb. To know my deed, 'twere best not know myself. [*Knocking within.*]
Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou could'st! [*Exeunt.*

68, 69. *"Your constancy,"* etc.; that is, your firmness hath *forsaken* you, *doth not attend* you.—H. N. H.

73. This is an answer to Lady Macbeth's reproof. "While I have *the thought* of this deed, it were best not know, or *be lost* to myself."—H. N. H.

Scene III

The same.

Enter a Porter. Knocking within.

Porter. Here 's a knocking indeed! If a man were porter of hell-gate, he should have old turning the key. [*Knocking within.*] Knock, knock, knock! Who 's there, i' the name of Beelzebub? Here 's a farmer, that hanged himself on th' expectation of plenty: come in time; have napkins enow about you; here you 'll sweat for 't. [*Knocking within.*] Knock, knock! Who 's there, in th' other devil's name? Faith, here 's an equivocator, that could swear in both the scales against either scale; who committed treason enough for God's sake, yet could not equivocate to heaven: O, come in, equivocator. [*Knocking within.*] Knock, knock, knock! Who' s there? Faith, here 's an English tailor come hither, for stealing out of a French

Sc. 3. *"Knocking within";* some sentences from De Quincey's suggestive note on this interruption and the following scene may be quoted:—"When the deed is done, when the work of darkness is perfect, then the world of darkness passes away like a pageantry in the clouds: the knocking at the gate is heard, and it makes known audibly that the reaction has commenced: the human has made its reflux upon the fiendish; the pulses of life are beginning to beat again; and the reëstablishment of the goings-on of the world in which we live, first makes us profoundly sensible of the awful parenthesis that had suspended them."—C. H. H.

2. *"old"* was a common augmentative.—H. N. H.

hose: come in, tailor; here you may roast your goose. [*Knocking within.*] Knock, knock; never at quiet! What are you? But this place is too cold for hell. I 'll devil-porter it no further: I had thought to have let in some of all professions, that go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire. [*Knocking within.*] Anon, anon! I pray you, remember the porter. [*Opens the gate.*

Enter Macduff and Lennox.

Macd. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed, That you do lie so late?

Port. Faith, sir, we were carousing till the second cock: and drink, sir, is a great provoker of three things.

Macd. What three things does drink especially provoke?

Port. Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep and urine. Lechery, sir, it provokes and unprovokes; it provokes the desire, but it takes away the performance: therefore much drink may be said to be an equivocator with lechery: it makes him and it mars him; it sets him on and it takes him off; it persuades him and disheartens him; makes him stand to and not stand to; in conclusion, equivocates him in a sleep, and giving him the lie, leaves him.

23. "*the primrose way,*" etc.; so in *Hamlet:* "Himself the *primrose path* of dalliance treads." And in *All's Well that Ends Well:* "The *flowery way* that leads to the great fire."—H. N. H.

Macd. I believe drink gave thee the lie last night.

Port. That it did, sir, i' the very throat on me: but I requited him for his lie, and, I think, being too strong for him, though he took up my leg sometime, yet I made a shift to cast him.

Macd. Is thy master stirring?

Enter Macbeth.

Our knocking has awaked him; here he comes.

Len. Good morrow, noble sir.

Macb. Good morrow, both.

Macd. Is the king stirring, worthy thane?

Macb. Not yet.

Macd. He did command me to call timely on him: I had almost slipp'd the hour.

Macb. I 'll bring you to him.

Macd. I know this is a joyful trouble to you; But yet 'tis one.

Macb. The labor we delight in physics pain. This is the door.

Macd. I 'll make so bold to call, For 'tis my limited service. [*Exit.*

Len. Goes the king hence to-day?

Macb. He does: he did appoint so.

Len. The night has been unruly: where we lay, Our chimneys were blown down, and, as they say, Lamentings heard i' the air, strange screams of death,

And prophesying with accents terrible
Of dire combustion and confused events
New hatch'd to the woeful time: the obscure bird
Clamor'd the livelong night: some say, the earth
Was feverous and did shake.

Macb. 'Twas a rough night.

Len. My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.

Re-enter Macduff.

Macd. O horror, horror, horror! Tongue nor heart
Cannot conceive nor name thee.

Macb. } What 's the matter?
Len. }

Macd. Confusion now hath made his masterpiece.
Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The life o' the building.

Macb. What is 't you say? the life?

Len. Mean you his majesty?

Macd. Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight
With a new Gorgon: do not bid me speak;
See, and then speak yourselves.

[*Exeunt Macbeth and Lennox.*

Awake, awake!

78. *"The Lord's anointed temple";* a blending of two scriptural phrases: "the Lord's anointed" (as in *Rich. III,* iv. 4.) and "ye are the temple of the living God."—C. H. H.

82. There were three Gorgons, but the reference is to Medusa, whose head, fixed on Minerva's shield, turned all beholders to stone. —C. H. H.

Ring the alarum-bell. Murder and treason!
Banquo and Donalbain! Malcolm! awake!
Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,
And look on death itself! up, up, and see
The great doom's image! Malcolm! Banquo!
As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprites,
To countenance this horror. Ring the bell. [*Bell rings.*

Enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady M. What 's the business,
That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley
The sleepers of the house? speak, speak!
Macd. O gentle lady,
'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak:
The repetition, in a woman's ear,
Would murder as it fell.

Enter Banquo.

O Banquo, Banquo!
Our royal master 's murder'd.
Lady M. Woe, alas!
What, in our house?
Ban. Too cruel any where.
Dear Duff, I prithee, contradict thyself,
And say it is not so.

Re-enter Macbeth and Lennox, with Ross.

Macb. Had I but died an hour before this chance,
I had lived a blessed time; for from this instant

There 's nothing serious in mortality:
All is but toys: renown and grace is dead;
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left this vault to brag of.

Enter Malcolm and Donalbain.

Don. What is amiss?
Macb. You are, and do not know 't:
The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood
Is stopp'd; the very source of it is stopp'd.
Macd. Your royal father 's murder'd.
Mal. O, by whom?
Len. Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had done 't:
Their hands and faces were all badged with blood;
So were their daggers, which unwiped we found
Upon their pillows:
They stared, and were distracted; no man's life
Was to be trusted with them.
Macb. O, yet I do repent me of my fury,
That I did kill them.
Macd. Wherefore did you so?
Macb. Who can be wise, amazed, temperate and furious,
Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man:
The expedition of my violent love
Outrun the pauser reason. Here lay Duncan,
His silver skin laced with his golden blood,

123. *"golden blood";* to *gild* with blood is a very common phrase in old plays. Johnson says, "It is not improbable that Shakespeare

And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in nature
For ruin's wasteful entrance: there, the murderers,
Steep'd in the colors of their trade, their daggers
Unmannerly breech'd with gore: who could refrain,
That had a heart to love, and in that heart
Courage to make 's love known?

Lady M. Help me hence, ho!

Macd. Look to the lady.

Mal. [*Aside to Don.*] Why do we hold our tongues,
That most may claim this argument for ours?

Don. [*Aside to Mal.*] What should be spoken here, where our fate,
Hid in an auger-hole, may rush, and seize us?
Let 's away;
Our tears are not yet brew'd.

Mal. [*Aside to Don.*] Nor our strong sorrow
Upon the foot of motion.

Ban. Look to the lady:

[*Lady Macbeth is carried out.*

And when we have our naked frailties hid,
That suffer in exposure, let us meet,

put these forced and unnatural metaphors into the mouth of Macbeth, as a mark of artifice and dissimulation, to show the difference between the studied language of hypocrisy and the natural outcries of sudden passion. This whole speech, so considered, is a remarkable instance of judgment, as it consists of antithesis only."—H. N. H.

138. That is, when we have clothed our half-dressed bodies.—H. N. H.

And question this most bloody piece of work,
To know it further. Fears and scruples shake us:
In the great hand of God I stand, and thence
Against the undivulged pretense I fight
Of treasonous malice.

Macd. And so do I.

All. So all.

Macb. Let 's briefly put on manly readiness,
And meet i' the hall together.

All. Well contented.

[*Exeunt all but Malcolm and Donalbain.*

Mal. What will you do? Let 's not consort with them:
To show an unfelt sorrow is an office
Which the false man does easy. I 'll to England.

Don. To Ireland, I; our separated fortune
Shall keep us both the safer: where we are
There 's daggers in men's smiles: the near in blood,
The nearer bloody.

Mal. This murderous shaft that 's shot
Hath not yet lighted, and our safest way

142–144. Banquo's meaning is,—Relying upon God, I swear perpetual war against this treason, and all the *secret plottings* of malice, whence it sprung.—H. N. H.

145. *"manly readiness"; i. e.* the equipment and mood of battle.—C. H. H.

152. *"the near in blood";* meaning that he suspects Macbeth, who was the next in blood.—H. N. H.

154. *"hath not yet lighted";* suspecting this murder to be the work of Macbeth, Malcolm thinks it could have no purpose but what himself and his brother equally stand in the way of; that the "murderous shaft" must pass through them to reach its mark.—H. N. H.

Is to avoid the aim. Therefore to horse;
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,
But shift away: there 's warrant in that theft
Which steals itself when there 's no mercy left.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV

Outside Macbeth's castle.

Enter Ross with an old Man.

Old M. Threescore and ten I can remember well:
Within the volume of which time I have seen
Hours dreadful and things strange, but this sore night
Hath trifled former knowings.
Ross. Ah, good father,
Thou seest, the heavens, as troubled with man's act,
Threaten his bloody stage: by the clock 'tis day,
And yet dark night strangles the traveling lamp:
Is 't night's predominance, or the day's shame,

7. *"traveling";* Collier and Verplanck change *traveling* to *travailing* here, on the ground that the former "gives a puerile idea"; whereupon Mr. Dyce remarks: "In this speech *no mention is made of the sun* till it is described as 'the *traveling* lamp,' the epithet 'traveling' determining *what* 'lamp' was intended: the instant, therefore, that *'traveling'* is changed to 'travailing,' the word 'lamp' CEASES TO SIGNIFY THE SUN." To which we will add, that if *traveling lamp* "gives a puerile idea," it may be thought, nevertheless, to have a pretty good sanction in Psalm xix.: "In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun; which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race." It should be remarked that in the Poet's time the same form of the word was used in the two senses of *travel* and *travail.*—H. N. H.

That darkness does the face of earth entomb,
When living light should kiss it?

Old M. 'Tis unnatural,
Even like the deed that 's done. On Tuesday last
A falcon towering in her pride of place
Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at and kill'd.

Ross. And Duncan's horses—a thing most strange and certain—
Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race,
Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,
Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would make
War with mankind.

Old M. 'Tis said they eat each other.

Ross. They did so, to the amazement of mine eyes,
That look'd upon 't.

Enter Macduff.

Here comes the good Macduff.
How goes the world, sir, now?

Macd. Why, see you not?

Ross. Is 't known who did this more than bloody deed?

8–10. "After the murder of King Duffe," says Holinshed, "for the space of six months togither there appeared no sunne by daye, nor moone by night, in anie part of the realme; but still the sky was covered with continual clouds; and sometimes such outrageous winds arose, with lightenings and tempests, that the people were in great fear of present destruction."—H. N. H.

18. *"eat each other";* Holinshed relates that after King Duff's murder "there was a *sparhawk* strangled by an *owl,"* and that *"horses* of *singular beauty* and *swiftness* did *eat their own flesh."*—H. N. H.

Macd. Those that Macbeth hath slain.
Ross. Alas, the day!
What good could they pretend?
Macd. They were suborn'd:
Malcolm and Donalbain, the king's two sons,
Are stol'n away and fled, which puts upon them
Suspicion of the deed.
Ross. 'Gainst nature still:
Thriftless ambition, that wilt ravin up
Thine own life's means! Then 'tis most like
The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.
Macd. He is already named, and gone to Scone
To be invested.
Ross. Where is Duncan's body?
Macd. Carried to Colme-kill,
The sacred storehouse of his predecessors
And guardian of their bones.
Ross. Will you to Scone?
Macd. No, cousin, I 'll to Fife.
Ross. Well, I will thither.
Macd. Well, may you see things well done there: adieu!
Lest our old robes sit easier than our new!
Ross. Farewell, father.
Old M. God's benison go with you, and with those
That would make good of bad and friends of foes!

[*Exeunt.*

ACT THIRD

Scene I

Forres. The palace.

Enter Banquo.

Ban. Thou hast it now: king, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
As the weird women promised, and I fear
Thou play'dst most foully for 't: yet it was said
It should not stand in thy posterity,
But that myself should be the root and father
Of many kings. If there come truth from them—
As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine—
Why, by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my oracles as well
And set me up in hope? But hush, no more.

Sennet sounded. Enter Macbeth, as king; Lady Macbeth, as queen; Lennox, Ross, Lords, Ladies, and Attendants.

Macb. Here 's our chief guest.
Lady M. If he had been forgotten,
It had been as a gap in our great feast,
And all-thing unbecoming.
Macb. To-night we hold a solemn supper, sir,
And I 'll request your presence.
Ban. Let your highness

Command upon me, to the which my duties
Are with a most indissoluble tie
For ever knit.

Macb. Ride you this afternoon?

Ban. Aye, my good lord.

Macb. We should have else desired your good advice,
Which still hath been both grave and prosperous,
In this day's council; but we 'll take to-morrow.
Is 't far you ride?

Ban. As far, my lord, as will fill up the time
'Twixt this and supper: go not my horse the better,
I must become a borrower of the night
For a dark hour or twain.

Macb. Fail not our feast.

Ban. My lord, I will not.

Macb. We hear our bloody cousins are bestow'd
In England and in Ireland, not confessing
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers
With strange invention: but of that to-morrow,
When therewithal we shall have cause of state
Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse: adieu,
Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you?

Ban. Aye, my good lord: our time does call upon 's.

Macb. I wish your horses swift and sure of foot,
And so I do commend you to their backs.
Farewell. [*Exit Banquo.*
Let every man be master of his time
Till seven at night; to make society

The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself
Till supper-time alone: while then, God be with you!
[*Exeunt all but Macbeth and an Attendant*
Sirrah, a word with you: attend those men
Our pleasure?
Attend. They are, my lord, without the palace-gate.
Macb. Bring them before us. [*Exit Attendant.*
To be thus is nothing;
But to be safely thus: our fears in Banquo
Stick deep; and in his royalty of nature
Reigns that which would be fear'd: 'tis much he dares,
And, to that dauntless temper of his mind,
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valor
To act in safety. There is none but he
Whose being I do fear: and under him
My Genius is rebuked, as it is said
Mark Antony's was by Cæsar. He chid the sisters,
When first they put the name of king upon me,
And bade them speak to him; then prophet-like
They hail'd him father to a line of kings:
Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown
And put a barren scepter in my gripe,
Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,
No son of mine succeeding. If 't be so,
For Banquo's issue have I filed my mind;
For them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd;
Put rancors in the vessel of my peace

Only for them, and mine eternal jewel
Given to the common enemy of man,
To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings!
Rather than so, come, fate, into the list,
And champion me to the utterance! Who 's there?

Re-enter Attendant, with two Murderers.

Now go to the door, and stay there till we call.
[*Exit Attendant.*
Was it not yesterday we spoke together?
First Mur. It was, so please your highness.
Macb. Well then, now
Have you consider'd of my speeches? Know
That it was he in the times past which held you
So under fortune, which you thought had been
Our innocent self: this I made good to you
In our last conference; pass'd in probation with you,
How you were borne in hand, how cross'd, the instruments,
Who wrought with them, and all things else that might
To half a soul and to a notion crazed
Say 'Thus did Banquo.'
First Mur. You made it known to us.

71, 72. "Let fate, that has foredoomed the exaltation of Banquo's sons, enter the lists in aid of its own decrees, I will fight against it to the uttermost, whatever be the consequence."—H. N. H.

81. *"borne in hand"; to bear in hand* is to delude by encouraging hope and holding out fair prospects, without any intention of performance.—H. N. H.

Macb. I did so; and went further, which is now
Our point of second meeting. Do you find
Your patience so predominant in your nature,
That you can let this go? Are you so gospell'd,
To pray for this good man and for his issue,
Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave
And beggar'd yours for ever?
First Mur. We are men, my liege.
Macb. Aye, in the catalogue ye go for men;
As hounds and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,
Shoughs, water-rugs and demi-wolves, are clept
All by the name of dogs: the valued file
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
The housekeeper, the hunter, every one
According to the gift which bounteous nature
Hath in him closed, whereby he does receive
Particular addition, from the bill
That writes them all alike: and so of men.
Now if you have a station in the file,
Not i' the worst rank of manhood, say it,
And I will put that business in your bosoms
Whose execution takes your enemy off,
Grapples you to the heart and love of us,
Who wear our health but sickly in his life,
Which in his death were perfect.
Sec. Mur. I am one, my liege,
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Have so incensed that I am reckless what

101. *"writes them all alike";* includes all their varieties under the same generic name of "dog."—C. H. H.

I do to spite the world.
First Mur. And I another
So weary with disasters, tugg'd with fortune,
That I would set my life on any chance,
To mend it or be rid on 't.
Macb. Both of you
Know Banquo was your enemy.
Both Mur. True, my lord.
Macb. So is he mine, and in such bloody distance
That every minute of his being thrusts
Against my near'st of life: and though I could
With barefaced power sweep him from my sight
And bid my will avouch it, yet I must not,
For certain friends that are both his and mine,
Whose loves I may not drop, but wail his fall
Who I myself struck down: and thence it is
That I to your assistance do make love,
Masking the business from the common eye
For sundry weighty reasons.
Sec. Mur. We shall, my lord,
Perform what you command us.
First Mur. Though our lives—
Macb. Your spirits shine through you. Within this hour at most
I will advise you where to plant yourselves,
Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' the time,

130. *"you with the perfect spy o' the time";* Johnson conj. *"you with a";* Tyrwhitt conj. *"you with the perfect spot, the time";* Beckett conj. *"you with the perfectry o' the time";* Grant White, from Collier MS., *"you, with a perfect spy, o' the time";* Schmidt interprets *"spy"* to mean "an advanced guard; that time which will precede the time of the deed, and indicate that it is at hand";

The moment on 't; for 't must be done to-night,
And something from the palace; always thought
That I require a clearness: and with him—
To leave no rubs nor botches in the work—
Fleance his son, that keeps him company,
Whose absence is no less material to me
Than is his father's, must embrace the fate
Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart:
I 'll come to you anon.

Both Mur. We are resolved, my lord.

Macb. I 'll call upon you straight: abide within. 140

[*Exeunt Murderers.*

It is concluded: Banquo thy soul's flight,
If it find heaven, must find it out to-night.

[*Exit.*

according to others *"spy"*= the person who gives the information; the simplest explanation is, perhaps, "the exact spying out of the time," *i. e.* "the moment on 't," which in the text follows in apposition.—I. G.

Scene II

The palace.

Enter Lady Macbeth and a Servant.

Lady M. Is Banquo gone from court?
Serv. Aye, madam, but returns again to-night.
Lady M. Say to the king, I would attend his leisure
For a few words.
Serv. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*
Lady M. Naught 's had, all 's spent,
Where our desire is got without content:
'Tis safer to be that which we destroy
Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy.

Enter Macbeth.

How now, my lord! why do you keep alone,
Of sorriest fancies your companions making;
Using those thoughts which should indeed have died
With them they think on? Things without all remedy
Should be without regard: what 's done is done.
Macb. We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it:
She 'll close and be herself, whilst our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.
But let the frame of things disjoint, both the worlds suffer,

16–19. *"But let . . . nightly";* the process of Macbeth's mind is thus suggested by Coleridge: "Ever and ever mistaking the

Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep
In the affliction of these terrible dreams
That shake us nightly: better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our peace, have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever he sleeps well;
Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,
Can touch him further.

Lady M. Come on;
Gentle my lord, sleek o'er your rugged looks;
Be bright and jovial among your guests to-night.

Macb. So shall I, love; and so, I pray, be you:
Let your remembrance apply to Banquo;
Present him eminence, both with eye and tongue:
Unsafe the while, that we
Must lave our honors in these flattering streams,
And make our faces visards to our hearts,
Disguising what they are.

anguish of conscience for fears of selfishness, and thus, as a punishment of that selfishness, plunging still deeper in guilt and ruin." But is it not the natural result of an imagination so redundant and excitable as his, that the agonies of remorse should project and embody themselves in imaginary terrors, and so, for security against these, put him upon new crimes?—H. N. H.

20. *"our peace";* so F. 1; Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"our place."*—I. G.

21. *"on the torture of the mind to lie";* an allusion to the rack.—C. H. H.

34, 35. The sense of this passage appears to be,—It is a sign that

Lady M. You must leave this.
Macb. O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife!
Thou know'st that Banquo, and his Fleance, lives.
Lady M. But in them nature's copy 's not eterne.
Macb. There 's comfort yet; they are assailable;
Then be thou jocund: ere the bat hath flown
His cloister'd flight; ere to black Hecate's summons 41
The shard-borne beetle with his drowsy hums
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done
A deed of dreadful note.
Lady M. What 's to be done?
Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,
Till thou applaud the deed. Come, seeling night,
Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day,
And with thy bloody and invisible hand
Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond
Which keeps me pale! Light thickens, and the crow 50

our royalty is unsafe, when it must descend to flattery, and stoop to dissimulation.—H. N. H.

38. Ritson has justly observed that *"nature's copy* alludes to *copy-hold* tenure; in which the tenant holds an estate for *life,* having nothing but the *copy* of the rolls of his lord's court to show for it. A *life-hold* tenure may well be said to be not *eternal.*—H. N. H.

49. *"Cancel,"* etc.; a continuation of the image in line 37.—C. H. H. *"that great bond"* is Banquo's life. So in *Richard III,* Act iv. sc. 4: *"Cancel his bond of life,* dear God, I pray."—H. N. H.

50. *"Light thickens";* thus in Fletcher's *Faithful Shepherdess:*

"Fold your flocks up, for the air
'Gins to *thicken,* and the sun
Already his great course hath run."—H. N. H.

Makes wing to the rocky wood:
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse,
Whiles night's black agents to their preys do rouse.
Thou marvel'st at my words: but hold thee still;
Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill:
So, prithee, go with me. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III

A park near the palace.

Enter three Murderers.

First Mur. But who did bid thee join with us?
Third Mur. Macbeth.
Sec. Mur. He needs not our mistrust; since he delivers
Our offices, and what we have to do,
To the direction just.
First Mur. Then stand with us.
The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day:
Now spurs the lated traveler apace
To gain the timely inn, and near approaches
The subject of our watch.
Third Mur. Hark! I hear horses.
Ban. [*Within*] Give us a light there, ho!
Sec. Mur. Then 'tis he: the rest
That are within the note of expectation
Already are i' the court.
First Mur. His horses go about.

Third Mur. Almost a mile: but he does usually—
So all men do—from hence to the palace gate
Make it their walk.
Sec. Mur. A light, a light!

Enter Banquo, and Fleance with a torch.

Third Mur. 'Tis he.
First Mur. Stand to 't.
Ban. It will be rain to-night.
First Mur. Let it come down.
[*They set upon Banquo.*
Ban. O, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly!
Thou mayst revenge. O slave!
[*Dies. Fleance escapes.*
Third Mur. Who did strike out the light?
First Mur. Was 't not the way?
Third Mur. There 's but one down; the son is fled.
Sec. Mur. We have lost
Best half of our affair.
First Mur. Well, let 's away and say how much is done.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV

Hall in the palace.

A banquet prepared. Enter Macbeth, Lady Macbeth, Ross, Lennox, Lords, and Attendants.

Macb. You know your own degrees; sit down: at first
And last a hearty welcome.

1. *"at first"*; Johnson with great plausibility proposes to read *"to* first and last."—H. N. H.

Lords. Thanks to your majesty.
Macb. Ourself will mingle with society
And play the humble host.
Our hostess keeps her state, but in best time
We will require her welcome.
Lady M. Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our friends,
For my heart speaks they are welcome.

Enter first Murderer to the door.

Macb. See, they encounter thee with their hearts' thanks.
Both sides are even: here I 'll sit i' the midst:
Be large in mirth; anon we 'll drink a measure
The table round. [*Approaching the door*]
There 's blood upon thy face.
Mur. 'Tis Banquo's then.
Macb. 'Tis better thee without than he within.
Is he dispatch'd?
Mur. My lord, his throat is cut; that I did for him.
Macb. Thou art the best o' the cut-throats: yet he 's good
That did the like for Fleance: if thou didst it,
Thou art the nonpareil.
Mur. Most royal sir,
Fleance is 'scaped.
Macb. [*Aside*] Then comes my fit again: I had else been perfect,
Whole as the marble, founded as the rock,

14. *"'Tis better thee without than he within";* probably *"he"* instead of *"him"* for the sake of effective antithesis with *"thee";* unless, as is possible, *"he within"*="he in this room."—I. G.

That is, I am better pleased that his blood should be on thy face than he in this room.—H. N. H.

As broad and general as the casing air:
But now I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confined, bound in
To saucy doubts and fears.—But Banquo 's safe?

Mur. Aye, my good lord: safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenched gashes on his head;
The least a death to nature.

Macb. Thanks for that.
[*Aside*] There the grown serpent lies; the worm that 's fled
Hath nature that in time will venom breed,
No teeth for the present. Get thee gone: to-morrow
We 'll hear ourselves again. [*Exit Murderer.*

Lady M. My royal lord,
You do not give the cheer: the feast is sold
That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a making,
'Tis given with welcome: to feed were best at home;
From thence the sauce to meat is ceremony;
Meeting were bare without it.

Macb. Sweet remembrancer!
Now good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both!

Len. May 't please your highness sit.

[*The Ghost of Banquo enters, and sits in Macbeth's place.*

34. *"that is not often vouch'd";* the last clause of this sentence evidently depends upon *vouch'd:* "that is not often vouch'd to be given with welcome." There were no need of saying this, but that Mr. Collier mars the sense by putting a semicolon after *making.*—H. N. H.

Macb. Here had we now our country's honor roof'd,
Were the graced person of our Banquo present;
Who may I rather challenge for unkindness
Than pity for mischance!
Ross. His absence, sir,
Lays blame upon his promise. Please 't your highness
To grace us with your royal company.
Macb. The table 's full.
Len. Here is a place reserved, sir.
Macb. Where?
Len. Here, my good lord. What is 't that moves your highness?
Macb. Which of you have done this?
Lords. What, my good lord?
Macb. Thou canst not say I did it: never shake
Thy gory locks at me.
Ross. Gentlemen, rise; his highness is not well.
Lady M. Sit, worthy friends: my lord is often thus,
And hath been from his youth: pray you, keep seat;
The fit is momentary; upon a thought
He will again be well: if much you note him,
You shall offend him and extend his passion:
Feed, and regard him not. Are you a man?
Macb. Aye, and a bold one, that dare look on that
Which might appal the devil.
Lady M. O proper stuff!
This is the very painting of your fear:
This is the air-drawn dagger which, you said,

Led you to Duncan. O, these flaws and starts,
Impostors to true fear, would well become
A woman's story at a winter's fire,
Authorized by her grandam. Shame itself!
Why do you make such faces? When all 's done,
You look but on a stool.

Macb. Prithee, see there! behold! look! lo! how say you?
Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak too.
If charnel-houses and our graves must send
Those that we bury back, our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites. [*Exit Ghost.*

Lady M. What, quite unmann'd in folly?

Macb. If I stand here, I saw him.

Lady M. Fie, for shame!

Macb. Blood hath been shed ere now, i' the olden time,
Ere humane statute purged the gentle weal;
Aye, and since too, murders have been perform'd
Too terrible for the ear: the time has been,

64. *"Impostors to true fear";* that is, these self-generated fears are impostors, *compared to* true fear,—that fear which springs from real danger,—such danger as you have often outfaced. This use of *to* for *compared to,* or *in comparison with,* has puzzled the commentators hugely, but was very common in the old writers, and is so still.—H. N. H.

72, 73. *"our monuments,"* etc.; the same thought occurs in *The Faerie Queene,* b. ii. can. 8: "Be not entombed in the raven or the *kight.*"—H. N. H.

76. *"purged the gentle weal";* purged the state of violence and hence made it "gentle."—C. H. H.

78. *"time has";* F. 1, *"times has";* Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"times have";* the reading of the First Folio is probably what Shakespeare intended. —I. G.

That, when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end; but now they rise again,
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools: this is more strange
Than such a murder is.

Lady M. My worthy lord,
Your noble friends do lack you.

Macb. I do forget.
Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends;
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing
To those that know me. Come, love and health to all;
Then I 'll sit down. Give me some wine, fill full.
I drink to the general joy o' the whole table,
And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss;
Would he were here! to all and him we thirst,
And all to all.

Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.

Re-enter Ghost.

Macb. Avaunt! and quit my sight! let the earth hide thee!

92. *"Re-enter Ghost";* much question has been made of late, whether there be not two several ghosts in this scene; some maintaining that Duncan's enters here, and Banquo's before; others, that Banquo's enters here, and Duncan's before. The whole question seems absurd enough. But perhaps it will be best disposed of by referring to Dr. Forman, who, as we have seen in the Introduction, witnessed this play at the Globe, April 20, 1610, and who, as he speaks of Banquo's ghost, would doubtless have spoken of Duncan's, had there been any such. "The night, being at supper with his noblemen,

Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with.

Lady M. Think of this, good peers,
But as a thing of custom: 'tis no other;
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

Macb. What man dare, I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger; 101
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble: or be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword;
If trembling I inhabit then, protest me
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!
Unreal mockery, hence! [*Exit Ghost.*
Why, so: being gone,
I am a man again. Pray you, sit still.

whom he had bid to a feast, (to the which also Banquo should have come,) he began to speak of noble Banquo, and to wish that he were there. And as he thus did, *standing up to drink a carouse to him, the ghost of Banquo* came, and sat down in his chair behind him. And he, turning about to sit down again, saw *the ghost of Banquo,* which fronted him, so that he fell in a great passion of fear and fury, uttering many words about his murder, by which, when they heard that Banquo was murdered, they suspected Macbeth."—H. N. H.

105–106. *"If trembling I inhabit then";* various emendations have been proposed, *e. g. "I inhibit,"="me inhibit," "I inhibit thee," "I inherit,"* &c.; probably the text is correct, and the words mean "If I then put on the habit of trembling," *i. e.* "if I invest myself in trembling" (*cp.* Koppel, p. 76).—I. G.

That is, if I *stay at home* then. The passage is thus explained by Horne Tooke: "Dare me to the desert with thy sword; if then I do not meet thee there; if trembling I stay in my castle, or any *habitation;* if I then hide my head, or *dwell* in any place through fear, protest me the baby of a girl." But for the meddling of Pope and others, this passage would have hardly required a note.—H. N. H.

Lady M. You have displaced the mirth, broke the good meeting,
With most admired disorder.
Macb. Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder? You make me strange
Even to the disposition that I owe,
When now I think you can behold such sights,
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,
When mine is blanch'd with fear.
Ross. What sights, my lord?
Lady M. I pray you, speak not; he grows worse and worse;
Question enrages him: at once, good night:
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.
Len. Good night; and better health
Attend his majesty!
Lady M. A kind good night to all!
[*Exeunt all but Macbeth and Lady M.*
Macb. It will have blood: they say blood will have blood:
Stones have been known to move and trees to speak;
Augures and understood relations have

111. *"overcome";* pass over us without wonder, as a casual summer's cloud passes, unregarded.—H. N. H.

113. You make me a stranger even to my own disposition, now when I think you can look upon such sights unmoved.—H. N. H.

122. The Folios read:—

"It will have blood they say;
Blood will have blood."—I. G.

By maggot-pies and choughs and rooks brought forth
The secret'st man of blood. What is the night?
Lady M. Almost at odds with morning, which is which.
Macb. How say'st thou, that Macduff denies his person
At our great bidding?
Lady M. Did you send to him, sir?
Macb. I hear it by the way, but I will send: 130
There 's not a one of them but in his house
I keep a servant fee'd. I will to-morrow,
And betimes I will, to the weird sisters:
More shall they speak, for now I am bent to know,
By the worst means, the worst. For mine own good
All causes shall give way: I am in blood
Stepp'd in so far that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er:
Strange things I have in head that will to hand,
Which must be acted ere they may be scann'd.
Lady M. You lack the season of all natures, sleep.
Macb. Come, we 'll to sleep. My strange and self-abuse 142
Is the initiate fear that wants hard use:
We are yet but young in deed. [*Exeunt.*

144. *"in deed";* Theobald's emendation of Ff., *"indeed";* Hanmer, *"in deeds."*—I. G.

Scene V

A heath.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches, meeting Hecate.

First Witch. Why, how now, Hecate! you look angerly.

Hec. Have I not reason, beldams as you are,
Saucy and over-bold? How did you dare
To trade and traffic with Macbeth
In riddles and affairs of death;
And I, the mistress of your charms,
The close contriver of all harms,
Was never call'd to bear my part,
Or show the glory of our art?
And, which is worse, all you have done
Hath been but for a wayward son,

Sc. 5. The scene is probably an interpolation.—C. H. H.

1. Shakespeare has been censured for bringing in Hecate among vulgar witches, as confounding ancient with modern superstitions. But, besides that this censure itself confounds the Weird Sisters with the witches of popular belief, the common notions of witchcraft in his time took classical names for the chiefs and leaders of the witches. In Jonson's *Sad Shepherd* Hecate is spoken of as mistress of the witches, "our *dame Hecate.*" We have already, in Act i. sc. 1 given a passage from Coleridge, stating the difference between the Weird Sisters and the vulgar witches. It is worth remarking, also, how Dr. Forman speaks of the Weird Sisters, as he saw them on the Poet's own stage. "There was to be observed, first, how Macbeth and Banquo, two noblemen of Scotland, riding through a wood, there stood before them three women *Fairies* or *Nymphs,* and saluted Macbeth, saying three times unto him, Hail, Macbeth," &c. Which looks as if this dealer in occult science knew better than to call them witches, yet scarce knew what else to call them.—H. N. H.

Spiteful and wrathful; who, as others do,
Loves for his own ends, not for you.
But make amends now: get you gone,
And at the pit of Acheron
Meet me i' the morning: thither he
Will come to know his destiny:
Your vessels and your spells provide,
Your charms and every thing beside.
I am for the air; this night I 'll spend
Unto a dismal and a fatal end:
Great business must be wrought ere noon:
Upon the corner of the moon
There hangs a vaporous drop profound;
I 'll catch it ere it comes to ground:
And that distill'd by magic sleights
Shall raise such artificial sprights
As by the strength of their illusion
Shall draw him on to his confusion:
He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear
His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace and fear:
And you all know security
Is mortals' chiefest enemy.

[*Music and a song within: 'Come away, come away,' &c.*

Hark! I am call'd; my little spirit, see,
Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me. [*Exit.*

First Witch. Come, let 's make haste; she 'll soon be back again. [*Exeunt.*

13. *"Loves";* Halliwell conj. *"Lives";* Staunton conj. *"Loves evil."* —I. G.

24. *"vaporous drop"* seems to have been the same as the *virus lunare* of the ancients, being a foam which the moon was supposed to shed on particular herbs, or other objects, when strongly solicited by enchantments.—H. N. H.

Scene VI

Forres. The palace.

Enter Lennox and another Lord.

Len. My former speeches have but hit your thoughts,
Which can interpret farther: only I say
Things have been strangely borne. The gracious Duncan
Was pitied of Macbeth: marry, he was dead:
And the right-valiant Banquo walk'd too late;
Whom, you may say, if 't please you, Fleance kill'd,
For Fleance fled: men must not walk too late.
Who cannot want the thought, how monstrous
It was for Malcolm and for Donalbain
To kill their gracious father? damned fact!
How it did grieve Macbeth! did he not straight,
In pious rage, the two delinquents tear,
That were the slaves of drink and thralls of sleep?
Was not that nobly done? Aye, and wisely too;
For 'twould have anger'd any heart alive
To hear the men deny 't. So that, I say,
He has borne all things well: and I do think
That, had he Duncan's sons under his key—
As, an 't please heaven, he shall not—they should find

Sc. 6. *"Forres"* is Capell's suggestion.—C. H. H.

What 'twere to kill a father; so should Fleance.
But, peace! for from broad words, and 'cause he fail'd
His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear,
Macduff lives in disgrace: sir, can you tell
Where he bestows himself?

Lord. The son of Duncan,
From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth,
Lives in the English court, and is received
Of the most pious Edward with such grace
That the malevolence of fortune nothing
Takes from his high respect. Thither Macduff
Is gone to pray the holy king, upon his aid
To wake Northumberland and warlike Siward:
That by the help of these, with Him above
To ratify the work, we may again
Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights,
Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives,
Do faithful homage and receive free honors:
All which we pine for now: and this report
Hath so exasperate the king that he
Prepares for some attempt of war.

Len. Sent he to Macduff?

Lord. He did: and with an absolute 'Sir, not I,'
The cloudy messenger turns me his back,
And hums, as who should say 'You 'll rue the time
That clogs me with this answer.'

27. *"the most pious Edward," i. e.* Edward the Confessor.—I. G.

35. The construction is: "Free our feasts and banquets from bloody knives."—H. N. H.

Len. And that well might
Advise him to a caution, to hold what distance
His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel
Fly to the court of England and unfold
His message ere he come, that a swift blessing
May soon return to this our suffering country
Under a hand accursed!

Lord. I 'll send my prayers with him.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT FOURTH

Scene I

A cavern. In the middle, a boiling cauldron.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

First Witch. Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.
Sec. Witch. Thrice and once the hedge-pig whined.
Third Witch. Harpier cries "'Tis time, 'tis time.'
First Witch. Round about the cauldron go:
In the poison'd entrails throw.
Toad, that under cold stone
Days and nights has thirty one
Swelter'd venom sleeping got,
Boil thou first i' the charmed pot.
All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.
Sec. Witch. Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the cauldron boil and bake;
Eye of newt and toe of frog,
Wool of bat and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork and blind-worm's sting,

6. So in the original. Pope would read, "under *the* cold stone"; Steevens, "under cold*est* stone"; the latter of which is commonly followed. There seems, indeed, no call for any discord here, such as comes by omitting a syllable from the verse, and perhaps something dropped out in the printing. Yet to our ear the extending of *cold* to the time of two syllables *feels* right enough. At all events, we stick to the original.—H. N. H.

Lizard's leg and howlet's wing,
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.
All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.
Third Witch. Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,
Witches' mummy, maw and gulf
Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark,
Root of hemlock digged i' the dark,
Liver of blaspheming Jew,
Gall of goat and slips of yew
Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse,
Nose of Turk and Tartar's lips,
Finger of birth-strangled babe
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,
Make the gruel thick and slab:
Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,
For the ingredients of our cauldron.
All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

25. *"the dark";* as the season of misdeeds.—C. H. H.

28. *"in the moon's eclipse";* a season proverbially ill-omened; *cf. Lear* i. 2. 117, *Sonnets* lx. and cvii.—C. H. H.

34. In sorting the materials wherewith the Weird Sisters celebrate their infernal orgies, and compound their "hell-broth," Shakespeare gathered and condensed the popular belief of his time. Ben Jonson, whose mind dwelt more in the circumstantial, and who spun his poetry much more out of the local and particular, made a grand showing from the same source in his *Mask of Queens.* But his powers did not permit, nor did his purpose require, him to select and dispose his materials so as to cause anything like such an impression of terror. Shakespeare so weaves his incantations as to cast a spell upon the mind, and force its acquiescence in what he represents: explode as we may the witchcraft he describes, there is no exploding the witchcraft of his description; the effect springing not so much from what he borrows as from his own ordering thereof.—H. N. H.

Sec. Witch. Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.

Enter Hecate to the other three Witches.

Hec. O, well done! I commend your pains;
And every one shall share i' the gains:
And now about the cauldron sing,
Like elves and fairies in a ring,
Enchanting all that you put in.
[*Music and a song: 'Black spirits,' &c.*
[*Hecate retires.*

Sec. Witch. By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes:
Open, locks,
Whoever knocks!

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags!
What is 't you do?

All. A deed without a name.

Macb. I conjure you, by that which you profess,
Howe'er you come to know it, answer me:
Though you untie the winds and let them fight
Against the churches! though the yesty waves

43. *"Black spirits";* this song also, like the former, was not given in the printed copy of the play, and has been supplied from *Middleton's Witch,* the manuscript of which was discovered towards the close of the last century. We give it here, not feeling authorized to print it in the text:

"Black spirits and white, red spirits and gray;
Mingle, mingle, mingle, you that mingle may."

Probably both songs were taken from "the traditional wizard poetry of the drama."—H. N. H.

Confound and swallow navigation up;
Though bladed corn be lodged and trees blown down;
Though castles topple on their warders' heads;
Though palaces and pyramids do slope
Their heads to their foundations; though the treasure
Of nature's germins tumble all together,
Even till destruction sicken; answer me
To what I ask you.

First Witch. Speak.

Sec. Witch. Demand.

Third Witch. We 'll answer.

First Witch. Say, if thou 'dst rather hear it from our mouths,
Or from our masters?

Macb. Call 'em, let me see 'em.

First Witch. Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten
Her nine farrow; grease that 's sweaten
From the murderer's gibbet throw
Into the flame.

All. Come, high or low;
Thyself and office deftly show!

Thunder. First Apparition: an armed Head.

Macb. Tell me, thou unknown power,—

First Witch. He knows thy thought:

68. The *"armed head"* represents symbolically Macbeth's head cut off and brought to Malcolm by Macduff. The bloody child is Macduff, untimely ripped from his mother's womb. The child, with a crown on his head and a bough in his hand, is the royal Malcolm, who ordered his soldiers to hew them down a bough, and bear it before them to Dunsinane (Upton).—H. N. H.

Hear his speech, but say thou nought.
First App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware Macduff;
Beware the thane of Fife. Dismiss me: enough.
[*Descends.*
Macb. Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution thanks;
Thou hast harp'd my fear aright: but one word more,—
First Witch. He will not be commanded: here 's another,
More potent than the first.

Thunder. Second Apparition: a bloody Child.

Sec. App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!
Macb. Had I three ears, I 'ld hear thee.
Sec. App. Be bloody, bold and resolute; laugh to scorn
The power of man, for none of woman born
Shall harm Macbeth. [*Descends.*
Macb. Then live, Macduff: what need I fear of thee?
But yet I 'll make assurance doubly sure,
And take a bond of fate: thou shalt not live;
That I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies,
And sleep in spite of thunder.

Thunder. Third Apparition: a Child crowned, with a tree in his hand.

70. Silence was necessary during all incantations. So in *The Tempest:* "Be *mute,* or else our spell is marr'd."—H. N. H.

72. *"Dismiss me: enough";* spirits thus evoked were supposed to be impatient of being questioned.—H. N. H.

78. So the expression still in use: "I listened with *all the ears I had.*"—H. N. H.

What is this,
That rises like the issue of a king,
And wears upon his baby-brow the round
And top of sovereignty?

All. Listen, but speak not to 't.

Third App. Be lion-mettled, proud, and take no care
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are:
Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be until
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill
Shall come against him. [*Descends.*

Macb. That will never be:
Who can impress the forest, bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root? Sweet bodements! good!
Rebellion's head, rise never, till the wood
Of Birnam rise, and our high-placed Macbeth
Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath
To time and mortal custom. Yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing: tell me, if your art
Can tell so much: shall Banquo's issue ever
Reign in this kingdom?

All. Seek to know no more.

Macb. I will be satisfied: deny me this,
And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me know:

93. The present accent of *Dunsinane* is right. In every other instance the accent is misplaced. Thus in Hervey's *Life of King Robert Bruce,* 1729:

> "Whose deeds let Birnam and *Dunsinnan* tell,
> When Canmore battled and the villain fell."—H. N. H.

97. *"Rebellion's head";* Theobald's conj., adopted by Hanmer: Ff. read *"Rebellious dead";* Warburton's conj., adopted by Theobald, *"Rebellious head."*—I. G.

Why sinks that cauldron? and what noise is this?
[*Hautboys.*

First Witch. Show!
Sec. Witch. Show!
Third Witch. Show!
All. Show his eyes, and grieve his heart;
Come like shadows, so depart!

A show of eight Kings, the last with a glass in his hand; Banquo's Ghost following.

Macb. Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo: down!
Thy crown does sear mine eye-balls. And thy hair,
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first.
A third is like the former. Filthy hags!
Why do you show me this? A fourth! Start, eyes!
What, will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?
Another yet! A seventh! I 'll see no more:
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass
Which shows me many more; and some I see

111. *"A show of Eight Kings";* Banquo is reputed to have been an ancestor of the Stuarts. Walter Stuart married the grand-daughter of Robert Bruce, and their son was Robert II. His descendants, who sat upon the throne, were Robert III and the six kings called James. Mary, daughter of James V, is omitted in the vision, as the witches' prophecy related only to kings.—C. H. H.

119. *"a glass";* the notion of a magic *glass* or charmed mirror, wherein anyone might see whatsoever of the distant or the future pertained to himself, seems to have been a part of the old Druidical mythology. There is an allusion to it in *Measure for Measure,* Act. II. scene ii.: "And, like a prophet, looks in a *glass* that shows what *future evils,*" &c.—H. N. H.

That two-fold balls and treble scepters carry:
Horrible sight! Now I see 'tis true;
For the blood-bolter'd Banquo smiles upon me,
And points at them for his. What, is this so?

First Witch. Aye, sir, all this is so: but why
Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?
Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprites,
And show the best of our delights:
I 'll charm the air to give a sound,
While you perform your antic round,
That this great king may kindly say
Our duties did his welcome pay.

[*Music. The Witches dance, and then vanish, with Hecate.*

Macb. Where are they? Gone? Let this pernicious hour
Stand aye accursed in the calendar!
Come in, without there!

Enter Lennox.

Len. What 's your grace's will?

Macb. Saw you the weird sisters?

Len. No, my lord.

Macb. Came they not by you?

Len. No indeed, my lord.

Macb. Infected be the air whereon they ride,
And damn'd all those that trust them! I did hear

121. *"balls"*; the globe, part of the king's insignia. In 1542 Henry VIII took the title of King of Ireland. When James VI of Scotland came to the English throne the three scepters were united. Thus he alone of the eight could carry "two-fold balls and treble scepters."—C. H. H.

The galloping of horse: who was 't came by?
Len. 'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring you word
Macduff is fled to England.
Macb. Fled to England!
Len. Aye, my good lord.
Macb. [*Aside*] Time, thou anticipatest my dread exploits:
The flighty purpose never is o'ertook
Unless the deed go with it: from this moment
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand. And even now,
To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and done:
The castle of Macduff I will surprise;
Seize upon Fife; give to the edge o' the sword
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
That trace him in his line. No boasting like a fool;
This deed I 'll do before this purpose cool:
But no more sights!—Where are these gentlemen?
Come, bring me where they are. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II

Fife. Macduff's castle.

Enter Lady Macduff, her Son, and Ross.

L. Macd. What had he done, to make him fly the land?
Ross. You must have patience, madam.

L. Macd. He had none:
His flight was madness: when our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors.
Ross. You know not
Whether it was his wisdom or his fear.
L. Macd. Wisdom! to leave his wife, to leave his babes,
His mansion and his titles, in a place
From whence himself does fly? He loves us not;
He wants the natural touch: for the poor wren,
The most diminutive of birds, will fight,
Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.
All is the fear and nothing is the love;
As little is the wisdom, where the flight
So runs against all reason.
Ross. My dearest coz,
I pray you, school yourself: but, for your husband,
He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows
The fits o' the season. I dare not speak much further:
But cruel are the times, when we are traitors
And do not know ourselves; when we hold rumor

3, 4. *"when our actions . . . traitors";* our flight is considered as evidence of treason.—H. N. H.

18. *"when we are traitors And do not know ourselves," i. e.* when we are accounted traitors, and do not know that we are, having no consciousness of guilt. Hanmer, *"know 't o.";* Keightley, *"know it ourselves";* but no change seems necessary.—I. G.

19–20. *"when we hold rumor,"* &c.; *i. e.* "when we interpret rumor in accordance with our fear, yet know not exactly what it is we fear."—I. G.

From what we fear, yet know not what we fear,
But float upon a wild and violent sea
Each way and move. I take my leave of you:
Shall not be long but I 'll be here again:
Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward
To what they were before. My pretty cousin,
Blessing upon you!

L. Macd. Father'd he is, and yet he 's fatherless.

Ross. I am so much a fool, should I stay longer,
It would be my disgrace and your discomfort:
I take my leave at once. [*Exit.*

L. Macd. Sirrah, your father 's dead:
And what will you do now? How will you live?

Son. As birds do, mother.

L. Macd. What, with worms and flies?

Son. With what I get, I mean; and so do they.

L. Macd. Poor bird! thou 'ldst never fear the net nor lime,
The pitfall nor the gin.

Son. Why should I, mother? Poor birds they are not set for.
My father is not dead, for all your saying.

22. *"Each way and move";* Theobald conj. *"Each way and wave";* Capell, *"And move each way";* Steevens conj. *"And each way move";* Johnson conj. *"Each way, and move—"*; Jackson conj. *"Each wail and moan";* Ingleby conj. *"Which way we move";* Anon. conj. *"And move each wave";* Staunton conj. *"Each sway and move";* Daniel conj. *"Each way it moves";* Camb. edd. conj. *"Each way and none";* perhaps *"Each way we move"* is the simplest reading of the words.—I. G.

"and move"; if right, these obscure words probably make explicit the idea of movement to and fro implied in "floating" on "a wild and violent sea."—C. H. H.

L. Macd. Yes, he is dead: how wilt thou do for a father?

Son. Nay, how will you do for a husband?

L. Macd. Why, I can buy me twenty at any market.

Son. Then you 'll buy 'em to sell again.

L. Macd. Thou speak'st with all thy wit, and yet, i' faith,
With wit enough for thee.

Son. Was my father a traitor, mother?

L. Macd. Aye, that he was.

Son. What is a traitor?

L. Macd. Why, one that swears and lies.

Son. And be all traitors that do so?

L. Macd. Every one that does so is a traitor, and must be hanged.

Son. And must they all be hanged that swear and lie?

L. Macd. Every one.

Son. Who must hang them?

L. Macd. Why, the honest men.

Son. Then the liars and swearers are fools; for there are liars and swearers enow to beat the honest men and hang up them.

L. Macd. Now, God help thee, poor monkey! But how wilt thou do for a father?

Son. If he were dead, you 'ld weep for him: if you would not, it were a good sign that I should quickly have a new father.

L. Macd. Poor prattler, how thou talk'st!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Bless you, fair dame! I am not to you known,
Though in your state of honor I am perfect.
I doubt some danger does approach you nearly:
If you will take a homely man's advice,
Be not found here; hence, with your little ones.
To fright you thus, methinks I am too savage;
To do worse to you were fell cruelty, 71
Which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve you!
I dare abide no longer. [*Exit.*

L. Macd. Whither should I fly?
I have done no harm. But I remember now
I am in this earthly world, where to do harm
Is often laudable, to do good sometime
Accounted dangerous folly: why then, alas,
Do I put up that womanly defense,
To say I have done no harm?—What are these faces?

Enter Murderers.

First Mur. Where is your husband? 80

L. Macd. I hope, in no place so unsanctified
Where such as thou mayst find him.

First Mur. He 's a traitor.

Son. Thou liest, thou shag-ear'd villain!

71. *"do worse," i. e.* "let her and her children be destroyed without warning" (Johnson); (Hanmer, *"do less"; Capell, "do less"*).—I. G.

83. *"shag-ear'd";* the old copy has *shag-ear'd,* upon which Mr. Knight remarks,—"This should be probably *shag-hair'd."* Mr. Dyce, quoting this remark, adds,—"Assuredly it should: formerly, *hair* was often written *hear;* and *shag-hear'd* was doubtless altered by a mistake of the transcriber, or the original compositor, to *shag-*

First Mur. What, you egg!
[*Stabbing him.*
Young fry of treachery!
Son. He has kill'd me, mother:
Run away, I pray you! [*Dies.*
[*Exit Lady Macduff, crying 'Murderer!'*
Exeunt murderers, following her.

Scene III

England. Before the King's palace.

Enter Malcolm and Macduff.

Mal. Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there
Weep our sad bosoms empty.
Macd. Let us rather
Hold fast the mortal sword, and like good men
Bestride our down-fall'n birthdom: each new morn
New widows howl, new orphans cry, new sorrows

ear'd. King Midas, after his decision in favor of Pan, is the only human being on record to whom the latter epithet could be applied." *Shag-hair'd* was a common term of abuse. In Lodge's *Incarnate Devils of this Age,* 1596, we have "*shag-heard* slave."—H. N. H.

85. *Exit, etc.;* "This scene," says Coleridge, "dreadful as it is, is still a relief, because a variety, because domestic, and therefore soothing, as associated with the only real pleasures of life. The conversation between Lady Macduff and her child heightens the pathos, and is preparatory for the deep tragedy of their assassination. Shakespeare's fondness for children is everywhere shown;—in Prince Arthur in *King John;* in the sweet scene in *The Winter's Tale* between Hermione and her son; nay, even in honest Evans' examination of Mrs. Page's schoolboy."—H. N. H.

Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds
As if it felt with Scotland and yell'd out
Like syllable of dolor.

Mal. What I believe, I 'll wail;
What know, believe; and what I can redress,
As I shall find the time to friend, I will.
What you have spoke, it may be so perchance.
This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,
Was once thought honest: you have loved him well;
He hath not touch'd you yet. I am young; but something
You may deserve of him through me; and wisdom
To offer up a weak, poor, innocent lamb
To appease an angry god.

Macd. I am not treacherous.

Mal. But Macbeth is.
A good and virtuous nature may recoil
In an imperial charge. But I shall crave your pardon;
That which you are, my thoughts cannot transpose:
Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell:

10. *"to friend";* opportune.—C. H. H.

15. *"deserve";* Warburton's emendation, adopted by Theobald; Ff. 1, 2, *"discerne";* Ff. 3, 4, *"discern";* ——, *"and wisdom";* there is some corruption of text here, probably a line has dropped out. Hanmer reads *"'tis wisdom";* Steevens conj. *"and wisdom is it";* Collier conj. *"and 'tis wisdom";* Staunton conj. *"and wisdom 'tis"* or *"and wisdom bids";* Keightley, *"and wisdom 'twere."*—I. G.

"through me" means, *by putting me out of the way.*—H. N. H.

Though all things foul would wear the brows of grace,
Yet grace must still look so.

Macd. I have lost my hopes.

Mal. Perchance even there where I did find my doubts.
Why in that rawness left you wife and child,
Those precious motives, those strong knots of love,
Without leave-taking? I pray you,
Let not my jealousies be your dishonors,
But mine own safeties. You may be rightly just,
Whatever I shall think.

Macd. Bleed, bleed, poor country:
Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,
For goodness dare not check thee: wear thou thy wrongs;
The title is affeer'd. Fare thee well, lord:
I would not be the villain that thou think'st
For the whole space that 's in the tyrant's grasp
And the rich East to boot.

Mal. Be not offended:
I speak not as in absolute fear of you.
I think our country sinks beneath the yoke;
It weeps, it bleeds, and each new day a gash
Is added to her wounds: I think withal
There would be hands uplifted in my right;
And here from gracious England have I offer

24. *"my hopes"; i. e.* hopes of welcome from Malcolm, who withholds it from distrust, aroused by Macduff's abandonment of wife and children.—C. H. H.

Of goodly thousands: but for all this,
When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,
Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country
Shall have more vices than it had before,
More suffer and more sundry ways than ever,
By him that shall succeed.

Macd. What should he be?

Mal. It is myself I mean: in whom I know
All the particulars of vice so grafted
That, when they shall be open'd, black Macbeth
Will seem as pure as snow, and the poor state
Esteem him as a lamb, being compared
With my confineless harms.

Macd. Not in the legions
Of horrid hell can come a devil more damn'd
In evils to top Macbeth.

Mal. I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,
Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin
That has a name: but there 's no bottom, none,
In my voluptuousness: your wives, your daughters,
Your matrons, and your maids, could not fill up
The cistern of my lust, and my desire
All continent impediments would o'erbear,
That did oppose my will: better Macbeth
Than such an one to reign.

Macd. Boundless intemperance
In nature is a tyranny; it hath been
The untimely emptying of the happy throne,
And fall of many kings. But fear not yet

To take upon you what is yours: you may
Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty,
And yet seem cold, the time you may so hoodwink:
We have willing dames enough; there cannot be
That vulture in you, to devour so many
As will to greatness dedicate themselves,
Finding it so inclined.

Mal. With this there grows
In my most ill-composed affection such
A stanchless avarice that, were I king,
I should cut off the nobles for their lands,
Desire his jewels and this other's house:
And my more-having would be as a sauce
To make me hunger more, that I should forge
Quarrels unjust against the good and loyal,
Destroying them for wealth.

Macd. This avarice
Sticks deeper, grows with more pernicious root
Than summer-seeming lust, and it hath been
The sword of our slain kings: yet do not fear;
Scotland hath foisons to fill up your will
Of your mere own: all these are portable,
With other graces weigh'd.

Mal. But I have none: the king-becoming graces,
As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,
Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,
I have no relish of them, but abound
In the division of each several crime,

72. "time"; world.—C. H. H.

Acting in many ways. Nay, had I power, I should
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
Uproar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth.

Macd. O Scotland, Scotland!

Mal. If such a one be fit to govern, speak:
I am as I have spoken.

Macd. Fit to govern!
No, not to live. O nation miserable!
With an untitled tyrant bloody-scepter'd,
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again,
Since that the truest issue of thy throne
By his own interdiction stands accursed,
And does blaspheme his breed? Thy royal father
Was a most sainted king: the queen that bore thee,
Oftener upon her knees than on her feet,
Died every day she lived. Fare thee well!
These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself
Have banish'd me from Scotland. O my breast,
Thy hope ends here!

Mal. Macduff, this noble passion,
Child of integrity, hath from my soul
Wiped the black scruples, reconciled my thoughts
To thy good truth and honor. Devilish Macbeth

111. *"Died every day she lived,"* "lived a life of daily mortification" (Delius).—I. G.

By many of these trains hath sought to win me
Into his power; and modest wisdom plucks me
From over-credulous haste: but God above
Deal between thee and me! for even now
I put myself to thy direction, and
Unspeak mine own detraction; here abjure
The taints and blames I laid upon myself,
For strangers to my nature. I am yet
Unknown to woman, never was forsworn,
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own,
At no time broke my faith, would not betray
The devil to his fellow, and delight
No less in truth than life: my first false speaking
Was this upon myself: what I am truly,
Is thine and my poor country's to command:
Whither indeed, before thy here-approach,
Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men,
Already at a point, was setting forth.
Now we 'll together, and the chance of goodness
Be like our warranted quarrel! Why are you silent?

Macd. Such welcome and unwelcome things at once
'Tis hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor.

Mal. Well, more anon. Comes the king forth, I pray you?

Doct. Aye, sir; there are a crew of wretched souls
That stay his cure: their malady convinces
The great assay of art; but at his touch,

Such sanctity hath heaven given his hand,
They presently amend.

Mal. I thank you, doctor. [*Exit Doctor.*

Macd. What 's the disease he means?

Mal. 'Tis call'd the evil:
A most miraculous work in this good king;
Which often, since my here-remain in England,
I have seen him do. How he solicits heaven,
Himself best knows: but strangely-visited people,
All swoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,
The mere despair of surgery, he cures,
Hanging a golden stamp about their necks,
Put on with holy prayers: and 'tis spoken,
To the succeeding royalty he leaves
The healing benediction. With this strange virtue
He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy,
And sundry blessings hang about his throne
That speak him full of grace.

Enter Ross.

149–159. Holinshed has the following respecting Edward the Confessor: "As it has been thought, he was inspired with the gift of prophecy, and also to have the gift of healing infirmities and diseases. He used to help those that were vexed with the disease commonly called the king's evil, and left that virtue as it were a portion of inheritance unto his successors, the kings of this realm." The custom of touching for the king's evil was not wholly laid aside till the days of Queen Anne, who used it on the infant Dr. Johnson.—The *"golden stamp"* was the coin called *angel.*—H. N. H.

153. *"Hanging a golden stamp,"*; etc.; each person touched received a gold coin. Sir Thomas Browne wrote sixty years later: "The King's Purse knows that the King's Evil grows more common."—C. H. H.

Macd. See, who comes here?
Mal. My countryman; but yet I know him not.
Macd. My ever gentle cousin, welcome hither.
Mal. I know him now: good God, betimes remove
The means that makes us strangers!
Ross. Sir, amen.
Macd. Stands Scotland where it did?
Ross. Alas, poor country!
Almost afraid to know itself! It cannot
Be call'd our mother, but our grave: where nothing,
But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile;
Where sighs and groans and shrieks that rend the air,
Are made, not mark'd; where violent sorrow seems
A modern ecstasy: the dead man's knell
Is there scarce ask'd for who; and good men's lives
Expire before the flowers in their caps,
Dying or ere they sicken.
Macd. O, relation
Too nice, and yet too true!
Mal. What 's the newest grief?
Ross. That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker;
Each minute teems a new one.
Macd. How does my wife?
Ross. Why, well.
Macd. And all my children?
Ross. Well too.

177. *"well"*; thus in *Antony and Cleopatra:* "We use to say, *the dead are well.*"—H. N. H.

Macd. The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace?
Ross. No; they were well at peace when I did leave 'em.
Macd. Be not a niggard of your speech: how goes 't?
Ross. When I came hither to transport the tidings,
Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumor
Of many worthy fellows that were out;
Which was to my belief witness'd the rather,
For that I saw the tyrant's power a-foot:
Now is the time of help; your eye in Scotland
Would create soldiers, make our women fight,
To doff their dire distresses.
Mal. Be 't their comfort
We are coming thither: gracious England hath
Lent us good Siward and ten thousand men;
An older and a better soldier none
That Christendom gives out.
Ross. Would I could answer
This comfort with the like! But I have words
That would be howl'd out in the desert air,
Where hearing should not latch them.
Macd. What concern they?
The general cause? or is it a fee-grief
Due to some single breast?
Ross. No mind that 's honest
But in it shares some woe, though the main part
Pertains to you alone.
Macd. If it be mine,
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.

Ross. Let not your ears despise my tongue for ever,
Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound
That ever yet they heard.
Macd. Hum! I guess at it.
Ross. Your castle is surprised; your wife and babes
Savagely slaughter'd: to relate the manner,
Were, on the quarry of these murder'd deer,
To add the death of you.
Mal. Merciful heaven!
What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows;
Give sorrow words: the grief that does not speak
Whispers the o'erfraught heart, and bids it break.
Macd. My children too?
Ross. Wife, children, servants, all
That could be found.
Macd. And I must be from thence!
My wife kill'd too?
Ross. I have said.
Mal. Be comforted:
Let 's make us medicines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.
Macd. He has no children. All my pretty ones?
Did you say all? O hell-kite! All?
What, all my pretty chickens and their dam
At one fell swoop?

216. *"He has no children";* "he" is probably Malcolm, whose talk of comfort at such a moment is thus rebutted and explained. Macbeth lies wholly beyond the pale of such reproach.—C. H. H.

Mal. Dispute it like a man.
Macd. I shall do so;
But I must also feel it as a man:
I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me. Did heaven look on,
And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff,
They were all struck for thee! naught that I am,
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,
Fell slaughter on their souls: heaven rest them now!
Mal. Be this the whetstone of your sword: let grief
Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it.
Macd. O, I could play the woman with mine eyes,
And braggart with my tongue! But, gentle heavens,
Cut short all intermission; front to front
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland and myself;
Within my sword's length set him; if he 'scape,
Heaven forgive him too!
Mal. This tune goes manly.
Come, go we to the king; our power is ready;
Our lack is nothing but our leave. Macbeth
Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above
Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer you may;
The night is long that never finds the day.
[*Exeunt.*

235. *"tune"*; Rowe's emendation of Ff., *"time."*—I. G.

ACT FIFTH

Scene I

Dunsinane. Ante-room in the castle.

Enter a Doctor of Physic and a Waiting-Gentlewoman.

Doct. I have two nights watched with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last walked?

Gent. Since his majesty went into the field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her nightgown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon 't, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

Doct. A great perturbation in nature, to receive at once the benefit of sleep and do the effects of watching! In this slumbery agitation, besides her walking and other actual performances, what, at any time, have you heard her say?

Gent. That, sir, which I will not report after her.

Doct. You may to me, and 'tis most meet you should.

Gent. Neither to you nor any one, having no witness to confirm my speech.

Enter Lady Macbeth, with a taper.

Lo you, here she comes! This is her very guise, and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her; stand close.

Doct. How came she by that light?

Gent. Why, it stood by her: she has light by her continually; 'tis her command.

Doct. You see, her eyes are open.

Gent. Aye, but their sense is shut.

Doct. What is it she does now? Look, how she rubs her hands.

Gent. It is an accustomed action with her, to seem thus washing her hands: I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady M. Yet here 's a spot.

Doct. Hark! she speaks: I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

Lady M. Out, damned spot! out, I say! One: two: why, then 'tis time to do 't. Hell is murky. Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account? Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?

Doct. Do you mark that?

29. *"sense is shut";* Rowe's emendation of Ff., *"sense are shut";* S. Walker conj., adopted by Dyce, *"sense' are shut."* The reading of the Folio probably gives the right reading, *"sense"* being taken as a plural.—I. G.

40. *"Hell is murky";* of course Lady Macbeth dreams of being in talk with her husband; and, he having said through fear, *"Hell is murky,"* she repeats his words, as in scorn of his cowardice.—H. N. H.

SLEEP-WALKING SCENE OF LADY MACBETH.

Lady M. "Out, damned spot! out, I say!—One, two; why, then 'tis time to do't.— Hell is murky!—Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard?"

Macbeth. Act 5, Scene 1.

Lady M. The thane of Fife had a wife; where is she now? What, will these hands ne'er be clean? No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that: you mar all with this starting.

Doct. Go to, go to; you have known what you should not.

Gent. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that: heaven knows what she has known.

Lady M. Here 's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh, oh, oh!

Doct. What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charged.

50. *"starting"*; she is alluding to the terrors of Macbeth when the Ghost broke in on the festivity of the banquet.—H. N. H.

56–58. Upon this, the awfulest passage in this most awful scene, Mr. Verplanck has written in so high a style of criticism that we cannot forbear to quote him. After remarking how fertile is the sense of smell in the milder and gentler charms of poetry, he observes: "But the smell has never been successfully used as the means of impressing the imagination with terror, pity, or any of the deeper emotions, except in this dreadful sleep-walking of the guilty Queen, and in one parallel scene of the Greek drama, as wildly terrible as this. It is that passage of the *Agamemnon* of Æschylus, where the captive prophetess Cassandra, wrapt in visionary inspiration, scents first the smell of blood, and then the vapors of the tomb breathing from the palace of Atrides, as ominous of his approaching murder. These two stand alone in poetry; and Fuseli in his lectures informs us, that when, in the kindred art of painting, it has been attempted to produce tragic effect through the medium of ideas drawn from 'this squeamish sense,' even Raphael and Poussin have failed, and excited disgust instead of terror or compassion."—And Mrs. Siddons, after quoting Lady Macbeth's—"All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand"— adds,—"How beautifully contrasted is the exclamation with the bolder image of Macbeth, in expressing the same feeling: 'Will all great Neptune's ocean wash the blood clean from this hand? And how appropriately either sex illustrates the same idea!"—H. N. H.

Gent. I would not have such a heart in my bosom for the dignity of the whole body.

Doct. Well, well, well,—

Gent. Pray God it be, sir.

Doct. This disease is beyond my practice: yet I have known those which have walked in their sleep who have died holily in their beds.

Lady M. Wash your hands; put on your night-gown; look not so pale: I tell you yet again, Banquo 's buried; he cannot come out on 's grave.

Doct. Even so?

Lady M. To bed, to bed; there 's knocking at the gate: come, come, come, come, give me your hand: what 's done cannot be undone: to bed, to bed, to bed. [*Exit.*

Doct. Will she go now to bed?

Gent. Directly.

Doct. Foul whisperings are abroad: unnatural deeds
Do breed unnatural troubles: infected minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets:
More needs she the divine than the physician.
God, God forgive us all! Look after her;
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,
And still keep eyes upon her. So good night:
My mind she has mated and amazed my sight:
I think, but dare not speak.

Gent. Good night, good doctor.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene II

The country near Dunsinane.

Drum and colors. Enter Menteith, Caithness, Angus, Lennox, and Soldiers.

Ment. The English power is near, led on by Malcolm,
His uncle Siward and the good Macduff:
Revenges burn in them; for their dear causes
Would to the bleeding and the grim alarm
Excite the mortified man.

Ang. Near Birnam wood
Shall we well meet them; that way are they coming.

Caith. Who knows if Donalbain be with his brother?

Len. For certain, sir, he is not: I have a file
Of all the gentry: there is Siward's son,
And many unrough youths, that even now
Protest their first of manhood.

Ment. What does the tyrant?

Caith. Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies:
Some say he 's mad; others, that lesser hate him,
Do call it valiant fury: but, for certain,
He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause
Within the belt of rule.

Ang. Now does he feel
His secret murders sticking on his hands;
Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach;
Those he commands move only in command,

Nothing in love: now does he feel his title
Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe
Upon a dwarfish thief.

Ment. Who then shall blame
His pester'd senses to recoil and start,
When all that is within him does condemn
Itself for being there?

Caith. Well, march we on,
To give obedience where 'tis truly owed:
Meet we the medicine of the sickly weal,
And with him pour we, in our country's purge,
Each drop of us.

Len. Or so much as it needs
To dew the sovereign flower and drown the weeds.
Make we our march towards Birnam.

[*Exeunt, marching.*

Scene III

Dunsinane. A room in the castle.

Enter Macbeth, Doctor, and Attendants.

Macb. Bring me no more reports; let them fly all:
Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane
I cannot taint with fear. What 's the boy Malcolm?
Was he not born of woman? The spirits that know

1. *"them," i. e.* the thanes.—I. G.

All mortal consequences have pronounced me thus:
'Fear not, Macbeth; no man that 's born of woman
Shall e'er have power upon thee.' Then fly, false thanes,
And mingle with the English epicures:
The mind I sway by and the heart I bear
Shall never sag with doubt nor shake with fear.

Enter a Servant.

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-faced loon!
Where got'st thou that goose look?

Serv. There is ten thousand—

Macb. Geese, villain?

Serv. Soldiers, sir.

Macb. Go prick thy face and over-red thy fear,
Thou lily-liver'd boy. What soldiers, patch!
Death of my soul! those linen cheeks of thine
Are counselors to fear. What soldiers, whey-face!

Serv. The English force, so please you.

Macb. Take thy face hence. [*Exit Servant.*
Seyton!—I am sick at heart,
When I behold—Seyton, I say!—This push
Will cheer me ever, or disseat me now.

11. *"cream-faced loon";* this word, which signifies *a base abject fellow,* is now only used in Scotland; it was formerly common in England, but spelled *lown,* and is justly considered by Horne Tooke as the past participle of *to low* or abase. *Lout* has the same origin. —H. N. H.

21. *"cheer";* Percy conj., adopted by Dyce, *"chair":* ——; *"disseat,"* Jennens and Capell conj., adopted by Steevens; F. 1, *"dis-*

I have lived long enough: my way of life
Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf,
And that which should accompany old age,
As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have; but, in their stead,
Curses, not loud but deep, mouth-honor, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.
Seyton!

Enter Seyton.

Sey. What 's your gracious pleasure?
Macb. What news more?
Sey. All is confirm'd, my lord, which was reported.
Macb. I 'll fight, till from my bones my flesh be hacked.
Give me my armor.
Sey. 'Tis not needed yet.
Macb. I 'll put it on.
Send out moe horses, skirr the country round;
Hang those that talk of fear. Give me mine armor.
How does your patient, doctor?

eate"; Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"disease"*; Bailey conj. *"disseize"*; Daniel conj. *"defeat"*; Furness, *"dis-ease"*; Perring conj. *"disheart."*—I. G.

22. *"way of life"*; Johnson proposed the unnecessary emendation *"May of life,"* and several editors have accepted the conjecture.—I. G.

For *"way* of life" Johnson and others would read *"May* of life," which will not go at all with the context; for Macbeth is not in the spring, but in the autumn of life; and the cause of his distress is not that his *old age* is premature, but that it is without its proper accompaniments. Gifford in his edition of Massinger says,—*"Way of life* is neither more nor less than a simple peraphrasis for *life"*; and he makes it good by many examples.—H. N. H.

Doct. Not so sick, my lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
That keep her from her rest.
Macb. Cure her of that.
Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased,
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
And with some sweet oblivious antidote
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff
Which weighs upon the heart?
Doct. Therein the patient
Must minister to himself.
Macb. Throw physic to the dogs, I 'll none of it.
Come, put mine armor on; give me my staff.
Seyton, send out. Doctor, the thanes fly from me.
Come, sir, dispatch. If thou couldst, doctor, cast
The water of my land, find her disease
And purge it to a sound and pristine health,
I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That should applaud again. Pull 't off, I say.
What rhubarb, senna, or what purgative drug,
Would scour these English hence? Hear'st thou of them?

44. *"stuff'd"*; Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"stuft"*; Pope, *"full"*; Steevens conj., adopted by Hunter, *"foul"*; Anon. conj. *"fraught"*; *"press'd"*; Bailey conj. *"stain'd"*; Mull conj. *"steep'd"*: ——; *"stuff"*; so Ff. 3, 4; Jackson conj. *"tuft"*; Collier (ed. 2), from Collier MS., *"grief"*; Keightley, *"matter"*; Anon. conj. *"slough," "freight"*; Kinnear conj. *"fraught."*—I. G.

50, 54, 58. In his disturbed state Macbeth puts on and takes off his armor.—C. H. H.

55. *"senna"*; so F. 4; F. 1, *"Cyme"*; Ff. 2, 3, *"Caeny"*; Bulloch conj. *"sirrah."*—I. G.

Doct. Aye, my good lord; your royal preparation
Makes us hear something.
Macb. Bring it after me.
I will not be afraid of death and bane
Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane.
Doct. [*Aside*] Were I from Dunsinane away and clear,
Profit again should hardly draw me here.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV

Country near Birnam wood

Drum and colors. Enter Malcolm, old Siward and his Son, Macduff, Menteith, Caithness, Angus, Lennox, Ross and Soldiers, marching.

Mal. Cousins, I hope the days are near at hand
That chambers will be safe.
Ment. We doubt it nothing.
Siw. What wood is this before us?
Ment. The wood of Birnam.
Mal. Let every soldier hew him down a bough,
And bear 't before him: thereby shall we shadow
The numbers of our host, and make discovery
Err in report of us.
Soldiers. It shall be done.
Siw. We learn no other but the confident tyrant
Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure
Our setting down before 't.
Mal. 'Tis his main hope:

58. "*it*," *i. e.* the armor.—I. G.

For where there is advantage to be given,
Both more and less have given him the revolt,
And none serve with him but constrained things
Whose hearts are absent too.

Macd. Let our just censures
Attend the true event, and put we on
Industrious soldiership.

Siw. The time approaches,
That will with due decision make us know
What we shall say we have and what we owe.
Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate,
But certain issue strokes must arbitrate:
Towards which advance the war.

[*Exeunt, marching.*

Scene VI

Dunsinane. Within the castle.

Enter Macbeth, Seyton, and Soldiers, with drum and colors.

Macb. Hang out our banners on the outward walls;
The cry is still 'They come;' our castle's strength
Will laugh a siege to scorn: here let them lie

11. Dr. Johnson thought that we should read,—"where there is *a vantage* to be *gone*,"—that is, when there is an opportunity to be gone, all ranks desert him. We might perhaps read,—"where there is advantage to be *gain'd*";—and the sense would be nearly similar, with less violence to the text of the old copy.—H. N. H.

18. Evidently meaning, when we have a king that will rule by law we shall know both our rights and our duties. We make this note simply because Mason and Singer have vented an unworthy sneer, not indeed at the Poet, but at the brave old warrior for speaking thus.—H. N. H.

Till famine and the ague eat them up:
Were they not forced with those that should be
ours,
We might have met them dareful, beard to
beard,
And beat them backward home.
[*A cry of women within.*
What is that noise?

Sey. It is the cry of women, my good lord. [*Exit.*

Macb. I have almost forgot the taste of fears: 9
The time has been, my senses would have cool'd
To hear a night-shriek, and my fell of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir
As life were in 't: I have supp'd full with hor-
rors;
Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,
Cannot once start me.

Re-enter Seyton.

Wherefore was that cry?

Sey. The queen, my lord, is dead.

Macb. She should have died hereafter;

6. *"dareful";* defiantly.—C. H. H.

17. Lady Macbeth's dying thus before her husband has been justly remarked upon as a most judicious point in the drama. It touches Macbeth in the only spot where he seems to retain the feelings of a man, and draws from him some deeply-solemn, soothing, elegiac tones; so that one rises from the contemplation of his awful history "a sadder and a wiser man." A critic in the *Edinburgh Review* is almost eloquent upon these closing passages: "Macbeth, left alone, resumes much of that connection with humanity which he had so long abandoned: his thoughtfulness becomes pathetic; and when at last he dies the death of a soldier, the stern satisfaction, with which we contemplate the act of justice that destroys him, is unalloyed by feelings of personal wrath or hatred. His fall is a sacrifice, and not a butchery."—H. N. H.

There would have been a time for such a word.
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life 's but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

Enter a Messenger.

Thou comest to use thy tongue; thy story quickly.

Mess. Gracious my lord,
I should report that which I say I saw,
But know not how to do it.

Macb. Well, say, sir.

Mess. As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
I look'd toward Birnam, and anon, methought,
The wood began to move.

Macb. Liar and slave!

21. *"the last syllable of recorded time"* seems to signify the utmost period fixed in the decrees of Heaven for the period of life.—H. N. H.

23. *"dusty death";* death brings back "dust to dust."—C. H. H.

28. Coleridge is eloquent upon this: "Alas for Macbeth! Now all is inward with him; he has no more prudential prospective reasonings. His wife, the only being who could have had any seat in his affections, dies: he puts on despondency, the final heart-armor of the wretched, and would fain think every thing shadowy and unsubstantial; as indeed all things are to those who cannot regard them as symbols of goodness."—H. N. H.

35. Here most modern editions insert a stage-direction, "[*Striking*

Mess. Let me endure your wrath, if 't be not so:
Within this three mile may you see it coming;
I say, a moving grove.
Macb. If thou speak'st false,
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,
Till famine cling thee: if thy speech be sooth,
I care not if thou dost for me as much.
I pull in resolution, and begin
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend
That lies like truth: 'Fear not, till Birnam wood
Do come to Dunsinane;' and now a wood
Comes toward Dunsinane. Arm, arm, and out!
If this which he avouches does appear,
There is nor flying hence nor tarrying here.
I 'gin to be a-weary of the sun,
And wish the estate o' the world were now undone.
Ring the alarum-bell! Blow, wind! come, wrack!
At least we 'll die with harness on our back.
[*Exeunt.*

him.]" There is none such in the old copies, and Mr. Kemble has shown ample reason why there should be none. "Such outrageous violence," says he, "does not belong to the feelings of a person overwhelmed with surprise, half doubting, half believing an event, at once in nature most strange, and to himself of the most fatal importance."—H. N. H.

42. *"I pull in"*; Johnson thought this should read,—"I *pall* in resolution," that is, *flag;* but Mason has brought from Fletcher a passage showing that *pull* is probably right: "All my spirits, as if they had heard my passing bell go for me, *pull in their powers,* and give me up to destiny."—H. N. H.

Scene VI

Dunsinane. Before the castle.

Drum and colors. Enter Malcolm, old Siward, Macduff, and their Army, with boughs.

Mal. Now near enough; your leavy screens throw down,
And show like those you are. You, worthy uncle,
Shall, with my cousin, your right noble son,
Lead our first battle: worthy Macduff and we
Shall take upon 's what else remains to do,
According to our order.

Siw. Fare you well.
Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night,
Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.

Macd. Make all our trumpets speak; give them all breath,
Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene VII

Another part of the field.

Alarums. Enter Macbeth.

Macb. They have tied me to a stake; I cannot fly,
But bear-like I must fight the course. What 's he

2. *"bear-like"*; this was a phrase at bear-baiting. "Also you shall

That was not born of woman? Such a one
Am I to fear, or none.

Enter young Siward.

Yo. Siw. What is thy name?
Macb. Thou 'lt be afraid to hear it.
Yo. Siw. No; though thou call'st thyself a hotter name
Than any is in hell.
Macb. My name 's Macbeth.
Yo. Siw. The devil himself could not pronounce a title
More hateful to mine ear.
Macb. No, nor more fearful.
Yo. Siw. Thou liest, abhorred tyrant; with my sword
I 'll prove the lie thou speak'st.
[*They fight, and young Siward is slain.*
Macb. Thou wast born of woman.
But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,
Brandish'd by man that 's of a woman born.
[*Exit.*

Alarums. Enter Macduff.

Macd. That way the noise is. Tyrant, show thy face!
If thou be'st slain and with no stroke of mine,
My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.
I cannot strike at wretched kerns, whose arms

see two ten-dog *courses* at the great bear" (*Antipodes,* by Brome).—H. N. H.

Are hired to bear their staves: either thou, Macbeth,
Or else my sword, with an unbatter'd edge,
I sheathe again undeeded. There thou shouldst be;
By this great clatter, one of greatest note
Seems bruited: let me find him, fortune!
And more I beg not. [*Exit. Alarums.*

Enter Malcolm and old Siward.

Siw. This way, my lord; the castle 's gently render'd:
The tyrant's people on both sides do fight;
The noble thanes do bravely in the war;
The day almost itself professes yours,
And little is to do.
Mal. We have met with foes
That strike beside us.
Siw. Enter, sir, the castle.
[*Exeunt. Alarum.*

Scene VIII

Another part of the field.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Why should I play the Roman fool, and die
On mine own sword? whiles I see lives, the gashes
Do better upon them.

22. *"bruited"* is *reported, noised* abroad; from *bruit,* Fr.—H. N. H.
24. *"gently render'd";* surrendered without resistance.—C. H. H.
1. Alluding probably to the suicide of Cato of Utica.—H. N. H.

Enter Macduff.

Macd. Turn, hell-hound, turn!
Macb. Of all men else I have avoided thee:
But get thee back; my soul is too much charged
With blood of thine already.
Macd. I have no words:
My voice is in my sword, thou bloodier villain
Than terms can give thee out! [*They fight.*
Macb. Thou losest labor:
As easy mayst thou the intrenchant air
With thy keen sword impress as make me bleed:
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests;
I bear a charmed life, which must not yield
To one of woman born.
Macd. Despair thy charm,
And let the angel whom thou still hast served
Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb
Untimely ripp'd.
Macb. Accursed be that tongue that tells me so,
For it hath cow'd my better part of man!
And be these juggling fiends no more believed,
That palter with us in a double sense;

7. *"my voice is in my sword";* thus Casca, in *Julius Cæsar:* "Speak, hands, for me."—H. N. H.

9. *"intrenchant";* the air which cannot be cut. So in *Hamlet:* "For it is as the air invulnerable."—H. N. H.

12. *"I bear a charmed life";* in the days of chivalry, the champion's arms being ceremoniously blessed, each took an oath that he used no *charmed* weapons. Macbeth, in allusion to this custom, tells Macduff of the security he had in the prediction of the spirit. To this likewise Posthumus alludes in *Cymbeline,* Act v.: "I, in mine own woe *charm'd,* could not find death."—H. N. H.

20. *"palter";* equivocate.—C. H. H.

That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope. I 'll not fight with thee.

Macd. Then yield thee, coward,
And live to be the show and gaze o' the time:
We 'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,
Painted upon a pole, and underwrit,
'Here may you see the tyrant.'

Macb. I will not yield,
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,
And to be baited with the rabble's curse.
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,
And thou opposed, being of no woman born,
Yet I will try the last: before my body
I throw my warlike shield: lay on, Macduff;
And damn'd be him that first cries 'Hold, enough!'

[*Exeunt, fighting. Alarums.*

Retreat. Flourish. Enter, with drum and colors, Malcolm, old Siward, Ross, the other Thanes, and Soldiers.

Mal. I would the friends we miss were safe arrived.

34. *"Hold, enough";* to cry *hold!* was the word of yielding, that is, when one of the combatants cries so. To cry *hold!* when persons were fighting, was an authoritative way of separating them, according to the old military laws. This is shown by a passage in Bellay's *Instructions for the Wars,* declaring it to be a capital offense "Whosoever shall strike stroke at his adversary, either in the heat or otherwise, if a third do cry *hold,* to the intent to part them." This illustrates the passage in Act i. sc. 5, of this play: "Nor heav'n peep through the blanket of the dark *to cry Hold! hold!*"—H. N. H.

Siw. Some must go off: and yet, by these I see,
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.
Mal. Macduff is missing, and your noble son.
Ross. Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's debt:
He only lived but till he was a man;
The which no sooner had his prowess confirm'd
In the unshrinking station where he fought,
But like a man he died.
Siw. Then he is dead?
Ross. Aye, and brought off the field: your cause of sorrow
Must not be measured by his worth, for then
It hath no end.
Siw. Had he his hurts before?
Ross. Aye, on the front.
Siw. Why then, God's soldier be he!
Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
I would not wish them to a fairer death:
And so his knell is knoll'd.
Mal. He 's worth more sorrow,
And that I 'll spend for him.
Siw. He 's worth no more:
They say he parted well and paid his score:
And so God be with him! Here comes newer comfort.

Re-enter Macduff, with Macbeth's head.

49. The same incident is related in Camden's *Remains,* from Henry of Huntingdon: "When Siward, the martial Earl of Northumberland, understood that his son, whom he had sent against the Scotchmen, was slain, he demanded whether his wounds were in the fore part or hinder part of his body. When it was answered, 'in the fore part,' he replied, *'I am right glad; neither wish I any other death to me or mine.'*"—H. N. H.

Macd. Hail, king! for so thou art: behold, where stands
The usurper's cursed head: the time is free:
I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's pearl,
That speak my salutation in their minds;
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine:
Hail, King of Scotland!

All. Hail, King of Scotland!

[*Flourish.*

Mal. We shall not spend a large expense of time
Before we reckon with your several loves,
And make us even with you. My thanes and kinsmen,
Henceforth be earls, the first that ever Scotland
In such an honor named. What 's more to do,
Which would be planted newly with the time,
As calling home our exiled friends abroad
That fled the snares of watchful tyranny,
Producing forth the cruel ministers
Of this dead butcher and his fiend-like queen,
Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent hands
Took off her life; this, and what needful else
That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace
We will perform in measure, time and place:
So thanks to all at once and to each one,
Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

56. *"thy kingdom's pearl";* the flower of thy nobles.—C. H. H.

63. *"Henceforth be earls";* "Malcolm, immediately after his coronation, called a parliament at Forfair; in the which he rewarded them with lands and livings that had assisted him against Macbeth. Manie of them that were before *thanes* were at this time made *earles;* as Fife, Menteith, Atholl, Lennox, Murrey, Caithness, Rosse, and Angus" (Holinshed).—H. N. H.

GLOSSARY

By Israel Gollancz, M.A.

A one, a man; (Theobald from Davenant, *"a Thane"*; Grant White, *"a man"*); III. iv. 131.

Absolute, positive; III. vi. 40.

Abuse, deceive; II. i. 50.

Acheron, the river of the infernal regions; III. v. 15.

Adder's fork, the forked tongue of the adder; IV. i. 16.

Addition, title; I. iii. 106.

Address'd them, prepared themselves; II. ii. 24.

Adhere, were in accordance; I. vii. 52.

Admired, wondrous-strange; III. iv. 110.

Advise, instruct; III. i. 129.

Afeard, afraid; I. iii. 96.

Affection, disposition; IV. iii. 77.

Affeer'd, confirmed; IV. iii. 34.

Alarm, call to arms; V. ii. 4.

Alarum'd, alarmed; II. i. 53.

All, any; III. ii. 11.

——; "and all to all," *i. e.* and we all (drink) to all; III. iv. 92.

All-thing, in every way; III. i. 13.

A-making, in course of progress; III. iv. 34.

Angel, genius, demon; V. viii. 14.

Angerly, angrily; III. v. 1.

Annoyance, hurt, harm; V. i. 84.

Anon, immediately; I. i. 10.

Anon, anon, "coming, coming"; the general answer of waiters; II. iii. 25.

An't, if it; (Ff., *"and 't"*); III. vi. 19.

Antic, grotesque, old-fashioned; IV. i. 130.

Anticipatest, dost prevent; IV. i. 144.

Apace, quickly; III. iii. 6.

Apply, be devoted; III. ii. 30.

Approve, prove; I. vi. 4.

Argument, subject, theme; II. iii. 131.

Arm'd, encased in armor; III. iv. 101.

Aroint thee, begone; I. iii. 6.

Artificial, made by art; III. v. 27.

As, as if; II. iv. 18.

Assay; "the great a. of art," the greatest effort of skill; IV. iii. 143.

Attend, await; III. ii. 3.

Augures, auguries; (?) augurs; III. iv. 124.

Authorized by, given on the authority of; III. iv. 66.

Avouch, assert; III. i. 120.

Baby of a girl, (?) girl's doll; according to others, "feeble child of an immature mother"; III. iv. 106.

Badged, smeared, marked (as with a badge); II. iii. 112.

Bane, evil, harm; V. iii. 59.
Battle, division of an army; V. vi. 4.
Beguile, deceive; I. v. 65.
Bellona, the goddess of war; I. ii. 54.
Bend up, strain; I. vii. 79.
Benison, blessing; II. iv. 40.
Bent, determined; III. iv. 134.
Best, good, suitable; III. iv. 5.
Bestow'd, staying; III. i. 30.
Bestows himself, has settled; III. vi. 24.
Bestride, stand over in posture of defense; IV. iii. 4.
Bides, lies; III. iv. 26.
Bill, catalogue; III. i. 100.
Birnam, a high hill twelve miles from Dunsinane; IV. i. 93.
Birthdom, land of our birth, mother-country; IV. iii. 4.
Bladed; "b. corn," corn in the blade, when the ear is still green; IV. i. 55.
Blind-worm, glow-worm; IV. i. 16.
Blood-bolter'd, locks matted into hard clotted blood; IV. i. 123.
Blow, blow upon; I. iii. 15.
Bodements, forebodings; IV. i. 96.
Boot; "to b.", in addition; IV. iii. 37.
Borne, conducted, managed; III. vi. 3.
Borne in hand, kept up by false hopes; III. i. 81.
Bosom, close and intimate; I. ii. 64.
Brainsickly, madly; II. ii. 46.
Break, disclose; I. vii. 48.
Breech'd, "having the very hilt, or breech, covered with blood"; (according to some "covered as with breeches"); II. iii. 127.
Breed, family, parentage; IV. iii. 108.
Brinded, brindled, streaked; IV. i. 1.
Bring, conduct; II. iii. 57.
Broad, plain-spoken; III. vi. 21.
Broil, battle; I. ii. 6.
Broke ope, broken open; II. iii. 77.
But, only; I. vii. 6.
By, past; IV. i. 137.
By the way, casually; III. iv. 130.

Cabin'd, confined; III. iv. 24.
Captains, trisyllabic; (S. Walker conj. *"captains twain"*); I. ii. 34.
Careless, uncared for; I. iv. 11.
Casing, encompassing, all surrounding; III. iv. 23.
'Cause, because; III. vi. 21.
Censures, opinion; V. iv. 14.
Champion me, fight in single combat with me; III. i. 72.
Chanced, happened, taken place; I. iii. 153.
Chaps, jaws, mouth; I. ii. 22.
Charge; "in an imperial c.", in executing a royal command; IV. iii. 20.
Charged, burdened, oppressed; V. i. 60.
Chaudron, entrails; IV. i. 33.
Children (trisyllabic); IV. iii. 177.
Choke their art, render their skill useless; I. ii. 9.
Chuck, a term of endearment; III. ii. 45.
Clear, serenely; I. v. 73.
——, innocent, guiltless; I. vii. 18.
——, unstained; II. i. 28.
Clearness, clear from suspicion; III. i. 133.

Clept, called; III. i. 94.
Cling, shrivel up; V. v. 40.
Close, join, unite; III. ii. 14.
Close, secret; III. v. 7.
Closed, enclosed; III. i. 99.
Cloudy, sullen, frowning; III. vi. 41.
Cock, cock-crow; "the second c.", *i. e.*, about three o'clock in the morning; II. iii. 29.
Coign of vantage, convenient corner; I. vi. 7.
Cold, (?) dissyllabic; IV. i. 6.
Colme-kill, *i. e.* Icolmkill, the cell of St. Columba; II. iv. 33.
Come, which have come; I. iii. 144.
Command upon, put your commands upon; III. i. 16.
Commends, commits, offers; I. vii. 11.
Commission; "those in c.", those entrusted with the commission; I. iv. 2.
Composition, terms of peace; I. ii. 59.
Compt; "in c.", in account; I. vi. 26.
Compunctious, prickling the conscience; I. v. 47.
Concluded, decided; III. i. 141.
Confineless, boundless, limitless; IV. iii. 55.
Confounds, destroys, ruins; II. ii. 11.
Confronted, met face to face; I. ii. 55.
Confusion, destruction; II. iii. 76.
Consequences; *v.* mortal; V. iii. 5.
Consent, counsel, proposal; II. i. 25.
Constancy, firmness; II. ii. 68.
Contend against, vie with; I. vi. 16.
Content, satisfaction; III. ii. 5.
Continent, restraining; IV. iii. 64.
Convert, change; IV. iii. 229.
Convey, "indulge secretly"; IV. iii. 71.
Convince, overpower; I. vii. 64.
Convinces, overpowers; IV. iii. 142.
Copy, (?) copyhold, non-permanent tenure; III. ii. 38.
Corporal, corporeal; I. iii. 81.
——; "each c. agent," *i. e.* "each faculty of the body"; I. vii. 80.
Counselors; "c. to fear," fear's counselors, *i. e.* "suggest fear"; V. iii. 17.
Countenance, "be in keeping with"; II. iii. 90.
Crack of doom, burst of sound, thunder, at the day of doom; IV. i. 117.
Cracks, charges; I. ii. 37.
Crown, head; IV. i. 113.

Dainty of, particular about; II iii. 155.
Dear, deeply felt; V. ii. 3.
Degrees, degrees of rank; III. iv. 1.
Deliver thee, report to thee; I. v. 12.
Delivers, communicates to us; III. iii. 2.
Demi-wolves, a cross between dogs and wolves; III. i. 94.
Denies, refuses; III. iv. 128.
Detraction, defamation; "mine own d.", the evil things I have spoken against myself; IV. iii. 123.
Devil (monosyllabic); I. iii. 107.
Dew, bedew; V. ii. 30.
Disjoint, fall to pieces; III. ii. 16.
Displaced, banished; III. iv. 109.

Dispute it, fight against it; (?) reason upon it (Schmidt); IV. iii. 220.
Disseat, unseat; V. iii. 21.
Distance, hostility; III. i. 116.
Doff, do off, put off; IV. iii. 188.
Doubt, fear, suspect; IV. ii. 67.
Drink; "my d.," *i. e.* "my *posset*"; II. i. 31.
Drowse, become drowsy; III. ii. 52.
Dudgeon, handle of a dagger; II. i. 46.
Dunnest, darkest; I. v. 53.

Earnest, pledge, money paid beforehand; I. iii. 104.
Easy, easily; II. iii. 148.
Ecstasy, any state of being beside one's self, violent emotion; III. ii. 22.
Effects, acts, actions; V. i. 11.
Egg, term of contempt; IV. ii. 83.
Eminence, distinction; III. ii. 31.
England, the King of England; IV. iii. 43.
Enkindle, incite; I. iii. 121.
Enow, enough; II. iii. 7.
Entrance, (trisyllabic); I. v. 41.
Equivocate to heaven, get to heaven by equivocation; II. iii. 13.
Equivocator, (probably alluding to Jesuitical equivocation; Garnet, the superior of the order was on his trial in March, 1606); II. iii. 10.
Estate, royal dignity, succession to the crown; I. iv. 37.
Eternal jewel, immortal soul; III. i. 68.
Eterne, perpetual; III. ii. 38.
Evil, king's evil, scrofula; IV. iii. 146.
Exasperate, exasperated; III. vi. 38.
Expectation, those guests who are expected; III. iii. 10.
Expedition, haste; II. iii. 121.
Extend, prolong; III. iv. 57.

Fact, act, deed; III. vi. 10.
Faculties, powers, prerogatives; I. vii. 17.
Fain, gladly; V. iii. 28.
Fantastical, imaginary; I. iii. 53; I. iii. 139.
Farrow, litter of pigs; IV. i. 65.
Favor, pardon; I. iii. 149.
——, countenance, face; I. v. 74.
Fears, objects of fear; I. iii. 137.
Feed, "to f.", feeding; III. iv. 35.
Fee-grief, "grief that hath a single owner"; IV. iii. 196.
Fell, scalp; V. v. 11.
——, cruel, dire; IV. ii. 71.
Fellow, equal; II. iii. 73.
File, list; V. ii. 8.
——; "the valued f.", list of qualities; III. i. 95.
Filed, made foul, defiled; III. i. 65.
First; "at f. and last," (?) once for all, from the beginning to the end; (Johnson conj. *"to f. and next"*); III. iv. 1.
Fits, caprices; IV. ii. 17.
Flaws, storms of passion; III. iv. 63.
Flighty, fleeting; IV. i. 145.
Flout, mock, defy; I. ii. 49.
Fly, fly from me; V. iii. 1.
Foisons, plenty, rich harvests; IV. iii. 88.
Follows, attends; I. vi. 11.
For, because of; III. i. 121.
——, as for, as regards; IV. ii. 15.
Forbid, cursed, blasted; I. iii. 21.
Forced, strengthened; V. v. 5.

FORGE, fabricate, invent; IV. iii. 82.
FORSWORN, perjured; IV. iii. 126.
FOUNDED, firmly fixed; III. iv. 22.
FRAME OF THINGS, universe; III. ii. 16.
FRANCHISED, free, unstained; II. i. 28.
FREE, freely; I. iii. 155.
——, honorable; III. vi. 36.
——, remove, do away; (Steevens conj. *"Fright"* or *"Fray"*; Bailey conj., adopted by Hudson, *"Keep"*; Kinnear conj. *"Rid"*); III. vi. 35.
FRENCH HOSE, probably a reference to the narrow, straight hose, in contradistinction to the round, wide hose; II. iii. 17.
FRIGHT, frighten, terrify; IV. ii. 70.
FROM, differently from; III. i. 100.
——, in consequence of, on account of; III. vi. 21.
FRY, literally a swarm of young fishes; here used as a term of contempt; IV. ii. 84.
FUNCTION, power of action; I. iii. 140.
FURBISH'D, burnished; I. ii. 32.

GALLOWGLASSES, heavy-armed Irish troops; (F. 1, *"Gallowgrosses"*); I. ii. 13.
GENIUS, spirit of good or ill; III. i. 56.
GENTLE SENSES, senses which are soothed (by the "gentle" air); (Warburton, *"general sense"*; Johnson conj., adopted by Capell, *"gentle sense"*); I. vi. 3.
GERMINS, germs, seeds; IV. i. 59.
GET, beget; I. iii. 67.
GIN, a trap to catch birds; IV. ii. 35.
'GINS, begins; I. ii. 25.
GIVES OUT, proclaims; IV. iii. 192.
GOD 'ILD US, corruption of *"God yield us"*; (Ff., *"God-eyld us"*); I. vi. 13.
GOLGOTHA, *i. e.* "the place of a skull" (*cp.* Mark xv. 22); I. ii. 40.
GOOD, brave; IV. iii. 3.
GOODNESS; "the chance of g.", "the chance of success"; IV. iii. 136.
GOOSE, a tailor's smoothing iron; II. iii. 19.
GOSPELL'D, imbued with Gospel teaching; III. i. 88.
GO TO, GO TO, an exclamation of reproach; V. i. 51.
GOUTS, drops; II. i. 46.
GRACED, gracious, full of graces; III. iv. 41.
GRANDAM, grandmother; III. iv. 66.
GRAVE, weighty; III. i. 22.
GRAYMALKIN, a gray cat, (the familiar spirit of the First Witch; *"malkin"* diminutive of "Mary"); I. i. 9.
GRIPE, grasp; III. i. 62.
GROOMS, servants of any kind; II. ii. 5.
GULF, gullet; IV. i. 23.

HAIL (dissyllabic); I. ii. 5.
HARBINGER, forerunner, an officer of the king's household; I. iv. 45.
HARDLY, with difficulty; V. iii. 62.
HARMS, injuries; "my h.", injuries inflicted by me; IV. iii. 55.
HARP'D, hit, touched; IV. i. 74.

HARPIER, probably a corruption of *Harpy;* IV. i. 3.
HAVING, possessions; I. iii. 56.
HEAR, talk with; III. iv. 32.
HEART; "any h.", the heart of any man; III. vi. 15.
HEAVILY, sadly; IV. iii. 182.
HECATE, the goddess of hell; (one of the names of Artemis-Diana, as goddess of the infernal regions); II. i. 52.
HEDGE-PIG, hedge-hog; IV. i. 2.
HERMITS, beadsmen; men bound to pray for their benefactors; (F. 1, *"Ermites"*); I. vi. 20.
HIE THEE, hasten; I. v. 27.
HIS, this man's; IV. iii. 80.
HOLDS, withholds; III. vi. 25.
HOLP, helped; I. vi. 23.
HOME, thoroughly, completely; I. iii. 120.
HOMELY, humble; IV. ii. 68.
HOODWINK, blind; IV. iii. 72.
HORSES (monosyllabic); II. iv. 14.
HOUSEKEEPER, watch dog; III. i. 97.
HOWLET'S, owlet's; IV. i. 17.
HOW SAY'ST THOU, what do you think!; III. iv. 128.
HUMANE, human; III. iv. 76.
HURLYBURLY, tumult, uproar; I. i. 3.
HUSBANDRY, economy; II. i. 4.
HYRCAN TIGER, *i. e.* tiger of Hyrcania, a district south of the Caspian; III. iv. 101.

IGNORANT, *i. e.* of future events; I. v. 59.
ILL-COMPOSED, compounded of evil qualities; IV. iii. 77.
ILLNESS, evil; I. v. 22.
IMPRESS, force into his service; IV. i. 95.
IN, under the weight of; IV. iii. 20.
INCARNADINE, make red; II. ii. 62.
INFORMS, takes visible form; II. i. 48.
INITIATE; "the i. fear," "the fear that attends, *i. e.* the first initiation (into guilt)"; III. iv. 143.
INSANE; "the i. root," the root which causes insanity; I. iii. 84.
INSTANT, present moment; I. v. 60.
INTERDICTION, exclusion; IV. iii. 107.
INTERMISSION, delay; IV. iii. 232.
INTRENCHANT, indivisible; V. viii. 9.

JEALOUSIES, suspicions; IV. iii. 29.
JUMP, hazard, risk; I. vii. 7.
JUST, exactly; III. iii. 4.
JUTTY, jetty, projection; I. vi. 6.

KERNS, light-armed Irish troops; I. ii. 13.
KNOWINGS, knowledge, experiences; II. iv. 4.
KNOWLEDGE; "the k.", what you know; (Collier MS. and Walker conj. *"thy k."*); I. ii. 6.

LACK, want, requirement; IV. iii. 237.
LACK, miss; III. iv. 84.
LAPP'D, wrapped; I. ii. 54.
LARGE, liberal, unrestrained; III. iv. 11.
LATCH, catch; IV. iii. 195.
LATED, belated; III. iii. 6.
LAVE, keep clear and unsullied; III. ii. 33.
LAVISH, unrestrained, insolent; I. ii. 57.

Lay, did lodge; II. iii. 64.
Lease of nature, term of natural life; IV. i. 99.
Leave, leave off; III. ii. 35.
Left unattended, forsaken, deserted; II. ii. 69.
Lesser, less; V. ii. 13.
Lies; "swears and l.", *i. e.* "swears allegiance and commits perjury"; (*cp.* IV. ii. 51 for the literal sense of the phrase); IV. ii. 47.
Lighted, descended; II. iii. 153.
Like, same; II. i. 30.
——, likely; II. iv. 29.
——, equal, the same; IV. iii. 8.
Lily-liver'd, cowardly; V. iii. 15.
Limbec, alembic, still; I. vii. 67.
Lime, bird-lime; IV. ii. 34.
Limited, appointed; II. iii. 62.
Line, strengthen; I. iii. 112.
List, lists, place marked out for a combat; III. i. 71.
Listening, listening to; II. ii. 28.
Lo; "lo you," *i. e.* look you; V. i. 22.
Lodged, laid, thrown down; IV. i. 55.
Look, expect; V. iii. 26.
Loon, brute; V. iii. 11.
Luxurious, lustful; IV. iii. 58.

Maggot-pies, magpies; III. iv. 125.
Mansionry, abode; I. vi. 5.
Mark, take heed, listen; I. ii. 28.
——, notice; V. i. 46.
Marry, a corruption of the Virgin Mary; a slight oath; III. vi. 4.
Mated, bewildered; V. i. 86.
Maws, stomachs; III. iv. 73.
May I, I hope I may; III. iv. 42.
Medicine, "physician"; (?) physic; V. ii. 27.
Meek, meekly; I. vii. 17.
Memorize, make memorable, make famous; I. ii. 40.
Mere, absolutely; IV. iii. 89.
Mere, utter, absolute; IV. iii. 152.
Metaphysical, supernatural; I. v. 31.
Minion, darling, favorite; I. ii. 19; II. iv. 15.
Minutely, "happening every minute, continual"; V. ii. 18.
Missives, messengers; I. v. 7.
Mistrust; "he needs not our m.", *i. e.* we need not mistrust him; III. iii. 2.
Mockery, delusive imitation; III. iv. 107.
Modern, ordinary; IV. iii. 170.
Moe, more; V. iii. 35.
Monstrous (trisyllabic); III. vi. 8.
Mortal, deadly, murderous; I. v. 43.
——, "m. murders," deadly wounds; III. iv. 81.
——, "m. consequences," what befalls man in the course of time; V. iii. 5.
Mortality, mortal life; II. iii. 103.
Mortified, dead, insensible; V. ii. 5.
Mounch'd, chewed with closed lips; I. iii. 5.
Muse, wonder; III. iv. 85.
Must be, was destined to be; IV. iii. 212.

Napkins, handkerchiefs; II. iii. 7.
Nature; "nature's mischief," man's evil propensities; I. v. 52.
——; "in n.", in their whole nature; II. iv. 16.
Naught, vile thing; IV. iii. 225.

Nave, navel, middle; (Warburton *"nape"*); I. ii. 22.
Near, nearer; II. iii. 152.
Near'st of life, inmost life, most vital parts; III. i. 118.
Nice, precise, minute; IV. iii. 174.
Nightgown, dressing gown; II. ii. 70.
Noise, music; IV. i. 106.
Norways', Norwegians'; I. ii. 59.
Norweyan, Norwegian; I. ii. 31.
Note, notoriety; III. ii. 44.
——, list; III. iii. 10.
——, notice; III. iv. 56.
Nothing, not at all; I. iii. 96.
——, nobody; IV. iii. 166.
Notion, apprehension; III. i. 83.

Oblivious, causing forgetfulness; V. iii. 43.
Obscure; "o. bird," *i. e.* the bird delighting in darkness, the owl; II. iii. 69.
Odds; "at o.", at variance; III. iv. 127.
O'erfraught, overcharged, overloaded; IV. iii. 210.
Of, from; IV. i. 81.
——, with; (Hanmer, *"with"*); I. ii. 13.
——, over; I. iii. 33.
——, by; III. vi. 4; III. vi. 27.
——, for; IV. iii. 95.
Offices, duty, employment; III. iii. 3.
——, *i. e.* domestic offices, servants' quarters; II. i. 14.
Old (used colloquially); II. iii. 2.
On, of; I. iii. 84.
Once, ever; IV. iii. 167.
One, wholly, uniformly; II. ii. 63.
On's, of his; V. i. 70.
On't, of it; III. i. 114.
Open'd, unfolded; IV. iii. 52.
Or ere, before; IV. iii. 173.
Other, others; I. iii. 14.
——, "the o.", *i. e.* the other side; I. vii. 28.
——, otherwise; I. vii. 77.
Other's, other man's; IV. iii. 80.
Ourselves, one another; III. iv. 32.
Out, *i. e.* in the field; IV. iii. 183.
Outrun, did outrun; (Johnson, *"outran"*); II. iii. 122.
Overcome, overshadow; III. iv. 111.
Over-red, redden over; V. iii. 14.
Owe, own, possess; I. iii. 76.
Owed, owned; I. iv. 10.

Paddock, toad (the familiar spirit of the second witch); I. i. 10.
Pall, wrap, envelop; I. v. 53.
Passion, strong emotion; III. iv. 57.
Patch, fool (supposed to be derived from the patched or motley coat of the jester); V. iii. 15.
Peak, dwindle away; I. iii. 23.
Pent-house lid, *i. e.* eye-lids; I. iii. 20.
Perfect, well, perfectly acquainted; IV. ii. 66.
Pester'd, troubled; V. ii. 23.
Place, "pitch, the highest elevation of a hawk"; a term of falconry; II. iv. 12.
Point; "at a p.", "prepared for any emergency"; IV. iii. 135.
Poor, feeble; III. ii. 14.
Poorly, dejectedly, unworthily; II. ii. 72.
Portable, endurable; IV. iii. 89.
Possess, fill; IV. iii. 202.
Possets, drink; "posset is hot milk poured on ale or sack,

having sugar, grated bisket, and eggs, with other ingredients boiled in it, which goes all to a curd"; (Randle Holmes' *Academy of Armourie,* 1688); II. ii. 6.

Posters, speedy travelers; I. iii. 33.

Power, armed force, army; IV. iii. 185.

Predominance, superior power, influence; an astrological term; II. iv. 8.

Present, present time; I. v. 59.

——, instant, immediate; I. ii. 64.

——, offer; III. ii. 31.

Presently, immediately; IV. iii. 145.

Pretense, purpose, intention; II. iii. 142.

Pretend, intend; II. iv. 24.

Probation; "passed in p. with you," proved, passing them in detail, one by one; III. i. 80.

Profound, "having deep or hidden qualities" (Johnson); (?) "deep, and therefore ready to fall" (Clar. Pr.); III. v. 24.

Proof, proved armor; I. ii. 54.

Proper, fine, excellent (used ironically); III. iv. 60.

Protest, show publicly, proclaim; V. ii. 11.

Purged, cleansed; III. iv. 76.

Purveyor, an officer of the king sent before to provide food for the King and his retinue, as the *harbinger* provided lodging; I. vi. 22.

Push, attack, onset; V. iii. 20.

Put on, set on, (?) set to work; IV. iii. 239.

Put upon, falsely attribute; I. vii. 70.

Quarry, a heap of slaughtered game; IV. iii. 206.

Quell, murder; I. vii. 72.

Quiet; "at q.", in quiet, at peace; II. iii. 20.

Ravel'd, tangled; II. ii. 37.

Ravin'd, ravenous; IV. i. 24.

Ravin up, devour greedily; II. iv. 28.

Rawness, hurry; IV. iii. 26.

Readiness; "manly r.", complete clothing (opposed to "naked frailties"); II. iii. 144.

Receipt, receptacle; I. vii. 66.

Received, believed; I. vii. 74.

Recoil, swerve; IV. iii. 19.

——; "to r.", for recoiling; V. ii. 23.

Relation, narrative; IV. iii. 173.

Relations, "the connection of effects with causes"; III. iv. 124.

Relish, smack; IV. iii. 95.

Remembrance, quadrisyllabic; III. ii. 30.

Remembrancer, reminder; III. iv. 37.

Remorse, pity; I. v. 46.

Require, ask her to give; III. iv. 6.

Resolve yourselves, decide, make up your minds; III. i. 138.

Rest, remain; I. vi. 20.

——, give rest; IV. iii. 227.

Return, give back; I. vi. 28.

Ronyon, a term of contempt; I. iii. 6.

Roof'd, gathered under one roof; III. iv. 40.

Rooky, gloomy, foggy; (Jennens, *"rocky"*); III. ii. 51.

Round, circlet, crown; I. v. 30.

——; "r. and top of sovereignty," *i. e.* "the crown, the top or

summit of sovereign power"; IV. i. 87.

——, dance in a circle; IV. i. 130.

Rubs, hindrances, impediments; III. i. 134.

Rump-fed, well-fed, pampered; I. iii. 6.

Safe toward, with a sure regard to; I. iv. 27.

Sag, droop, sink; V. iii. 10.

Saint Colme's inch, the island of Columba, now Inchcolm, in the Firth of Forth; I. ii. 61.

Saucy, insolent, importunate; (?) pungent, sharp, gnawing (Koppel); III. iv. 25.

Say to, tell; I. ii. 6.

'Scaped, escaped; III. iv. 20.

Scarf up, blindfold; III. ii. 47.

Scone, the ancient coronation place of the kings of Scotland; II. iv. 31.

Scotch'd, "cut with shallow incisions" (Theobald's emendation of Ff., *"scorch'd"*); III. ii. 13.

Season, seasoning; III. iv. 141.

Seat, situation; I. vi. 1.

Seated, fixed firmly; I. iii. 136.

Security, confidence, consciousness of security, carelessness; III. v. 32.

Seeling, blinding (originally a term of falconry); III. ii. 46.

Seems; "that s. to speak things strange," *i. e.* "whose appearance corresponds with the strangeness of his message" (Clar. Pr.); (Johnson conj. *"teems"*; Collier MS., *"comes,"* etc.); I. ii. 47.

Self-abuse, self-delusion; III. iv. 142.

Self-comparisons, measuring himself with the other; I. ii. 55.

Selfsame, very same; I. iii. 88.

Sennet, a set of notes on trumpet or cornet; III. i. 10–11.

Se'nnights, seven nights, weeks; I. iii. 22.

Sensible, perceptible, tangible; II. i. 36.

Sergeant (trisyllabic); I. ii. 3.

Set forth, showed; I. iv. 6.

Settled, determined; I. vii. 79.

Sewer, one who tasted each dish to prove there was no poison in it; I. vii. (direct.).

Shag-ear'd, having hairy ears; (Steevens conj., adopted by Singer (ed. 2) and Hudson, *"shag-hair'd"*); IV. ii. 83.

Shall, will; II. i. 29.

——, I shall; IV. ii. 23.

Shame, am ashamed; II. ii. 64.

Shard-borne, borne by scaly wingcases; (Davenant, *"sharp-brow'd"*; Daniel conj. *"sharn-bode"*; Upton conj. *"sharn-born"*); III. ii. 42.

Shift, steal, quietly get; II. iii. 156.

Shipman's card, the card of the compass; I. iii. 17.

Shough, a kind of shaggy dog; (Ff., *"Showghes"*; Capell, *"shocks"*); III. i. 94.

Should be, appear to be; I. iii. 45.

Show, dumb-show; IV. i. 111–112.

——, appear; I. iii. 54.

Shut up, enclosed, enveloped; II. i. 16.

Sicken, be surfeited; IV. i. 60.

Sightless, invisible; I. vii. 23.

Sights; Collier MS. and Singer MS. *"flights"*; Grant White *"sprites"*; IV. i. 155.

Sinel, Macbeth's father, according to Holinshed; I. iii. 71.
Single, individual; I. iii. 140.
——, simple, small; I. vi. 16.
Sirrah, used in addressing an inferior; here used playfully; IV. ii. 30.
Skirr, scour; V. iii. 35.
Slab, thick, glutinous; IV. i. 32.
Sleave, sleave-silk, floss silk; II. ii. 37.
Sleek o'er, smooth; III. ii. 27.
Sleights, feats of dexterity; III. v. 26.
Slipp'd, let slip; II. iii. 57.
Sliver'd, slipped off; IV. i. 28.
Smack, have the taste, savor; I. ii. 44.
So, like grace, gracious; IV. iii. 24.
So well, as well; I. ii. 43.
Sole, alone, mere; IV. iii. 12.
Solemn, ceremonious, formal; III. i. 14.
Soliciting, inciting; I. iii. 130.
Solicits, entreats, moves by prayer; IV. iii. 149.
Something, some distance; III. i. 132.
Sometime, sometimes; I. vi. 11.
Sorely, heavily; V. i. 59.
Sorriest, saddest; III. ii. 9.
Sorry, sad; II. ii. 20.
Speak, bespeak, proclaim; IV. iii. 159.
Speculation, intelligence; III. iv. 95.
Speed; "had the s. of him," has outstripped him; I. v. 37.
Spongy, imbibing like a sponge; I. vii. 71.
Spring, source; I. ii. 27.
Sprites, spirits; IV. i. 127.
Spy, *v.* Note; III. i. 130.
Stableness, constancy; IV. iii. 92.
Staff, lance; V. iii. 48.
Stamp, stamped coin; IV. iii. 153.
Stanchless, insatiable; IV. iii. 78.
Stand, remain; III. i. 4.
Stand not upon, do not be particular about; III. iv. 119.
State, chair of State; III. iv. 5.
State of honor, noble rank, condition; IV. ii. 66.
Stay, wait for; IV. iii. 142.
Stays, waits; III. v. 35.
Sticking-place, *i. e.* "the place in which the peg of a stringed instrument remains fast; the proper degree of tension"; I. vii. 60.
Stir, stirring, moving; I. iii. 144.
Storehouse, place of burial; II. iv. 34.
Strange, new; I. iii. 145.
——; "s. and self-abuse," *i. e.* (?) "my abuse of others and myself"; III. iv. 142.
Strangely-visited, afflicted with strange diseases; IV. iii. 150.
Stuff'd, crammed, full to bursting; V. iii. 44.
Substances, forms; I. v. 51.
Sudden, violent; IV. iii. 59.
Suffer, perish; III. ii. 16.
Suffering; "our s. country," *i. e.* our country suffering; III. vi. 48.
Suggestion, temptation, incitement; I. iii. 134.
Summer-seeming, "appearing like summer; seeming to be the effect of a transitory and short-lived heat of the blood" (Schmidt); (Warburton, *"summer-teeming"*; Johnson, *"fume, or seething,"* &c.); IV. iii. 86.
Sundry, various; IV. iii. 48.

Surcease, cessation; I. vii. 4.
Surveying, noticing, perceiving; I. ii. 31.
Sway by, am directed by; V. iii. 9.
Swears, swears allegiance; IV. ii. 47.

Taint, be infected; V. iii. 3.
Taking-off, murder, death; I. vii. 20.
Teems, teems with; IV. iii. 176.
Temperance, moderation, self-restraint; IV. iii. 92.
Tending, tendance, attendance; I. v. 39.
Tend on, wait on; I. v. 43.
That, so that; I. ii. 58.
——; "to th.", to that end, for that purpose; I. ii. 10.
Therewithal, therewith; III. i. 34.
Thirst, desire to drink; III. iv. 91.
Thought; "upon a th.", in as small an interval as one can think a thought; III. iv. 55.
——, being borne in mind; III. i. 132.
Thralls, slaves, bondmen; III. vi. 13.
Threat, threaten; II. i. 60.
Till that, till; I. ii. 54.
Timely, betimes, early; II. iii. 56.
——, "to gain the t. inn," opportune; III. iii. 7.
Titles, possessions; IV. ii. 7.
To, in addition to; I. vi. 19.
——, according to; III. iii. 4.
——, compared to; III. iv. 64.
——, for, as; IV. iii. 10.
——, linked with, "prisoner to"; III. iv. 25.
Top, overtop, surpass; IV. iii. 57.
Top-full, full to the top, brimful; I. v. 44.
Touch, affection, feeling; IV. ii. 9.
Touch'd, injured, hurt; IV. iii. 14.
Towering, turning about, soaring, flying high (a term of falconry); II. iv. 12.
Trace, follow; IV. i. 153.
Trains, artifices, devices; IV. iii. 118.
Trammel up, entangle as in a net; I. vii. 3.
Transport, convey; IV. iii. 181.
Transpose, change; IV. iii. 21.
Treble scepters, symbolical of the three kingdoms—England, Scotland, and Ireland; IV. i. 121.
Trifled, made trifling, made to sink into insignificance; II. iv. 4.
Tugg'd; "t. with fortune," pulled about in wrestling with fortune; III. i. 112.
Two-fold balls, probably referring to the double coronation of James, at Scone and Westminster (Clar. Pr.); according to others the reference is to the union of the two islands; IV. i. 121.
Tyranny, usurpation; IV. iii. 67.
Tyrant, usurper; III. vi. 22.

Unfix, make to stand on end; I. iii. 135.
Unrough, beardless; V. ii. 10.
Unspeak, recall, withdraw; IV. iii. 123.
Untitled, having no title or claim; IV. iii. 104.
Unto, to; I. iii. 121.
Upon, to; III. vi. 30.
Uproar, "stir up to tumult"

(Schmidt); (Ff. 1, 2, *"uprore"*; Keightley, *"Uproot"*); IV. iii. 99.

Use, experience; III. iv. 143.

Using, cherishing, entertaining; III. ii. 10.

Utterance; "to the u.", *i. e. à outrance* = to the uttermost; III. i. 72.

Vantage, opportunity; I. ii. 31.

Verity, truthfulness; IV. iii. 92.

Visards, masks; III. ii. 34.

Vouch'd, assured, warranted; III. iv. 34.

Want; "cannot w.", can help; III. vi. 8.

Warranted, justified; IV. iii. 137.

Wassail, revelry; I. vii. 64.

Watching, waking; V. i. 12.

Water-rug, a kind of poodle; III. i. 94.

What, who; IV. iii. 49.

What is, *i. e.* what is the time of; III. iv. 126.

When 'tis, *i. e.* "when the matter is effected"; II. i. 25.

Whether (monosyllabic); I. iii. 111.

Which, who; V. i. 66.

While then, till then; III. i. 44.

Whispers, whispers to; IV. iii. 210.

Wholesome, healthy; IV. iii. 105.

With, against; IV. iii. 90.

——, by; III. i. 63.

——, on; IV. ii. 32.

Without, outside; III. iv. 14.

——, beyond; III. ii. 11, 12.

Witness, testimony, evidence; II. ii. 47.

Worm, small serpent; III. iv. 29.

Would, should; I. vii. 34.

Wrought, agitated; I. iii. 149.

Yawning peal, a peal which lulls to sleep; III. ii. 43.

Yesty, foaming; IV. i. 53.

Yet, in spite of all, notwithstanding; IV. iii. 69.

STUDY QUESTIONS

By Anne Throop Craig

GENERAL

1. What is the historic basis of the action of this drama?

2. What is the dramatic divergence from the *Chronicles* in the portrayal of Macbeth?

3. What social condition characterized the times in which the scene is laid?

4. Trace the development of Macbeth's course of crimes, from step to step. Analyze the impelling causes.

5. Upon what state of mind in Macbeth do the Weird Sisters react? Of what are they the abiding symbol?

6. Had Macbeth legally, according to record, an equal claim to the throne with Duncan? How would such a preliminary situation for him make the Sisters' prophecy naturally take swift hold upon his fancy?

7. What impression is given of Lady Macbeth's nature? Describe her intellectual processes with regard to the crimes to which she is accessory;—the development of her emotional experiences as they are made to appear, because of them.

8. Describe the influence of these two persons, Macbeth and his wife, upon each other, in instigation and reaction.

9. What are the qualities of the drama, and its marked features in respect of movement, color, and the casting of its plan?

10. What is historically said of the government of Duncan? What is the main feature of it brought forward in the drama? Is there a dramatic purpose in this, and, if so, what, especially by contrast with the dramatic portrayal of his cousin, Macbeth?

ACT I

11. For what does the opening of the play prepare us?
12. In scene ii what is the report of Macbeth?
13. With what people were the Scots at war?
14. What is the significance of the effect of the Weird Sisters' prophecy upon Banquo as compared with that it has upon Macbeth?
15. What does Banquo say that might be construed as a warning to Macbeth against dangerous ambitions,—or his own suspicions of their possibility in Macbeth's mind?
16. What do we infer as to the keynote of Macbeth's nature from Lady Macbeth's words upon reading his letter?
17. What gives the effect of fatality to the messenger's news of Duncan's approach, close upon the receipt by Lady Macbeth of her husband's letter?
18. Trace the development of her idea with regard to Duncan.
19. What is the dramatic effect of her manner of meeting with Duncan, in the midst of her treacherous scheming?
20. What is the distinguishing feature of Lady Macbeth's attitude toward the contemplated deed, by contrast with her husband's?

ACT II

21. What is portentous in the opening lines?
22. What may we suppose has been the drift of the "cursed thoughts" Banquo refers to? Does this make it necessary to judge that he has any definite suspicions of Macbeth or only vague ones, that his nature would try to repudiate? Which is most in keeping with Banquo's character as portrayed?
23. Describe scene ii, especially the effect of the noises of the night upon the two guilty ones after the murder has been done, and the effect of the knocking upon the atmosphere and tension of the scene.

24. Comment upon the interlude of the Porter's entrance and soliloquy. Describe its relation to the immediately preceding and succeeding incidents.

25. Why does Lady Macbeth swoon and cry to be taken out?

26. What is the apparent view of Donalbain and Malcolm concerning the murder of their father? What do they do accordingly?

27. Upon whom is suspicion of the deed placed, through their flight?

28. Does the Old Man imply anything significant of the truth of the situation, in any of his lines? What does his introduction serve?

ACT III

29. How do Macbeth and his queen arrange to get Banquo in their power?

30. What do Banquo's opening lines import? Is there any significant contrast between him and Macbeth conveyed through them?

31. How does Macbeth work upon the minds of the hired murderers, to stir them against Banquo?

32. What is Macbeth's reflection upon hearing of the escape of Fleance? In what state of mind does it leave him? How does this serve the development of the theme?

33. Describe the banquet scene, and the effect of the apparition of Banquo upon Macbeth.

34. What is Lady Macbeth's counter action during this scene?

35. Against whom next is Macbeth's suspicion aroused?

36. What does he say to show his means of keeping himself informed for his protection? What does this argue of the state of his mind resultant upon his crimes?

37. What is the import of the talk between Lennox and the other Lord at Forres?

38. What are the Witches to do for Macbeth, at Hecate's instigation?

ACT IV

39. Describe the incantation scene. Its lyrical form. Its dramatic effect.

40. By what oath does Macbeth conjure them to answer his demands? What does this signify of the state of mind at which he has arrived?

41. What apparitions are called up for his benefit, and what are their several utterances?

42. What is the powerful significance in the wish of the Witches to withhold the final vision which Macbeth demands?

43. When he sees it, how does he receive it?

44. What is the reason of Macbeth's regret and fear at hearing of Macduff's flight to England? What crime does he immediately purpose?

45. What is the fate of Lady Macduff and her children?

46. What is the substance of the passage between Malcolm and Macduff in England?

47. Is there any explanation of Malcolm's tirade against himself? If so, what can be its meaning, and what its purpose?

48. Who is the king of England referred to at this time?

49. Whom does Malcolm get to join him in his advance against Macbeth?

50. How does Macduff receive the news of Ross? Describe what is interestingly true to life in the passage.

ACT V

51. Describe the sleep-walking scene. Analyze the technic of Lady Macbeth's lines. What do they convey of her mental state?

52. What does Caithness report of Macbeth in scene ii? How further is he discussed in this scene?

53. How does Macbeth receive the first news of the force that is coming against him?

54. What is reported to him of Lady Macbeth?

55. What order does Malcolm give his men when they reach Birnam wood?

56. What are Macbeth's words on hearing of the Queen's death? What is the dramatic effect of the wail he hears announcing it, as relating to the whole tenor of the theme?

57. What is the effect upon Macbeth of the messenger's final fatal news? What are his last words upon his exit?

58. Who finally proves the Weird Sister's prophecy upon Macbeth to its last point?

59. Describe his stand in his fight with Macduff.

60. What does Siward say of his son's death, and whom do the Lords hail King upon Macduff's entry with Macbeth's head?

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